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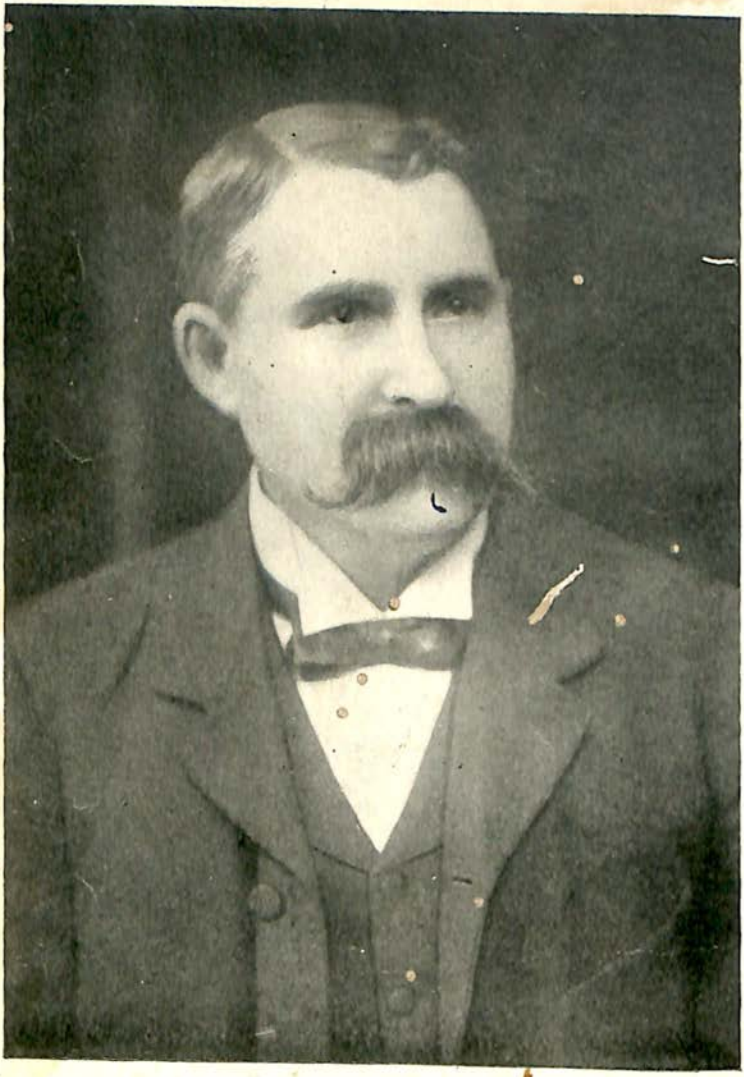
At Scotland Yard



Yours sincerely

John Sweeney

At Scotland Yard

Being the Experiences during
Twenty-Seven Years' Service of

John Sweeney

Late Detective-Inspector Criminal Investigation Department
New Scotland Yard

Edited by

Francis Richards

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PREFACE

THIS book is the record of a varied career. As an ordinary officer in blue watching the streets, as an enemy to revolutionaries, and as a bodyguard, I have had to perform multifarious duties and have gone through multifarious experiences. The important functions, some of which I discuss in the following pages, and the thousand and one trifling duties that a detective has to perform, have combined to make my life a busy one. But it was not until I left Scotland Yard that the idea came to me of putting my experiences on paper. Perhaps when I was actually going through them I was too much occupied ever to think of chronicling them afterwards. Thus it is that I sit down to write these memories with the smallest possible equipment beyond that of a good memory. During the time of my service I kept no diary, and I never made a single note that was not a mental one. Here I must except the official notes which I of course had to make in connection with cases at which I was working. But when a case has been concluded the detective's notes become

obsolete and are presently destroyed, having answered their purpose. So apart from my memory I have had no aid in writing this book, beyond what few facts I have been reminded of by some few press cuttings in my possession.

For these reasons it is likely that in this book I have been guilty of some omissions. There may be some stray inaccuracies here and there, such as an incorrectly given date. The strictest chronological order of events has not been always attainable. But I ask for indulgent treatment of any such errors that may thus have crept into the work. At any rate I am confident that I have in no way romanced, and that nowhere have I been guilty of any misrepresentation of fact that should do harm or injustice to any one.

JOHN SWEENEY.

5 REGENT STREET, S.W.

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AT SCOTLAND YARD

CHAPTER I

JOINING THE FORCE

EARLY DAYS IN IRELAND—WHY I WANTED TO BE A POLICEMAN—BEGINNINGS AT HAMMERSMITH—PROSPECTS OF THE YOUNG CONSTABLE—THE SWEEP AND THE BOOTS—I TUMBLE OVER A PRISONER—THE BURGLAR IN THE BAKERY—I LEAVE HAMMERSMITH.

I WAS born in December 1857, at Staigue, County Kerry, Ireland. My father was a small farmer. At his marriage my mother brought him the usual dowry, which in her case consisted of twenty-eight cows in calf. I had three brothers and three sisters. One of my family, Michael F. Sweeney, now resident in America, is the present holder of the world's record for the high jump, having cleared the bar at a height of six feet five and five-eighths inches. When I was only two years old my father was unfortunate enough to be evicted, and it is a curious coincidence that the agent who was responsible for the eviction afterwards fell on bad times, and I saw his children in a workhouse of which an uncle of mine was master. I

lived in Ireland until I had turned sixteen. My boyhood was quiet and uneventful. I was always of strong athletic tastes, and thus constantly practised boxing, running, and wrestling. As a runner I was particularly fast over hurdles. Cricket and hockey I played with zest. In those days football was not the all-popular game it is now. The hockey played by us youngsters in Kerry was perhaps not quite the kind of hockey that one sees nowadays, with semicircles in front of goal, free hits for some infringements of rules, penalty bullies for others, two referees for one game, and so forth; but my experience at our own particular brand of hockey enabled me to play a good game of golf from the very first time I took a club in my hand. I take leave to pride myself on the fact that I have often gone round behind Mr Balfour on links such as those of Dunbar, North Berwick and St Andrews, and done the course in fewer strokes than he. We used to be particularly fond of playing hockey matches on the sand of the sea-shore. The strength and activity which I thus acquired stood me in excellent stead when I became one of the Force. I often had to give chase to someone who was "wanted," and I invariably ran down my quarry; I went through many sharp

encounters with roughs, but I never received really severe punishment. But it is a curious thing that it was not on account of my physical ability that I felt attracted towards the work of a policeman. Nor as a boy did I play at taking people into custody, tracking Anarchists, or guarding prominent persons against the secret machinations or open violence of evilly-disposed individuals. What first drew me towards the work which subsequently became the avocation of my life was the appearance of the men of the Royal Irish Constabulary. I admired their smart turn-out. I thought that they must have particularly pleasant duties to perform. When in 1875 my family went to London and I accompanied them, I was full of this notion. But I began doing the work of a gardener; my father was foreman in some market gardens near Earlscourt, and when I was nearly eighteen I started work under him. After a few months, however, I gave it up and became a policeman. I was still eager to join the Royal Irish Constabulary, but, though at fifteen I was as strong as I have ever been since, at eighteen I was not up to the standard of height required for that corps. So I joined the Metropolitan Police, meaning to stay with them until I was taller, and then return to Ireland. In fact, just before joining I went on

a short visit to Ireland, and while in the neighbourhood where I had been born and bred, I secured various references. One was given me by Mr Daniel O'Connell, a former landlord of my father's, and a grandson of the famous Liberator. This reference I still have; it is short and to the point, running as follows :—

"I believe John Sweeney to be a young man of very good character and suited to the Royal Irish Constabulary.

DANIEL O'CONNELL,
J.P., D.L., Co. Kerry.

DERRYNANE ABBEY, *April 18th*, 1876."

Well, I joined the Metropolitan Police, finding a place in the T Division, which has its headquarters at Hammersmith. Almost from the very beginning I was put to clerical work in the office, attending to the telegraph, making out returns, and so forth. Thus I had very little of that work of patrolling the streets which falls to the lot of most constables; indeed, if my memory is to be trusted, I can hardly have put in as much as a twelvemonth at it. I took a strong fancy to my work at once, and went at it heart and soul. The local inspector formed a good opinion of me, and took to selecting me when a man was wanted for any special work. I suppose I

must have been very lucky, as everything I tackled turned out well; I met with no failures or mischances. So I liked the work well, and it seemed to like me, and though in course of time I grew quite tall enough, I gave up the idea of joining the Royal Irish Constabulary. Such was my good fortune that before I was out of my teens I found myself in positions of responsibility. Several times I had to act as sergeant for a longer or shorter period, and at such times constables old enough to be my father, perhaps grown grey in the service, had to take orders from me, fresh from the wilds of Kerry. But there are men who can never rise higher than the rank of constable, cannot hope for anything better than standing in the streets, controlling the traffic, and instructing pedestrians to take the first turning on the right and the second on the left. They are dull fellows, with no touch of acuteness. They make constant and unnecessary arrests; they have no idea of doing any small piece of work that requires discretion, such as framing a charge in a police court. Then, again, there are so many who hate to see a fellow-constable showing up well. For myself, I was always glad to be able to congratulate a colleague upon any success that might come his way; but in the case of many of the Force this is far from being so. Through-

out one finds a very regrettable amount of jealousy. I am not, however, writing these reminiscences of mine in order to say hard things of the Force to which I belonged for twenty-seven years. The Metropolitan Police Force numbers about fifteen thousand men, and gives protection to people living within a fifteen-mile radius of Charing Cross. Many of these men I know to have kind, sympathetic and warm hearts; and I also know that it has often been a source of much pain to many of them when they have had to make arrests or otherwise initiate the process of the law against persons practically forced or lured by bad associates into the commission of crime. Many officers, too, being good-natured men and possessed also of a keen sense of justice, find it a particularly difficult and disagreeable matter to report their own subordinates (as is inevitable at times) for some dereliction of duty.

Although, as I have said, there are constables in the Force who can never hope to be anything more than constables, the young policeman with his wits about him may reasonably hope to rise to a very passable position. It was said that any private soldier of Napoleon's armies had the chance, though perhaps only a very bare chance, of eventually becoming a field-marshal. So the police recruit has

just the bare chance of rising to the rank of Chief Constable; and after the Commissioner and the Assistant Commissioners the Chief Constable is the most important officer. But as there is only one Chief Constable at a time in the Criminal Investigation Department, the young policeman is most justified if he looks no higher than the rank of Superintendent; and that is no despicable position. To reach it requires, as a rule, a good many years' service. This may be realised from the fact that the young policeman will find himself, unless he is as fortunate as I was, doing street work for the first seven years of his service.

I have explained that during the first two years of my time I had mainly to apply myself to office work; but something more lively occasionally came my way. One evening—I had been in the Force about eighteen months then—I was passing along King Street, Hammersmith, on my way to duty at the office, when I saw a sweep take a pair of boots which were hanging up outside a shop, and place them under his arm, where he was carrying a dirty sack. He then hurried round a corner; I followed him and saw him go into a house. I entered it, and after inquiring of the landlady, went up into a bedroom, where I found my man. He had jumped into bed

with all his clothes on, and was pretending to be asleep.

"Where are those boots?" said I.

"What boots?"

"Those you stole from Dixey's in King Street!"

The sweep pretended not to understand what I meant, so I seized him and dragged him out of bed. He struggled to get away, but I held him tightly with one hand, while with the other I turned over the mattress. There lay the boots. I took the thief along with me to the station, and in due course he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Shortly after this little incident I was in the Hammersmith High Street one Saturday night; there were a great many people about. Among them I noticed, as it happened, a man of the name of Hedley. I knew him to be "wanted," as he was one of a notorious gang of housebreakers; also I had often seen him at North End, where, like myself, he used to train for various races, being a good runner. I was in uniform at the time; our eyes met, he recognised me at once, and bolted. I shouted "Stop thief," and gave chase. Yet the people made an avenue for him, and for some reason or other several constables in uniform who were standing about let him pass; I

could not keep on shouting "Stop thief," as I wanted all my breath for running. I did not expect a long chase, as I knew that he was good at short sprints, and I was a long distance runner. Sure enough, after about half a mile he began to get blown, and "ducked" down suddenly, hoping that I should fall right over him and he would be able to creep away. Certainly I came a tremendous cropper over him, but in the tumble I got hold of his coat and pulled it right over his head, thereby "bonneting" him for the moment, while the impetus of the fall made me drag him along several yards. But he managed to slip out of his coat and started to run off; however, I got hold of him again. It is rather difficult to keep a firm grasp of a prisoner who has no coat on, as there is so little to catch hold of, but I took him by the neck and wrist and got him safely to the station, though he struggled several times to get away. He stood his trial and got a long term of penal servitude; I got a commendation for my capture.

My first experience of detective work was gained in connection with a certain public-house in Fulham. From time to time complaints reached the police that an illicit Sunday trade was being carried on there. After several unsuccessful attempts had been

made by the police to bring home a conviction, I and another officer were deputed to see what we could do one Sunday morning. The other officer was an old hand; he was known in the office as the "sketcher," because it was his business to make diagrams and rough maps of suspected houses, and so on. Thus he did little street duty and was very little known to the public. As I had lived in this neighbourhood my face was familiar to most of the people about, so I first disguised myself, and then went into the hostelry, leaving my colleague outside. I had something to drink, and treated the landlord and various men in the bar. My case was soon established, as I recognised several of the men as locals and not in any way *bonâ fide* travellers. Then I called in my brother officer and told the landlord who I was. He "caved in" at once and admitted his breach of the law. There was no previous conviction against his name; he parted with his business and left the neighbourhood.

Some rather more exciting work came into my hands over a series of burglaries. These took place during the last few months of the year 1879 in the Twickenham and Bedfont neighbourhoods. It was clear that they were the work of one individual, or of several individuals acting together, as they were all

done in the same way. Detectives were set to work, but they met with no success, and were withdrawn by the authorities. Though I was of course still very young in the service, my superiors had enough confidence in me to select me, with two other officers, to patrol the district and watch the movements of anyone we might suspect. As 1879 was a very nasty year in the matter of weather, and the month was December, night work was not particularly enjoyable just then; fortunately we did not have much of it over this business. On the third night of our watch I was standing near the High Street, Twickenham, when I saw a man walking very stealthily in that direction. I was between him and the High Street, so that he had to pass me in order to get to it. From the way in which he was walking I at once suspected him, so I went into a garden and lay low till he had passed, then came out and followed him. He walked on till he reached a bakery, then stopped and looked up and down the street for some little time. I kept in shadow, so that he did not see me. Then he raised the grating in front of the bakery and dropped down. I thought he might possibly be one of the *employés* at the place, but as I had my doubts of him I kept a close watch till one of my colleagues joined

me. I should say that we were doing duty in plain clothes. We got down inside and found the man lying comfortably on some straw with the bakery fire keeping him warm.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm just having a rest," he said.

"Oh, you're having a rest, are you? and what have you got about you?"

"That's no business of yours," said he, "who are you? Can't you leave a man alone?"

"We are police officers," I answered, "and if you can't tell us what we want to know, we must find out for ourselves."

At that he tried to make a bolt for it, but we collared and searched him, and were not surprised to find a jemmy, some silent matches, and a dark lantern. Of course we took him to the station. It transpired that his name was John Jones; he was known to the police. His lodgings were searched, and the stolen property was found there that had gone from the houses which were "burgled." He was tried at the Old Bailey on the charge of being concerned in these burglaries which had been taking place for months past, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. As far as we knew he worked alone. He lived in Notting Hill. His plan of action

was to come down by a late evening train to the scene of his work, and hide himself in this bakery where we found him. He waited till what seemed to him an opportune moment, then broke into a house which he had previously chosen, and returned with the "swag" by a workmen's train in the morning.

During the latter part of 1879 and the beginning of 1880 the Hammersmith district was much plagued by numerous gangs of roughs who used to infest it on Sunday evenings. Nowadays we should call them Hooligans. They indulged in a large amount of petty larceny, and amused themselves by having faction fights in the streets, wrenching off door-knockers, breaking windows, shutters and facias, pushing people about and assaulting them if they remonstrated. Several houses were broken into while the occupants were at divine service. This sort of thing began to be a nuisance, so the head of our local detective department delegated the junior detective officer and myself to watch these gangs and to charge as many men as possible. On our first Sunday evening out we made twelve arrests, of which eight were to my credit. The prisoners were all convicted, and fined from twenty to forty shillings each, with the option of a "month's hard." Next Sunday

we arrested eight more, who were similarly dealt with; on the next Sunday we caught four, and so on, until the gangs were finally broken up. This good riddance delighted everybody in the neighbourhood; long letters were written to the papers praising our work up to the skies; and till the whole affair was forgotten the Hammersmith police were popular heroes.

As a member of the T Division I put in about seven years' service in all. It was, as things go in police work, a quiet seven years' service. But I availed myself of whatever opportunities came my way when I was in uniform; I took very great pleasure in the work. By reason of various encounters, all the roughs had cause to know me pretty well; I always came through these encounters all right, even when I had to contend with three particular rascals who were the terror of the neighbourhood. As I live in Hammersmith now, I still have their acquaintance, and I may say we are on very good terms, never passing one another in the street without an interchange of friendly greetings. Of course my time was not entirely taken up with work. As there were about two hundred of us at headquarters, we could keep going a flourishing games club. I always took a hand, and helped to manage it. I have

still several athletic prizes which I won in those days, over twenty years ago. One commemorates an innings of mine which won one of our cricket matches, when I went in seventh wicket down and made sixty-five not out. One great hobby I had was boating; I was often trained by Tommy Green the coach for races in pairs and fours over the Putney to Mortlake course. I have always found rowing a capital method of keeping in condition. It was just as well that I availed myself of these chances while I had them, for I became more occupied with work when, in 1884, I went from Hammersmith to Scotland Yard.

CHAPTER II

SCOTLAND YARD

BEGINNINGS AT SCOTLAND YARD—CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAMSON—MR JOHN MALLON AND THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS—VARIOUS DYNAMITE OUTRAGES—MY NARROW ESCAPE—THE ATTEMPT ON LONDON BRIDGE—HUNTING FOR JOHN FLEMING—MR GLADSTONE ON THE PROSPECTS OF IRELAND—THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

In 1884 I was recommended for promotion to the rank of sergeant, and was told that I was to be transferred to the Larkhall Lane Sub-division of the W (Brixton) Division. But I never actually went there, as I was meanwhile selected to make one of a batch of men from various Divisions drafted to Scotland Yard on probation.

At this time the head of the Criminal Investigation Department was Mr Monro, with Chief Superintendent Williamson as his second in command; under them were three Chief Inspectors, then three Inspectors graded as first-class, of whom the now newly-retired Superintendent Swanson was one; next were ten other Inspectors, and, last of all, two sergeants, one of whom is now Chief Inspector Froest,

the other being ex-Chief Inspector Dinnie, recently appointed Commissioner of Police in New Zealand. Mr Monro, who afterwards became Commissioner, was one of the greatest public servants who ever worked at the Yard. I do not think it is too much to say that Mr Williamson's name is loved at the Yard to-day. He was a most charming man, popular with all his subordinates by reason of his tact and accommodating temper, and the unfailing hopefulness with which he buoyed them up and encouraged them to persevere in dealing with the most difficult cases. Moreover, he was a very able detective. Mr John Mallon, who has recently retired from the post of Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, has often told me that he derived all his detective knowledge from associating with Mr Williamson, whose company he sought at every available opportunity. He would even come to London during his holidays to see Mr Williamson, and spend days with him discussing whatever important case might be going on at the time, or comparing notes on matters of organisation and procedure, the *modus operandi* of thieves, and so forth. Mallon was anxious that there should be no cause given for complaint in the manner in which arresting or shadowing was

carried out; the smallest mistake made by any of the Dublin police was invariably seized upon by the Irish members, especially Mr Biggar, as a pretext for asking questions in the House, moving the adjournment of debates, and generally wasting the time of the House. Mallon himself was, to my mind, one of the smartest and keenest detective officers I have ever met. It will be remembered that twelve months elapsed after the committal of the Phœnix Park murders without an arrest being made in connection with them. During these twelve months Mallon was daily piecing together evidence till he had completed a chain of it, and had identified and located all the criminals, without their having the slightest suspicion that the police had any clue, until the eventful night when Mallon and his men secured everyone of them in one great haul, and got them all to the Exchange Court (the head office of the Dublin detective department) within a few hours. What followed is ancient history, all, as everybody remembers, being convicted.

When I first went there the Criminal Investigation Department was comprised in four sub-departments. One, known as the Correspondence, was purely for clerical work; that of the Convicts' Supervision had to keep

an eye upon all ticket-of-leave men. Far more important were the other two—the Central and the Special. The former was concerned with cases of murders, thefts, swindles, arson and the like; the Special, to which I was attached, did the political work; that is to say, its members dealt with all political criminals, misdemeanants and suspects; watched Fenians, members of the Clan-na-Gael, Anarchists, and so on. At the head of this department was Inspector Littlechild.

So far, I was merely on probation; but as I was never sent back to divisional work, this move was the turning-point in my career. Up to this time my duties had been in one regular sphere, circumscribed, sometimes almost monotonous; I had worked over a much smaller area, on a much smaller scale; now my duties might well take me from end to end of the United Kingdom, nor was there any limit to their variety. I "shadowed" suspects; I guarded public men; I watched by royal residences; I helped to keep the public peace; I tracked the perpetrators of outrages. I was one of the cogs in a machine, the workings of which are felt in continents other than ours and across other seas. At any hour of the twenty-four I might be on some errand, nor could I even go away on furlough without

feeling that at any moment I might through some pressing need be prematurely summoned back to headquarters.

What I seem to remember most about those early detective days was that they proved a particularly good season for dynamite outrages. Between the first day of March 1883 and the last day of January 1885, I can count no less than thirteen in London alone, leaving the provinces and the Continent out of consideration. Of these some were more or less effective and some abortive, while some never got beyond the stage of being planned and prepared. With most of them I had no particular personal connection, and will therefore pass them by with the briefest mention. On March 15th, 1883, there were two explosions. One, in the *Times* office, was a failure; the other, which took place at nine in the evening near the Local Government Office, Charles Street, Westminster, caused great damage, but no lives were lost. On October 30th there were two explosions on the underground railway. The first one occurred between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge Stations, and did some damage but hurt nobody. The experts suggested nitro-glycerine as the explosive agent. Over sixty people were hurt near Praed Street Station that same

evening. Captain Majendie and Professor Abel thought that that explosion was caused by dynamite thrown from a carriage window. February 27th, 1884, at one in the morning, saw an explosion in one of the cloak-rooms at Victoria Station, which was responsible for personal injury and damage to buildings and property. Next day the employés at Charing Cross and Paddington Stations found portmanteaus containing dynamite with American clockwork attachments for ignition; these attachments had apparently run down harmlessly; while on March 1st a similar discovery was made at Ludgate Hill Station. I had a nerve-shaking experience of the Scotland Yard explosion on May 30th. That day, by way perhaps of a foretaste of what was coming, sixteen cakes of dynamite and a fuse had been found at the foot of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. At twenty minutes past nine in the evening a dynamite charge burst in the very headquarters of authority. By a piece of extraordinary good fortune there was at the actual moment absolutely no one in our offices. A few minutes earlier there were two men in the building, one of the inspectors and myself. He went out just before me; I was busy making out a report, but on finishing it I also went out, thus escaping death by about a

quarter of an hour. A part of the building was blown down and many official documents were destroyed, the bulk of them, curiously enough, containing matter relative to the revolutionary party. The very desk at which I had been working was blown to pieces. The crash was also felt outside the Yard; many people were hurt, and the "Rising Sun" public-house very much knocked about. We ascertained that the dynamite had been placed in a lavatory in the north-west corner of our building. We never discovered how the bomb was ignited, though of course the debris was searched with the greatest care; no traces were found that could help us to a conclusion. Neither have we ever been certain who the perpetrators were; but we suspected two men named Burton and Cunningham, who were arrested six months later for being concerned in a serious explosion at the Tower of London. Both men were sent to penal servitude for life. This affair caused confusion at Scotland Yard for some months; we could not console ourselves in the same way as the proprietor of the "Rising Sun." Naturally thousands of people flocked to see the effects of the outrage; he charged threepence per head for admitting spectators, and what with this and the increase of custom that accrued to him at

least for the time, he more than recouped himself for the damage done to his premises. Simultaneously with the Scotland Yard explosion there occurred another which hurt some people and caused damage to the Junior Carlton Clubhouse and to the residence of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn in St James's Square.

I remember particularly well the attempt made on the 13th of December to blow up the south-west end of London Bridge; it gave me a great deal of work. Most of this work was done three or four years later; but for the sake of coherence I give my reminiscences of it here. It caused great excitement at the time. At about six o'clock in the evening some workmen busy near the south-west end of the bridge were startled by the sound of an explosion, coming from that direction. Hurrying to the spot they found a big hole blown in one of the buttresses of the bridge. This was the only damage, and no one was hurt. But there were no signs of the perpetrators. From the situation of the hole it was clear that the mischief must have been done from a boat. But no boat was to be found anywhere near. The thing was a mystery, and remained so for a long while. But we worked with our eyes and ears open. We knew that at about that

time one Lomasney, an ex-captain in the United States army, and a man named John Fleming, two prominent agents of the Clan-na-Gael, had been at large in London. But from this moment we lost trace of them. They disappeared from their usual haunts. Naturally we drew our inferences. As time wore on and nothing was seen of them, our suspicions ripened into conviction. But those two wretched fellows cost the Yard a sad amount of anxiety, labour and money. Their associates, anxious to annoy and hoodwink us, kept circulating reports that one or other of them had been seen alive in London or America. We could not tell what amount of credence to give to these reports. For all we definitely knew to the contrary, Lomasney and Fleming might be lying snugly hid in Whitechapel or the Bowery, plotting and contriving mischief and outrage such as we could only guess at. We were at a loss; and at the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, we do not like to be at a loss, to be thus baffled by two mean rascals. But at last, when three or four years had elapsed, a man living in Bermondsey excited us by asserting that he had seen Fleming in that district and in the City. Acting upon the suggestion of the informer, the authorities detailed two officers,

of whom I happened to be one, to take turns in going about with him and visiting Fleming's former haunts. Day and night one or other of the pair of us kept this man on the move. He preferred my company, as my colleague, besides being a teetotaller and therefore not much of a frequenter of public-houses, was very athletic, and walked him nearly off his legs. For some weeks this rather wearisome search went on without result. We haunted slums, markets, bridges, wharves, public-houses, but still no Fleming. Then it began to dawn on me, from various conversations we held, that the informer must have fabricated his story for the sake of the blood-money. As he introduced me to several of his relatives and often took me to his house, I had managed to strike up an acquaintance with a brother of his, who often went out with us. This brother told me that everything the informer said could not be taken as gospel; that, in fact, he was a considerable liar. I was getting tired of this constant promenading to no purpose, and I noticed that a coolness was springing up between the two brothers, so one night on starting out with them I said to the informer: "Tom, our association will soon be over; we'd better have a bust to-night." I stood treat freely, and soon the two men, well

primed with liquor, nearly came to blows. They did not go home together that night, and from what they said to one another while in this tipsy state I became convinced that the informer had been lying to us. Next morning I said straight out to him: "Look here, that yarn of yours about seeing Fleming and so on was a fabrication from beginning to end; now just tell me the plain truth."

He hummed and hawed for a while, and then said:—

"Well, I'll tell you the plain truth; I haven't seen Fleming since that business of London Bridge; but I'll tell you where his sister's living; she'll know his whereabouts."

He then gave me an address in Southwark, where Fleming's sister was living with her husband. I ascertained that the man was speaking the truth this time; and after giving him to understand that his services would be required no longer, I made a report at Scotland Yard, and suggested that I should invent some sham errand, which should take me to the house in Southwark, where I might investigate. My idea was approved of; and my next step was to have some visiting cards printed with the name of John Fleming. Armed with these, I made my way to the house, taking care to get there when twilight

had set in. On my inquiring if Mr Fleming lived there, she said :—

"Do you know Mr Fleming?"

"Yes," said I, "I used to know him very well; more than once I travelled with him over here from America. When I last parted from him, which was two or three years ago, he gave me his card and said, 'If you want to see me at any time, call at this address.'"

I then produced one of these cards, which I had taken care to crumple and soil in order to give it the appearance of age, and read aloud the address with pretended difficulty. The woman took the card, and read the name aloud in a slow, clear voice. Then she burst into tears, and exclaimed, sobbing, "Oh, you'll never see him any more. That's his coat there hanging up behind the door, and his box is upstairs. I don't know where he is, but I'm sure you'll never see him again." She was evidently much affected, being quite unable to restrain her emotion. I took myself off, saying I would call again. Next day two of our officers examined the coat and ransacked the box. In the latter were found incriminating documents which proved that in 1884 Fleming was in England with the object of committing some outrage. Moreover, there could be no question about his demise, or he

would not have left such papers lying there for so many years. Evidently the explosion had taken place sooner than was intended, and Captain Lomasney and John Fleming, along with their boat, had been blown to atoms. I need hardly say that the authorities at headquarters were greatly relieved to have the two men accounted for; and a substantial reward to me expressed that relief. It may possibly be asked: "Why was not the informer punished for giving false evidence?" Certainly he had been making quite a good thing out of the business for some weeks, drawing remuneration from the Yard at the rate of something like a pound per day. But to a certain extent he was instrumental in our solution of the mystery; and the authorities were so extremely relieved at the conclusion of the affair that they took no further notice of him. Had it been otherwise, they might perhaps have thought of putting the man in the dock on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

This business of London Bridge was quickly followed, on January 2nd, 1885, at about nine o'clock at night, by a bomb explosion near Gower Street Station on the Underground Railway which did no particular harm; but January 24th was a day of three more serious explosions. Early in the afternoon I was

walking along Hungerford Bridge from the Surrey side of the river, when I was startled by hearing a tremendous crash. The noise came from the direction of the Houses of Parliament; I hastened thither at once, and found that a dynamite bomb had "gone off" in the stair above the crypt of the House of Commons, and had blown a great hole in the basement. Severe injuries were sustained by two constables who were on duty at the time, and by one passer-by. One of the constables, a man named Cole, distinguished himself by carrying a blazing parcel out of the building. It is likely that by his courageous action further serious danger and damage were obviated. He was subsequently decorated with the Albert Medal in Westminster Hall. Another outrage of the same kind that afternoon badly damaged Westminster Hall. Ever since that time no one has been allowed to enter the Strangers' Gallery of the House without a ticket from a member. Persons passing by with bags and parcels are always closely scrutinised. The Irish members were watched with greater vigilance. Extra detectives were put on to protect Westminster Abbey and the various public buildings. January 24th, 1885, was certainly a red-letter day for the revolutionaries, as it was further marked by the explosion at the Tower, in connection with

which Burton and Cunningham were arrested. Damage was done to various buildings, particularly the White Tower; and sixteen visitors were more or less seriously hurt.

More than once I have been asked: "Why should all these explosions have occurred so close together, and in such quick succession? Why should they have come as it were in one large patch, and terminated so abruptly?" In reflecting upon such a matter there are several things to be taken into consideration. One must allow for the energy, or apathy, evinced by the revolutionary leaders of the time; the condition of their finances; and the state of contemporary politics. This recrudescence of outrages in 1883 was, I am inclined to think, due partly to the Phœnix Park murders in 1882, and partly to an unfortunate utterance of Mr Gladstone's. Such unrest was brought about by the deadly work of Brady and his confederate assassins that the seditious Irish, particularly the Irish-Americans, apparently took it into their heads that now was the time to break their yoke of bondage, to secure Home Rule by terrorising the English people with a series of explosions. Mr Gladstone, in the course of a speech animadverted upon the fatal explosion at Clerkenwell Prison in 1868, for his complicity

in which Michael Barrett the Fenian was hanged (his was the last public execution in England); and he remarked that Ireland would never secure anything except by force and by the disestablishment of her Church, the revenues of which could be turned to more profitable account. Inflammatory speakers in Ireland quoted these observations, which must to my mind be held partly responsible for the succession of outrages.

Then, again, why did the Irish-American revolutionaries suddenly stay their hand? Surely it is very probable that they began to realise the futility of their efforts. Some of my own views on the point I find very well stated in *The Irish People*, a periodical now defunct, its demise having occurred simultaneously with the retirement from active politics of its editor, Mr William O'Brien:—

"But as years went on, I saw that all attempts at armed revolution failed, and had no result save the sad one of adding to the load of misery under which the Irish people groaned. These attempts utterly failed to achieve their aim—the independence of the country—and it became evident that the failure was, under the circumstances, inevitable. The people were unarmed, and could not procure arms; nor (even were they attainable) could

they learn to use them with effect. . . . It was in vain, too, that the Irish revolutionist sought to conceal his movements from the Argus-eyed Government of England. There were too many spies outside, and too many traitors within the ranks, to make real success probable or even possible. . . . The odds were too great against a physical force party in Ireland to make a successful revolution possible. This, I think, is the conclusion at which all sane Irishmen have at least by this time arrived. . . . And for this who will dare to censure them? No one save perhaps some member of a secret transatlantic society, a society which never put one foot before another to serve its country, to which it professes to be devoted. (I say this without meaning offence to any honest Irishman who may belong to it. I daresay there are many honest men in it, but a secret society however good in its aims will ultimately be engineered by a few cunning schemers who will utilise it for their own benefit)."

My own point of view with regard to these questions is not exactly that of the writer of this article, but I am of opinion that he speaks the truth here. The idea that the explosions which from time to time come to annoy big cities are always the work of Anarchists is a

common idea, but it is a mistaken one. We at the Yard know that in many of these past outrages Fenians and Clan-na-Gaelites played a very considerable part. As most people are aware, the Clan-na-Gael is a secret society of disaffected Irishmen, bound to one another by a certain oath. It originated in 1870 from the Fenian brotherhood, and has become the most violent section of the Irish National League in the United States. Its object is said to be the political independence of Ireland, and I have to thank its members for most of the work that came in my way during my early detective days. My experiences with the Anarchists came later. I was concerned with the Walsall case and the punishment of the man David Nicoll, editor of *The Commonweal.* I made one of a party which raided a house in Chelsea and discovered it to be an explosive factory; and I rode on the top of an omnibus with Polti, equipped with a bomb which he meant to hurl into the Stock Exchange at the busiest time of the day. But the Anarchists were quiescent during my first years at the Yard; and I was more occupied in acting as a sort of bodyguard to public men whose personal safety was supposed to be in danger, and in watching the movements of suspects, doing in fact the work of a spy.

CHAPTER III

WORKING HERE AND THERE

THE WORK OF "SHADOWING"—MY FIGHT NEAR THE STRAND—WOODROFFE AND DUNN—WHAT WAS THEIR OBJECT?—THE BERMONDSEY CLERK AND THE MAN M'CARTHY—A ROW IN THE KENSINGTON TOWN HALL—HOW WE THREW THE MEN DOWNSTAIRS IN ST JAMES' HALL—"FATHER O'FLYNN"—ON DUTY AT HULL—THE SMUGGLED CIGARS.

Most people know that the East End, and districts such as Clerkenwell, Saffron Hill, and Soho are the refuge of the Anarchists, Nihilists, Fenians, Clan-na-Gaelites, and other revolutionaries that flock to London to work out their sinister purposes; but it is less generally realised how carefully such criminals are watched by Scotland Yard. The archives of the Criminal Investigation Department are crammed with details concerning individuals who, if judged merely by appearances, would seem to be the most insignificant of persons. But these records must never be allowed to be out of date, and that the Yard may have its knowledge always fresh, there exists a system of constant espionage. Fortunately for the

public weal, rogues are always falling out, and so there are everywhere spies who supply the authorities with news, advice and warning. But there need to be official spies as well; and thus it is a very large part of a detective's work to "shadow" those who are under suspicion. And this "shadowing" is not light work. Day or night, rain or shine, the "shadower" must follow his quarry's every movement. The detective knows that at any moment the man followed may realise himself pursued, and turn on the pursuer with a knife or revolver; the detective does not know when relief may come. Nominally, you are not on shadowing duty for more than a certain time; but here is the difficulty. You may begin in Shepherd's Bush or Kennington, and find yourself obliged to follow your man to the Mile End Road or Maida Vale; you may telegraph to the Yard for your relief to meet you somewhere in the Euston Road; but before he can get there you may have had to hurry off to Finsbury. I have known three such telegrams sent in succession, and all to no purpose. The detective eats and rests when he can; and he seldom has the consolation of feeling that in this weary chase are many opportunities of distinction for himself. He must have perseverance, presence of mind, and resourcefulness; he cannot be

too strong physically; and he should know his London well, that he may not let himself be decoyed into some *cul de sac* and there quietly disposed of.

But I must admit that in my shadowing experiences I was fortunate; though I have been in one or two tight places, I managed to emerge from them; and, during my early days at any rate, before I took to the business of Anarchist-hunting, I seem, if my reminiscences are to be trusted, to have done little that was sensational. I remember most clearly my fight near the Strand, the observation of the men Woodroffe and Dunn, and the affair of the Canadian revolutionary M'Carthy and the Bermondsey clerk. My little "scrap" by the Strand came about in this wise. I was one of two officers told off to watch two suspects, Ryan and M'Culloch by name. This task was spread over several weeks. At last they guessed what our business was, and laid their plans for giving us a rather bad quarter of an hour. So one night they got two of their friends to join them, and went about paying visits to various public-houses in Soho, where they refreshed themselves freely, by way, I suppose, of preparation for tackling us. They had agreed to turn upon us at one particular spot, and, being four to two, to thrash

us soundly. At one public-house they produced a number of papers and burnt them. These documents were no doubt of compromising nature, probably communications from the headquarters of the Clan-na-Gael. Then they walked slowly across various quiet squares, waiting closely by the wall at each corner with the idea of springing upon us as we came round it. Instead of this we carefully crossed the road each time and kept our eyes upon them from a distance. Ultimately they made their way to a favourite rendezvous of theirs, a passage connecting the Strand and Maiden Lane. We followed, my companion walking a few paces away from me. One of the men then rushed at him with a shout of "I'll do for you," and gave him a blow that nearly knocked him down. I sprang to the rescue and the man turned upon me; I promptly upset him for his pains. His friends joined in at once, and a free fight began. The first man that attacked me I hit as hard as I could and sent spinning. He fell, his head came in contact with some railings, and he gave no further trouble. Another man took to his heels after receiving one blow. The other two stuck to it more gamely, but we punished them till the passage was running with their blood, though we ourselves were scathless. When we had thrashed

them both well we let them go, and they were not sorry to get away, both being pretty well marked. I, as senior officer, decided to take no further notice of the affair, as we had given them a rough time. Our vigorous action was justified by the fact that they were the aggressors. I will say to their credit that, although their marks lasted for several days, they made no complaint. Of course they had a sort of a case, but they feared an exposure of their own doings. We met them several times afterwards, but they never tried a second attack. One of them eventually became an agent in the service of Dublin Castle; another never failed to pass on to the police any information that came his way.

The matter of Woodroffe and Dunn came up at a time when the public were still much excited over the explosion in the crypt of the House of Commons. Scotland Yard was informed that Woodroffe and Dunn were coming to England from the States with the intention of bringing about a series of explosions in London's public buildings. On arriving, they established themselves at a hotel in one of the streets connecting the Strand with the Embankment. I was deputed to watch them. They spent their first day in visiting the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey,

in walking round the quadrangle of the Foreign Office, and in scrutinising with much interest the Home, Colonial, and India Offices. On the second day they went to the Tower and to St Paul's Cathedral; and later on visited the Palace at Hampton Court, the Albert Memorial, the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum and so forth. Of course I was on their track the whole time; and their immediate inspection of our most important public buildings suggested to me that they must mean serious business, so I watched them with still greater vigilance. But I had had nearly a fortnight of this, carefully dogging their steps and overhearing as much as I could of their conversation, so that I began to have my doubts of their criminal intentions. I could hear nothing treasonable in their talk; they carried about with them no bags or packages in which infernal machines could be concealed; never did they visit any of the places which I knew to be popular resorts of Anarchists or Fenian emissaries. So the idea I had formed, that I was on a pretty hot track, began to evaporate; however I still kept an eye on them. At last, when they had been in England a fortnight, I followed them on to a steamboat at the Temple Pier, which was going to Greenwich. I placed myself near them and heard

them arranging to leave London the next morning at ten. By this time I had pretty well made up my mind that they were simply tourists, with no idea of committing any outrage. I walked up to them and addressed Woodroffe by name, making some remark about the weather. Both men, who had been staying at their hotel under false names, were extremely surprised. Woodroffe said: "How do you come to know my name?"

I said: "I saw you one day at Lyne's Hotel in New York; I was not actually introduced to you, but I heard you called by name." This was a mere blind, as I have never been to New York in my life; I mentioned Lyne's Hotel, knowing it to be a popular resort of Anarchists and Fenians.

Woodroffe said: "Yes, you're quite right; Woodroffe is my name, and I know Lyne's Hotel very well." At that I became more mystified than ever, as a man would not be at all likely to patronise such a hotel as this one at New York unless he was a revolutionary. However, I started a conversation on general topics; I said that I also was in England on a visit; I named various public places (where I had seen them) and said I had myself visited those places. Woodroffe and Dunn seemed quite pleased that I had been to see the same

sights as themselves; we got on very well together, and I am sure they formed no suspicions about me. They pressed me to dine with them that night, and I had great difficulty in excusing myself. The next morning I met them at Waterloo by arrangement, and saw them off at their departure, in high spirits, for Southampton. After their arrival in New York we heard nothing more of them. As I have said, they stayed at their hotel under false names, and I ascertained that they received no letters the whole time. On their walks about they made no sketches, and did nothing to suggest that they contemplated any felony. I am inclined to think that they were simply peaceable tourists; but the whole business is, I confess, rather a mystery to me. They might have been Clan-na-Gael emissaries simply on a tour of observation, and it was a curious thing that they should know that hotel of bad repute in New York.

I now come to the affair of the Bermondsey clerk and the man M'Carthy. We of Scotland Yard were keeping under strict surveillance various men known to be concerned in the Irish agitation which was being fomented at the time. There was a fine variety about the ordinary occupations of these fellows. Three of them were bootmakers in Battersea, Bethnal

Green and Soho respectively; a Soho saddler and a Clerkenwell corkcutter were particularly troublesome, each man having always two detectives on his track; and others in the batch were a commission agent of Southwark and a doctor who lived in Fetter Lane. One night I was on the watch in Fetter Lane, when I saw a young man go into this doctor's house. I waited till he came out, and started to follow him. He seemed to guess that he was being tracked, and led me a terrible dance, taking a very roundabout route through all sorts of back streets and slums. Of course he was doing his very best to evade me, but I managed to keep him in sight till he entered a house in Bermondsey, the time being between two and three in the morning. Later on in the day I made my way again to the house. I had a suspicion that this young man might possibly have something to do with a prominent Canadian revolutionary named M'Carthy, who was then in London. There was a woman standing at the door; I described the young man to her and inquired about him generally. She said that he was a son of hers, and was employed as a clerk. Then I said casually: "Oh, has Mr M'Carthy called here to-day?"

"Do you know Mr M'Carthy?" said she.

"Oh, yes."

"Well, he's not been here to-day, but there's a telegram come from him; I think it's for my son. If you'll come inside I'll open it."

I went inside and she opened the telegram. The message was merely one from M'Carthy, asking the clerk to visit him at a hotel by the Strand. I had barely finished reading it when in walked the clerk himself. Seeing the envelope lying open on the table, he flew into a passion at once, and shouted out: "Who the —— are you? What do you want here? What do you mean by coming in and prying into what's no business of yours?"

"I had a perfect right to come here and make these inquiries," I replied; "I thought I should find Mr M'Carthy here; he's a friend of mine!"

"Oh, you thought you'd find Mr M'Carthy here, did you? Well, we'll soon teach you to come sneaking here and looking for Mr M'Carthy!"

The clerk then rushed upstairs and called his brother, who, being a stoker on night duty at one of the gas factories, was in bed during a good part of the day. He came downstairs, and the clerk said:—

"Here's this —— comes in here and says he wants M'Carthy. Give him something

that'll teach him not to come here again in a hurry!"

I admit I got rather alarmed at this. The stoker was a very big, broad-chested fellow, over six feet high; it was a nasty neighbourhood that I was in; and though I was willing to face one at a time, I did not like the idea of the two men and perhaps the woman all tackling me at the same moment. Luckily the stoker hesitated for a second or two, apparently not quite understanding what it was all about; the street door was partly open, and I made a rush for it. The clerk tried to stop me, but he was my inferior in the matter of physique, and with a sidelong sweep of my arm I sent him staggering across the room, and ran out into the street. By this time I was rather heated myself. I stopped by the house door and shouted: "Come on out of that and settle it; don't shelter in there behind your big brother; come out and I'll soon square up the matter with you!" However, he did not seem to relish the idea, particularly as the noise of our altercation had excited the attention of the neighbours, and a small crowd was beginning to collect. So I returned to Scotland Yard and reported; and remembering the telegram on the table, I arranged that another detective should watch the hotel in

which M'Carthy was staying; but the Bermondsey clerk never showed his face near it; one may suppose that he had been effectually frightened. However, he went so far as to write to the then Home Secretary complaining of what he called "the unwarrantable intrusion of a detective officer upon his premises." It is hardly necessary for me to say that no notice was taken of the letter. The young man, up to that time a revolutionary of a particularly bad type, was never again known to connect himself in any way with suspected persons. I have often thought since that when I got out of that house I was well out of a distinctly tight place.

Besides carefully watching individuals, it was our business to keep an eye on the revolutionaries when they met together in large gatherings. They were fond of congregating together, and had also a troublesome weakness for interfering with the meetings of people more respectable than themselves. During the years 1886-1890 the Land Leaguers and seditious people generally were particularly busy in holding gatherings of their own and in interfering with other political meetings. In the first-mentioned year I remember two Unionist meetings had interesting features. The first of these meetings was held in the

Kensington Town Hall, the second in St James's Hall, Piccadilly. The former was to take place in the evening. That afternoon I happened to be in the north of London; while there I was informed that an organised attempt would be made to break up the meeting. I felt satisfied that this information was reliable and that bad work was likely to be done, so I drove swiftly to headquarters and reported to Mr Monro. He promptly sent me off to warn Superintendent Giles of the Kensington Police. The Superintendent at once told off twenty extra officers under an inspector to wait in reserve near the Town Hall, ready for any disturbance. Sure enough, the meeting had not been going on very long when a sudden and determined rush was made for the platform. The railings were torn down, the people on it were badly hustled and dragged down into the body of the hall, chairs were broken, and a free fight set going, while someone made the confusion worse by turning the gas out, so that the hall was quite dark. The police came promptly to the rescue, and several ringleaders were arrested. One or two members of Parliament who were present were assaulted; Mr Hobhouse, I remember, was one of them. I was in the thick of the *melée*, as I stood near the entrance, try-

ing to help peaceable individuals out of the building. The Commissioner afterwards thanked and rewarded me for the promptness with which I availed myself of the information I had received; otherwise it is not too much to say that if those police in reserve had not been present, several more assaults would have been committed, the hall badly damaged, and the consequences in general very serious.

The political meeting in St James's Hall passed off in a fashion not altogether unamusing. Several Irish and Radical clubs selected their most able-bodied men to form one large gang which should attempt to break up the meeting and prevent the speakers from being given a fair hearing. As admission was only to be by ticket, in order that their representatives might get inside it was necessary for them to have tickets forged similar to the genuine ones. One particular member undertook to carry this part of the preparations through, and the secretaries of the clubs were informed by a secret memorandum that on the afternoon of the meeting, between two and three o'clock, he would be waiting at the Piccadilly end of Swallow Street to distribute these forged tickets. He himself would be carrying a paper and a walking-stick. The password for each man

was to be the name of the club to which he belonged. The distribution was carried out as arranged; and I took care to be one of the people who received tickets. Previously I had warned the attendants at the hall that a disturbance was planned, and those who were concerned would seek admission by means of tickets that were not genuine. I should say that it was necessary to go up a flight of stairs in order to enter the room where the meeting was to be held. When the time came the attendants scrutinised all tickets with extra care, and the bearers of the forged ones were ushered into a separate room. I of course was waiting; at the moment when the meeting was timed to begin the ticket-distributor made his appearance. "Now, boys," said I to the attendant, "here's the bounder who's running the business." He was promptly seized, "bonneted," and literally flung down the stairs. He did not ascend them a second time. We then had to deal with the men we had herded into that separate room. Carefully we brought them out one by one, and each man as he appeared was summarily kicked out without his friends knowing what was going on until their own turns came. It was beautifully done, the whole thing going off without a hitch. There were about fifty

of these fellows, all specially selected for their strength, and had they got into the meeting there would no doubt have been trouble. As it was everything went off with perfect smoothness.

Besides sharing in the protection of legitimate gatherings, it was part of my business, with a view to the public safety, to attend meetings and watch *rendezvous* of the Clan-na-Gael agents. Being an Irishman born and bred, I knew quite as much of the Irish language as did the people whom I had to watch, and so was specially selected for this work. One day we received information that a prominent Clan-na-Gael agent would be present at a meeting of the Irish Land League in the Surrey Rooms, Blackfriars Road. I was deputed to be also present. As a matter of fact the meeting turned out to be only a social gathering of the Irish-speaking people in London, for singing, reciting, and so forth; but we had been led to expect something different. I went along with a colleague who knew no Irish. He found a place by the door of the building, while I sat in the third row from the platform. We had not been there long when a man who seemed to be a sort of master of the ceremonies, came up and handed me a little pamphlet, a primer of the

Irish language, remarking at the same time: "Take that and read it." He spoke in such a way that I thought he must have some notion who I really was. I answered in Irish, "Thank you; I'll read it; I think I can do so as well as you." He turned very red and left me. A few minutes later the chairman got up and said: "I call upon Mr Sweeney for his song, 'Father O'Flynn.'" For a moment I did not know whether I was on my head or my heels, as people say. My brother officer took himself off at once. My relief may be imagined when another Mr Sweeney got up and gave "Father O'Flynn" in true Irish style. Finally I was satisfied that no one seriously suspected me. I have been to hundreds of gatherings of this sort, but this one was unique in that not a word of English was spoken the whole time.

I may conclude this rather miscellaneous chapter with a reference to my experiences as a detective on duty at a port, as my spell of work there led, to a great extent, to my being retained as a Scotland Yard officer. I have already shown that I left Hammersmith at a time when explosions were numerous and troublesome. The authorities regarded these outrages as the work of emissaries of the Clan-na-Gael. A large number of officers, of whom

I happened to be one, were called up from various Metropolitan Divisions to work on the Scotland Yard Staff *pro tempore.* All foreigners, especially Irish-Americans, were carefully shadowed. Men were sent from headquarters to various ports, to board all incoming vessels, and scrutinise everyone who disembarked, watching all suspected persons, and making sure that all baggage was properly examined by the Customs officials. It happened that a certain amount of friction took place between the local police at Hull and one of our officers; he was therefore withdrawn, and I was sent to take his place. I am pleased to be able to say that after my arrival things went along "swimmingly." Two others from the Yard and myself worked with three of the local men, and our relations were most amicable from start to finish. This was fortunate, as our duties were most arduous and trying. We seemed to spend night and day in boarding vessels and hunting keenly about for doubtful characters; we had to guard against an excess of zeal which might lead us into interfering with perfectly respectable and harmless travellers, or into making ourselves a laughing-stock by over-eagerness in following up some false scent; we had sometimes to put up with all sorts of incivility from ship's

captains and officers, knowing that we must at almost any cost keep on good terms with them. Above all, we had to guard against being over-prominent. However, my time at Hull was enlivened by at least one rather amusing incident. I lodged in the house of the wife of a deceased Greek captain. There was only one other lodger in the house, a Greek ship-broker named Nicolaïdi, whom I found excellent company in the little spare time I had. One evening a steamer belonging to the Wilson line came into port, and two young men disembarked from her. I saw their baggage examined by the Customs officials, but the examination was done very cursorily. However, I was satisfied that the young men had no dynamite with them, so I did not insist on a more thorough inspection. I entered into conversation with them, and they asked me if I could recommend a place where they could put up for the night. Knowing that my landlady had room I sent them on there, and later on returned thither myself. Going upstairs I tried to enter the sitting-room, but found the door locked on the inside. I banged on the panels and was admitted. Inside I was startled to find both youths partially stripped, and an enormous pile of cigars on the table. Both at once

began talking very merrily of the way in which they had smuggled these cigars through. They had concealed the stuff against their legs and bodies, between their underclothing and their skins. Here was an opportunity not to be missed. I said: "Look here, do you know that I am a Custom House officer?" Their faces suddenly lengthened considerably.

"Yes, I'm a Custom House officer. I have just been informed of this clever little bit of smuggling of yours. You may be put in gaol over this little game. How many have you got there? Is that all the lot?"

My young friends were taken in at once. Without hesitating they produced all their stock, not even demanding any proof of my authority. They eagerly offered to hand it all over to me, and begged that I would overlook the matter this time. I said:

"What do you mean by trying to bribe a Custom House officer? I must see what is to be done about this serious affair."

By this time I could hardly restrain myself from bursting into a fit of laughter at their dismayed and appealing countenances, so I left the room, leaving the two young men in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I went and told my landlady and Nicolaïdi; my ship-

broking friend was immensely delighted with the joke. He and I went back to the room. The cigars still lay, dozens of them, in a huge heap upon the table. The two new lodgers had decamped. They left no address, nor any trace whatever of themselves; nor from that day to this have I heard or seen anything of them. I decided to say nothing about the matter at headquarters, thinking that possibly I might be censured for not having caused the Customs examination to be enforced with more vigour; and those cigars lasted Nicolaïdi and myself a couple of months.

Shortly before the end of this year, 1886, all the officers at the northern ports, such as South Shields, Greenock and Hull were withdrawn, myself among them. For the most part we were probationers from various London divisions. All were sent back, with two exceptions, of whom I was one. My time of probation came to an end, and I was appointed a detective-sergeant on the regular staff of the Yard.

CHAPTER IV

THE WORK OF A BODYGUARD

ON DUTY AT BALMORAL—AFFAIR OF THE FIFESHIRE LUNATIC—THE GERMAN ZITHER-PLAYER—THE GHOSTLY STONE-THROWING — THE SHOOTING MYSTERY — THE TWO SEPOYS—THE '87 JUBILEE—ON DUTY AT COWES—THE ITINERANT MUSICIAN — THE GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER WITH A GRIEVANCE—THE MAN WHO WANTED TO THRASH THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE GERMAN EMPEROR—THE CZAR AND CZARINA—THE PRESENT TO THE CZAR'S PHYSICIAN—THE EMPRESS FREDERICK—QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO DUBLIN—MRS M'BRIDE—I CARRY THE CROWN AND SCEPTRE.

DURING my period of service at the Yard, no small element of my duties was represented by attendance on various august personages. It has fallen to my lot to act as bodyguard, at one time or other, to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the late Empress Frederick, our present King and Queen, the German Emperor, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King of Italy when he was Prince of Naples, President Loubet, the present Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and the Grand Dukes Michael and Paul of Russia. Work of this kind was, I think, first assigned to me in the year 1885, when I was

told off to attend, for a while, the then Prince of Wales. We had been told that an attempt was to be made one night upon the life of a certain Royal personage, in Pall Mall. As His Royal Highness was, of course, in residence at Marlborough House, we thought that this warning must refer to him. So whenever he was in this neighbourhood it was my business for some months to keep a close eye on his movements. As the Fenian agitation was then running very high, the authorities were extremely nervous. I found it a rather ticklish job, as of course it was advisable that the Prince should not know that anything of this unpleasant nature was in the air. I had to put myself in touch with the right persons in order to keep acquainted with his intended movements, and to take care that he should not observe my attentions. When he drove anywhere in his carriage I followed at a discreet distance in a hansom; when he came out of any house he had been visiting of an evening I was on the kerb hard by, carefully keeping in shadow; and I saw him return to Marlborough House, myself unseen. It was not easy work, but I am happy to be able to say that absolutely nothing of a suspicious nature ever occurred.

Not long after the conclusion of this piece

of work we received a message of even more serious import, that an attempt was to be made, between Ballater and Braemar, upon the life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. She was then, of course, staying at Balmoral Castle. For the first time I was given a share of the work of protecting a crowned head, being sent to Balmoral, accompanied by an officer junior to me. We were told that we should not be on this duty for more than a few weeks; we were in Scotland for three months. Our duties included the watching of all coaches coming from Glenshee, and of all trains arriving at Ballater Station. Whenever the Queen went out, a detective was within reach; all strangers who appeared in the neighbourhood were carefully watched, though none of them, it is to be hoped, realised the fact. But on no occasion did any would-be assassin come to trouble us, though several lunatics appeared who had to be dealt with. They came with the idea of ventilating various imaginary grievances, which they fancied the Queen would remedy. The one who made most impression was a Fifeshire man named Robert Kempster. One afternoon I saw him coming from Ballater Station towards Balmoral; he did not look like an ordinary tourist, as he had on a tall hat, a shabby frock

coat, and decidedly seedy trousers. Somehow he seemed to me to be rather out of his element, so to speak, so I kept a close eye on him. He came along the main road, and instead of turning up the side road to the Castle kept straight on. He went on about half a mile further, by which time he had placed the Dee between himself and the Castle. He stopped and stared at the building, appearing rather confused at finding that the river barred his way thither. He ignored the fact that he had passed the bridge a short distance back. I saw him leave the road and walk down about a hundred yards to the bank, and take off his hat and coat, his trousers, and his boots. He then began to strip off his shirt as well, but by this time I had got up to him.

"Hullo," said I, "are you going to have a swim? It's a bit chilly for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

He said: "I must swim across the river, because I want to go to the Castle and see Her Majesty the Queen, and I can't get across any other way." This convinced me that he was not quite sane; so I said:

"Well, let me see if I can do anything for you. I'm one of Her Majesty's secretaries; so will you dress and come with me, and tell me what it is you want?"

"Really! I'm much obliged to you; but I have a private mission, and cannot say more than that. Will you take me to the Queen's presence?"

The poor fellow then accompanied me to the police lodge; the Superintendent of the Queen's Household Police was there, and I introduced him to Kempster as one of Her Majesty's Lords-in-Waiting. We pressed him to disclose his mission; he said he was willing to put it in writing. We gave him the materials, but he had not got beyond writing his address when he became furiously angry, jumped up, and made for the door, shouting out, "I've been trapped!" We stopped him and tried to coax him to finish his writing, but he would not listen to us, and made another rush, for the window this time. Finding that he was growing obstreperous and might do an injury to himself or to someone else, we opened the door. Kempster dashed out, and ran at top speed to the Crathie road and on to Ballater. I followed, thanking my stars that I was a good runner. He made his way to the station, and took a ticket for Aberdeen. Accordingly I telegraphed to the police there, describing him. He was met at the station and watched till he left for his home in Fife-shire. We communicated with the local police,

who replied that he was known to suffer from periodical delusions, but was quite harmless. Kempster is alive now, but has never appeared near a Royal residence again, though he has frequently written to say that he will call.

Another incident which occurred at this time had a rather pleasant outcome. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was staying at the Castle, received several anonymous letters. They were written in a foreign hand; the envelopes bore the Braemar postmark. The writer described himself as a celebrated zither-player and musician generally, and said he would like to have the honour of playing before the Queen and the Royal Family. The first three letters were ignored; but he went on writing, and at last said that he was surprised that the Prince should ignore the letters of a compatriot who was badly off, and ought therefore to be assisted. As the thing was becoming a nuisance, I was instructed to inquire into it. I went to Braemar, and after making some inquiries was told at the post-office that a young foreigner was staying with a man holding a good position in the employ of the Duke of Fife at New Mar Lodge, which is about three miles from Braemar. I went on to New Mar Lodge at once, getting a lift from the driver of the Duke's despatch car. On arriving

I found the foreigner, and felt sure he must be my man, as very few Germans ever appeared in this neighbourhood. In order to minimise the chances of his denying that he had anything to do with the letters, I said to him point blank: "I've come about those letters you wrote to His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg."

He could speak English well, and replied: "Who told you I wrote them?"

"I know you wrote them; why did you do it, and what is your purpose here?"

He said: "Well, to be candid, I did write them; but I don't want my brother-in-law to know anything about it, as he would be angry; so please don't mention it to him. Ever since I came here I have been anxious to get somehow to play before Royalty, as I am a good musician, and have brought my zither with me; I won a gold medal for zither-playing at the Munich Exhibition. But I am very sorry if I have been giving any trouble, and if it is an offence to write I will discontinue my letters."

Having obtained his promise that he would not offend again, I had some general conversation with him and his brother-in-law, and after quite a pleasant little visit I returned to Braemar. From there I sent in my report, stating that the German struck me as being quite a respectable fellow, and that he had

evidently had no idea of causing any annoyance. So Prince Henry of Battenberg sent for him, and he gave a recital at the Castle before the Royal circle, receiving liberal remuneration. He met me afterwards, quite by accident, and thanked me with tears in his eyes. He offered me part of his fee (which of course I refused), and said that this would be the making of him. He would be able to set up in London as a tutor, and state on his prospectus that he had played before Royalty. He did so set up, secured plenty of pupils, made money, and went gaily back to the Fatherland. Several times I saw him in London; he was always delighted to see me, and always told me that I was his best friend, and I think he meant it.

A year later I was on duty at Balmoral once more, and once again several incidents occurred while I was there. One evening the household of Her Majesty's Steward were disturbed by a noise on the roof of the house as if stones or weights of some sort were being flung on to it. This happened again; in fact, it continued almost nightly. It came to be an absolute nuisance, and the local police were put on to investigate it. The noise, however, went on, and the whole household began to be much alarmed, especially the Steward's wife, who

was by nature nervous and hysterical. He spoke to the Queen about it, and two of the Household police were detailed to watch. But they could find out nothing, and the disturbance went on unabated. They were withdrawn, and the quest was given up in despair. All efforts seemed useless, and the superstitious Scotch folk began to talk about a spiritual visitation. Then the superintendent of the Household police put the matter in my hands, and I made my plans. I should say that the Steward's house is situated at the foot of a hill near Lochnagar, and partially surrounded by a wood. I arranged that all watching except my own should be discontinued for the time being; and upon one afternoon I entered the wood by a circuitous route and concealed myself there, some hours before the time when the nuisance usually began. The other watchers had all imagined that the stone-throwing had been done from somewhere in the wood, and had worked on that theory; their ill-success made me believe that their idea was a mistaken one.

Nothing happened on the first evening of my watch; but on the second night, when I had been lying quiet for a while, I heard a sound of rattling. It was then about eight o'clock, the time at which the noises usually

began; and under cover of the darkness I moved nearer and nearer to the house, while my ears showed me that the stone-throwing was really going on. Then I heard the noise of a window sash being pushed up. It belonged to a window in the stable, facing the back of the house, Looking up I saw a man in the act of throwing, putting his arms partially out of the window, and flinging a stone on to the roof of the house. He had just pushed up the window sash as far as it would go, in order to give his arms freer play. Another stone followed immediately as I watched. Creeping stealthily round I opened the stable door and hurried up to a loft. The coachman was there, standing at the window; he was in the act of taking a pebble from his pocket; several others littered the floor. "You've been pretty busy, coachman," said I, "why have you been throwing all these stones and disturbing everybody so? You've been at this game for some weeks past?"

"Yes, first it was to let my girl at the house know I'd got a minute or two to spare, then when everybody made all that fuss I went on for the joke of it. I've had a rare game with those two —— fatheads of bobbies thinking themselves so —— smart. I never saw such a silly set in my life."

I did not converse with him; I took his name, though I already knew who he was, and bade him good-night. Next morning I made my report, and before the day was out Balmoral had seen the last of that coachman. His dismissal was kept very quiet; and this perhaps was just as well, as the affair had a funny side to it, what with the police entirely baffled and the steward's sons playing the amateur detective game to no purpose. I am not claiming any particular credit for my success in this case where others had failed. The failure of the other men warned me not to set about the business in the same way as they had; so I had recourse to an expedient which was about the only other one conceivable; thus I could hardly help coming upon the solution of the difficulty.

This mystery was thus done away with; but its place was soon taken by another, which caused great commotion in the neighbourhood. At about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, as the season was autumn, the light was just beginning to wane, a shot was fired near the Castle which nearly hit two men, one a policeman, the other one of the principal *employés* at the Castle. The policeman was on duty near the Castle at the time. At the moment he was patrolling a road near

it, and had his back to it. The other man was walking in the opposite direction to the constable, who was between him and the Castle. Thus they were approaching one another, and barely a couple of yards separated them when the report of a rifle rang out and a bullet whizzed between them. Had they been a pace closer to one another the bullet would almost certainly have hit one and perhaps both. The two men, naturally rather scared, looked round for a little but could find nothing that explained the firing. The incident was at once reported; being instructed to take the matter up I ordered that nothing further should be done that day. Next morning I was early astir. Going to the scene of the incident, I grubbed about in the bank by the roadside, and soon found a rifle bullet embedded in the earth. I put it in my pocket, and said nothing about it at the time. My next business was to discover a motive for the attempted crime, if such it was. I had two separate facts to go upon. The Castle *employé* I knew to be rather unpopular in the neighbourhood; he had had a serious misunderstanding with his neighbours over some electioneering business. Here was one suggestion for the motive; with regard to the other, there was a woman in the case. The

constable had a sweetheart in the person of one of the servants at the Castle; this girl was also admired by a man living in the neighbourhood. So I thought that perhaps jealousy had prompted the local man to try to make an end of his rival. I sought him out, and following my usual method of questioning a man point-blank when more or less off his guard, I said, "Why did you fire that shot?"

He said, "I never fired that shot; I wasn't anywhere near the place; I was over at Ballater, working for Mr——"

I had some more talk with him, and after leaving him I verified his statements. Thus what had seemed a very likely clue turned out to be no clue at all. All this time there was much excitement everywhere; everybody was talking of the mystery, everybody had his own pet theory. Nearly all these theories were quite impossible. I was inclined to suspect two locals whose characters were not too good; they were not averse from a little poaching at times, and similar occupations. However, after some discreet inquiries I satisfied myself that these two fellows had had no hand in the shooting. Then I remembered that the farmer on whose land the shot had been fired was a volunteer, and would therefore have a rifle. He was a man

of excellent character and reputation, and in the ordinary way I should never have thought of him in connection with the matter, but it was my business to leave no stone unturned, so I went to him and said:

"Well, C——, what was it you fired at the other afternoon?"

"Did you see me?"

"Yes."

"Where were you then?"

"I was just by —— (naming a particular spot); isn't this the bullet you fired?" Here I produced the rifle-bullet I had found in the bank.

"Yes," said he, "that's it. A deer came across my corn-field. I fired and missed, and I only had that one cartridge in the house."

Knowing what I did of the farmer, I was satisfied that this was the true explanation of the affair, and that there had been no intent to injure, as lawyers say, anybody or anything except the stray deer. So the matter ended there.

During that same autumn there arrived in London two men who had served as sepoys in the Indian army. Away in India they had heard and read that Her Majesty had an Indian *munshi*, or teacher, and Indian servants in her employ. They had seen active service,

and they thought that if they went to England, the Queen, for whom they had fought, would take them into her service and give them as good positions as she had already done to some of their compatriots. So they journeyed to London, and thence to Balmoral. This latter part of their travelling they did not find altogether easy, as their knowledge of English was but slender. However, they reached Balmoral, and were very kindly received by the *munshi*. No place could be found for them in the Royal service, but the *munshi* spoke to her Majesty, and she proposed to dismiss them with an ample present of money. To this course the Keeper of the Privy Purse objected, arguing that if these two natives were so particularly well treated they would, on returning, inform their friends, and Balmoral and other Royal residences would in time be inundated with such visitors. So they were merely presented with enough money to take them home again, and I was assigned the duty of starting them upon their journey. I took them to the station at Ballater, but we got there too late for the London train. I had therefore to take them to a hotel for the night, and the precaution was taken to lock the door of their room, in which there was no furniture. They preferred to sleep on the

floor rather than in beds, and they prepared their own food. All this highly delighted the other guests in the hotel. Next morning they were given their tickets, and warned not to come again or they would not be so well received. They departed very well pleased; and after their arrival in India we heard nothing more of them.

My reminiscences of my pleasant service at Balmoral do not yield anything further that was at all out of the ordinary; when, however, I served the Queen in the same capacity at Osborne, I had a few experiences that were not quite usual. But for the sake of chronological order I take first the Jubilee of 1887.

This was a time of great anxiety at Scotland Yard. So far, during my time as a police officer, the Anarchists in England had been comparatively quiescent; but they now began to grow restless. They held frequent meetings; there was quite a small boom in the circulation of revolutionary publications. Then, as now, England was a dumping-ground for bad characters, and London thus received several rascals who had been expelled from the Continent as being prominent propagandists, and as being suspected of complicity in various explosions. Besides being bothered in this way, we had reason to fear a recurrence

of the Fenian movement, as at this time the seditious Irish were certainly very much alive, and the Irish members declined to take any part in the Jubilee celebrations, asserting that the Queen's reign had produced much misery, and that almost every year there had been a Coercion Act. All this meant that numerous alarming reports reached the Yard; about the worst was one to the effect that on the Surrey side of the Thames, at a certain place on the route which the procession would take, a mine would be bored from either side of the street and would be exploded as the procession was passing. However, the police satisfied themselves that this report was a *canard*. Nevertheless extra vigilance was exercised everywhere. All known Anarchists, Nihilists, and other revolutionaries, such as the extremists of the Irish movement, were kept under the closest observation. I digress for a moment to point out the difference between Anarchists and Nihilists. The latter always plotted against their own country; the Anarchists believe in no system of government, abhorring government in any country; they are for ever talking about what they call the stupidity of balloting to elect men who will exploit their labour and rob them. One could never be sure of what these fellows would be

up to at any moment, so that Scotland Yard had an anxious time keeping every movement of theirs under surveillance. We knew the addresses of most of them, and the places where they worked, when they did any honest work, and we kept watch on those places; that should any one be absent, even for a few hours only, we should have no difficulty in cornering him and making him account, if he could, for his absence. It may be imagined how much extra work was thus put on the shoulders of the Special department, which has to deal with this class of criminal; the staff, by no means over-numerous, was kept busy night and day; and though I was one of that staff I do not hesitate to say that its duties were performed with the utmost faithfulness; and it was rewarded by the fact that there took place no hitch of any kind nor any incident that could be construed into an attempt to mar the harmony of the State ceremonies. But when the Jubilee rejoicings were over we breathed more freely.

While I was on duty at Cowes there were in the Isle of Wight a great many Italian itinerant musicians, who played on all sorts of out-of-the-way instruments. The Queen took a considerable interest in them. When out driving she might notice one playing on some

particularly curious instrument; that meant my rushing about the neighbourhood to find the man, with nothing to go upon but the description given me by some equerry or other gentleman who had been with the carriage. Thus one day the Queen noticed an Italian playing on an instrument which resembled the Scotch bagpipes. It consisted of a sheepskin bag sewn together, to which was attached a pipe shaped like a flute or chanter. With this primitive arrangement he made most peculiar noises. I was told to find the man, and after a day or two's search I ran him to earth at Newport. He undertook to present himself at Osborne House the next morning, and duly attended. Mr Campbell, the Queen's piper, who was always on duty with her suite, was ordered to hear the man play, and to examine and report on his instrument. A substantial gratuity was handed to the Italian, and, like several other travelling musicians in the island, he several times subsequently played before the Royal children. He never passed me without making me a respectful salutation. Perhaps he thought as highly of me as did the German zither-player who wrote so persistently to Prince Henry of Battenberg.

I had a good deal more trouble when dealing with the German photographer and the man

who wanted to attack the Prince of Wales. The former, a man named Schar, had a business in London, in the Tottenham Court Road. With a view to some alterations, the London County Council pulled down his premises. Of course he received compensation, but not considering himself sufficiently remunerated, he litigated with the Council. He gained nothing by this, and made up his mind that he was very unjustly treated. Being a German, he entertained ideas of our laws and usages that were rather vague, and after brooding over his wrongs he took it into his head to appeal to Her Majesty's good offices for intercession. So he drew up a statement of the case, put it in his pocket, and travelled down to Cowes. His idea was that having drawn up this statement in the form of a letter to the Queen, he should himself hand it to her. Fearing that he would not be introduced to her in the ordinary way, he watched about for some days near the entrance to the grounds of Osborne House. He had not been in the island long before I noticed him going about. Schar was very German-looking, besides being lame. He was short of stature, in appearance quite respectable, and giving the impression that he would be the last man to commit an outrage of any description. I spoke to him,

and found him well educated. He made no reference to the object of his visit, saying that he was in the island on a holiday. He was staying at a cottage belonging to one of the Queen's farmers. On the third day of his stay he was on the road between Newport and Osborne when the Royal carriage passed him. His precious packet was ready to hand, and he promptly threw it into the carriage, only just missing the Queen's face. At the end of the drive the police were instructed to find out about Schar everything that there was to be found out. This was my business, and from the description given me I guessed at once who this fellow was that went about flinging letters into carriages. I at once unearthed him at the cottage. In the course of a long interview he told me about his quest; and, on telegraphing to the Yard, I received information that tallied with his statements, and was satisfied that he had not meditated any harm to Her Majesty. It was decided to take no further action, and he was allowed to go back to London. The Queen, with her usual kindness, having read his pathetic statement, and gathered that he had very little money, gave instructions that he should be presented with the amount of his fare back. He set up elsewhere in the Tottenham Court Road, and seeing me

pass his door one day, insisted on my coming in and sitting to him for nothing; eventually he went back to Germany. I will record another of the Queen's many acts of kindness. Once, when out driving, she saw a labourer being carried on a stretcher from some works on the road between Osborne and Newport. She stopped and inquired for him. Next day I was sent to see how the man was and how the accident had occurred. Unfortunately the poor fellow died almost at once; the Queen offered to contribute liberally towards the funeral expenses. This instance is only one of many in which Queen Victoria took a keen personal interest in cases of suffering brought under her notice.

A little way back I referred to a man who wanted to attack the then Prince of Wales. This fellow was, as may be imagined, not quite responsible for his actions. He came over from the mainland to Cowes and inquired concerning the whereabouts of the Prince of Wales, who as a matter of fact, was on board his yacht in Cowes Roads. Then this man (his name afterwards turned out to be Douglas Hole) met the Queen in the road just by Osborne House. She was taking a constitutional in her pony chaise. He walked slowly by shouting out something. I never heard exactly

what it was he said, but it was to the effect that her Majesty ought long ago to have abdicated. Though there were three or four attendants present, he was, for some reason quite beyond my comprehension, allowed to go on his way uninterfered with. On being told of this, and learning that Hole had gone towards Cowes, I hurried in pursuit, and got to the pontoon at West Cowes in time to see him arranging with a boatman to take him out to the Prince's yacht. I came up, winked to the boatman, whom I knew, and invented some story about having a prior claim on his services. Also I gave the other boatmen the hint that this stranger was not to be taken out to the yacht. A little later on I threw myself into Hole's way and got into conversation with him. From this I gathered that he was staying at the Fountain Hotel, West Cowes. I made it convenient to go thither and investigate, meanwhile telling off a local constable to keep an eye on Hole. I ascertained that he had arrived from London the previous day, with only a small handbag as luggage. That the handbag contained no dangerous contents was a fact with which I took good care to make myself acquainted. As Hole had talked to me in a rational manner, and as he had expressed the intention of leaving for the mainland

by the next boat, I decided not to detain him; but I telegraphed to the Yard that he should be shadowed upon arrival, and particulars of him ascertained. Hole was met at the London terminus and watched; he remained in London for two days, and did nothing that could be construed into his being a dangerous person. But shortly after his return to his native place, Taunton, he went out hunting one day, took a sudden and very violent dislike to one of the whips, and used his hunting crop on the man with terrible severity. He was medically examined, certified a dangerous lunatic, and shut up, He gave out that in visiting Cowes his object was to thrash the Prince of Wales soundly; and that, no doubt, was his notion when he wanted to be rowed out to the yacht.

Another spell of duty at Cowes came my way when the German Emperor visited that place in August 1894. It was his first visit to England after his accession. At the time I was away on my annual leave; another officer had been selected to take up the close protection of the Kaiser on his arrival at Cowes. It was a semi-official visit; the Kaiser was attended by Sir Arthur Bigge and General Marshall as equerries. Just then a report got about, which the authorities were inclined to

put a certain amount of faith in, that two Italians had gone from London to Cowes with the intention of assassinating the German Emperor. I was telegraphed for to come back from my holiday, and sent down to Cowes to take over the work of protection. First of all I had carefully to search East Cowes, West Cowes, Newport, and Ryde, to find the two alleged would-be assassins. I watched all steamers arriving from Portsmouth and Southampton, and was decidedly perturbed at finding no trace of the two men. Seeing nothing of them, I naturally thought it possible that they had arrived, escaped my notice, and hidden themselves somewhere to work out some atrocious plan. Though the Emperor slept on board his yacht, which, from my point of view, was something to be thankful for, of course he was constantly landing at Trinity Pier on his way to Osborne House, or at the quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose members entertained him. Every morning I had to see one of the two equerries with regard to his movements for the day, after which it was my business to make arrangements with the local police at every point which he would be visiting. Though his presence meant a great deal of hard work for me, it was hailed with great satisfaction by the Isle of Wight people, as

many other visitors were thereby attracted. The success of his yacht *Meteor* in the race for the Queen's cup was highly popular. From the island I followed him to Aldershot for the review and manœuvres, and thence to Gravesend, where he embarked on the *Hohenzollern*. I formed no particular impressions of him beyond the fact that he was certainly a man, and looked every inch an Emperor. Upon leaving he presented me with a shamrock diamond pin. His Majesty also expressed his thanks in writing to the authorities at the Yard.

I remember being on duty at Balmoral Castle in 1896, when it was visited by their Imperial Majesties, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, shortly after their marriage. A strong reinforcement of police was summoned to Balmoral. Superintendent Fraser of the household police had his hands full with the arrangements. Inspector Melville (as he was then) and myself were present from the Yard; and a sergeant and nine constables were also on duty. The preparations made for the visitors were extensive; and as the accommodation at the Castle is not very ample, some difficulty was experienced in housing the retinue of the two guests. I had to play the part of host to the Russian secret police who accompanied

the Imperial suite. Quite apart from my official duties this was not altogether easy, as one or two of the men could barely make themselves understood in English, and they did not lack the habitual reserve and caution of the police agent, especially the Russian variety of the type. Upon the evening of their arrival the Czar and Czarina were accorded a particularly bright welcome. At the entrance to the castle grounds all the people of the neighbourhood clustered about, and a body of the Queen's Highlanders, clad in the national costume, met the Royal visitors and escorted them up to the Castle in a torch-light procession, with the pipes skirling a wild accompaniment. Melville and I walked one on each side of the carriage. There were excellent opportunities as it drove slowly along for an assassin to get in some evil work. As I have had occasion to write before, and as I shall probably write again, it was a time of great anxiety for all concerned. Most of us were on the *qui vive* day and night. We were harassed by a report that the Anarchists, Nihilists, and Fenians had passed resolutions that emissaries of theirs should take the first opportunity of assassinating the Czar. Reports of this sort are for ever coming to the ears of Scotland Yard.

Fortunately the great majority of them have little or no foundation, but it is our duty all the same to probe and sift every one to the bottom. It is a trite saying that there is no honour among thieves; in this case "thieves" means rascals of every description, and the falsehoods told us by the informer concerning the movements of the revolutionary John Fleming showed us that very often there is no honour among spies. On this occasion Inspector Melville was charged with the personal protection of the Czar, and he had a particularly hard time. He had to accompany all the shooting parties on the moors, keeping always within range of the Czar. On several of their Majesties' short walks round Balmoral they were practically alone, not closely followed up at all. This was probably a novel experience for the Czar; and he seemed to me to be a nervous man. When I first saw him I was struck by his very close resemblance to the then Prince of Wales; they might be brothers, and could very easily be taken for one another.

There appeared one day at the Castle the representative of a large medical firm in London. He had with him no letter of introduction or any credentials whatever. He wished to see the Czar's personal physician,

having with him, as he said, a case containing the newest surgical instruments, which his firm desired to present to that gentleman. He asserted that he knew Sir James Reid, and would like to see him. The rule is that persons without credentials shall not be admitted inside the Royal policies, but as I happened to know the messenger personally, I took him to Sir James Reid. By Sir James, ever one of the kindest of men, he was introduced to the Russian physician, who accepted the present, one likely to be of considerable value to a doctor, as the instruments were of the finest make, and the recipient of the gift had seen nothing like them before. At the close of the Royal visit the Czar made various handsome presents to those for whom the presence of himself and the Czarina had involved extra work. The popular station-master at Ballater, Mr Cowie, who had had an extemely busy time, received a gold watch and chain; I was presented with a pair of gold and diamond sleeve-links, which I prize particularly because they are extremely useful as well as ornamental. A diamond pin was given to Fraser, and Melville received a gold bracelet for his wife, having on a previous occasion received a gift from the Czar. Mementos of this visit were also given

to the other police and to the servants of the household.

In 1899 the Empress Frederick paid her last visit to this country. For three months I was on duty attending her movements, being given a letter of introduction to Sir Charles Du Plat, the equerry detailed by the Queen to attend her Imperial Majesty. Consequent upon her wish to go about with the minimum of pomp and ceremony, her visit being of an entirely private nature, ceremony was dispensed with as much as possible. The way in which the Empress managed to visit numerous public institutions without attracting observation was astonishing. She went to such places as Hampton Court, the South Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, the New Gallery, and to several private exhibitions of objects of art. She was frequently accompanied by the late Sir Charles Robinson, Keeper of Her Majesty's Pictures. As will be remembered, her interest in art was considerable, and she gratified it freely in the course of this visit to England. One visit which the Empress made in pursuance of this interest gave me both surprise and amusement. At this time there lived at 1 Bedford Square, Bloomsbury (a house now occupied by Mr and Mrs George Grossmith, jun.), a notorious Anarchist

named Parmeggiani. When the Anarchists first established themselves in any force in London, Parmeggiani was one of the most prominent men in the Anarchist agitation, and his house and his movements were frequently kept under observation. Though an Anarchist he had a fine taste in matters artistic, for the antique, and for curios of all sorts. Of these he possessed a fine collection, and I fancy that in connection with this hobby of his he constituted himself in a large degree a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods. Thus I was highly amused when one day her Majesty, accompanied by Sir Charles Robinson, visited the house of this Anarchist and examined his collection with much interest, spending a considerable time over them. It need hardly be said that the Empress knew nothing of Parmeggiani's record, while he was quite in the dark as regarded the identity of his august visitor. He and I, however, were mutually acquainted, a fact which tickled me greatly as I walked behind the Empress through his rooms and studied his highly suspicious collection. As a dealer in antiques Parmeggiani made a good deal of money, and shortly after this visit he sought to establish himself in Bond Street. But in the lease of the house which he desired to take, there was a clause to the

effect that the lessee must be a British subject. So Parmeggiani applied to the Government for papers of naturalisation. Before he could have them the police had to inquire into his record, and as on the Continent he had been tried several times on charges connected with Anarchy, a scrutiny of his record soon made it clear that he was not a fit person for naturalisation as a British subject. Indeed, had there been in existence a law in this country that undesirables should be expelled from our shores, I think Parmeggiani would have been almost the first on the list for deportation. As it was, after this rebuff he took himself off to Paris, and has been recently arrested there on a charge of being in unlawful possession of valuable works of art alleged to have been stolen.

During her stay the Empress Frederick moved about a good deal, spending several weeks at Windsor and staying besides at Balmoral, Osborne, and Sandringham. She also visited the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig, Dumfries, and Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny. Working for Her Majesty was a very great pleasure by reason of the consideration for others which she invariably displayed. This may be illustrated by an incident which took place at Osborne, at Christmas-tide, 1899.

Learning by some means that I was a man with a wife and family, she directed that I should go home to them for Christmas and that there should be no responsibility attaching to me for her safety. Upon receiving such instructions a detective must go through a certain routine before withdrawing himself from so important a duty; so I reported her Majesty's wishes to headquarters, and forthwith I was relieved and spent my Christmas at home, afterwards taking up my duties again until I saw her depart safely from Victoria on her return to the Continent. This made her thirtieth visit to England, and she always went away with feelings of regret and loneliness. As a memento of those three months I cherish a gold watch with the German Imperial monogram and a gold chain. Before going away she sent for me at Buckingham Palace and presented me with them, thanking me at the same time most kindly for my discharge of my duties during her stay. I was much struck by her intimate knowledge of the revolutionary party in England, a knowledge displayed in various questions which she asked me.

One of the most honourable calls of duty that I ever received was the selection of myself, with a number of junior officers, to proceed to Dublin for the protection of Queen Victoria

during her visit to Ireland in 1900. Only a few hours' notice of this special service was given us, and we had to rush out of London helter-skelter. Her Majesty spent a month in Dublin; when she arrived a tremendous ovation met her, and whenever she drove through the streets she was greeted with equal heartiness. I am sure it must have been very gratifying to her. She stayed at the Viceregal Lodge, in Phoenix Park, about two miles and a half out of the city, but our work lay not so much there as in Dublin itself, along every line of route traversed by Her Majesty. At the head police office in Castle Yard a conference was held every morning by the principal officers; and when the Queen's programme for the day was telephoned to us from the Viceregal Lodge, or brought by a special messenger, we distributed our watchful forces along the streets through which the Queen would pass. But we were not active only during Her Majesty's actual movements. At night we visited certain inns and various other rendezvous where evil-designed persons might be met; nor did we neglect to keep the railway stations and quays under careful observation. But though we did not have a particularly easy time, the nature of our service was a considerable recompense; and it is very

pleasing to me to be able to say that no unseemly behaviour took place, nor was any arrest made of any description in connection with Her Majesty's visit. Being alike an Irishman and an English police officer, I shared the responsibility of the important duties involved in the protection of Queen Victoria, in the capital of my own country, and I felt, as it were, a sort of double responsibility. During the visit my subordinates and myself worked in conjunction with the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

As this Royal visit to Dublin still remains a comparatively recent one, I need not dwell upon its details at any length. The Queen's visit to two Roman Catholic convents in Dublin gave much satisfaction to the majority of people in the city. We were less pleased at the arrival of Mrs John M'Bride, *née* Miss Maud Gonne, of South African fame. Her appearance in the city at this time caused considerable stir. It was marked by a special article published in *The Irishman*. That article was considered to contain matter reflecting on the Queen, and the issue containing it was therefore seized by the police wherever found. *The Irishman* itself escaped suppression. Both Mrs M'Bride and her husband

were frequent contributors to it. During her stay a close watch was kept on her movements. One day, with the lady in question at their head, the extremist party marched in procession through the streets to a house once occupied by Oliver Bond, one of the revolutionists of 1798. A tablet to commemorate his memory was placed on the wall of the house, and, a temporary balcony having been erected at a first-floor window, speeches were made therefrom by Mrs M'Bride and other individuals, eulogising the late Mr Bond and his fellow-workers. The affair was not taken seriously, as the procession did not consist wholly of extremists, many people joining in from sheer curiosity.

Queen Victoria's sojourn in Dublin was undoubtedly productive of better feeling between the English and the Irish. If one listened to chance conversations in the streets and public places, one heard on all sides people saying what a pity it was the Queen did not come oftener, and what a pity it was she had not been for so many years. Yet I must confess that I did not feel altogether unrelieved when on one beautiful May afternoon I saw Her Majesty embark on her yacht at Kingstown and steam graciously away. An extremely pleasant little function terminated my spell of

work in the Irish capital. Two nights before our departure the Dublin detective officers, with Superintendent Langtree and Chief Inspector Low as the moving spirits, entertained my colleagues, Sergeants M'Brien, Kerr, Stephens, Parker and Harnett, and myself to a supper and smoking concert at the police headquarters in Exchange Court. We spent a very jolly evening. Several toasts were honoured; and the songs sung included such old favourites as "Killarney" and "Bantry Bay," besides some which were rendered both in Gaelic and in English. The party broke up with everybody feeling excellently disposed towards everybody else. Between the London and the Dublin Forces the greatest cordiality has always prevailed. While in Dublin I had much pleasant intercourse with Mr James Campbell, the Town Clerk. He was once private secretary to Mr Parnell, and his confidant in many private matters when Mr Parnell was at the zenith of his power and his party were well disciplined. When Mr Parnell's movements were so mysterious that some of his Parliamentary colleagues did not for days and weeks together know where he was, Mr Campbell was the only man who knew where the great leader was, and he never betrayed the trust reposed

in him by his chief, though sometimes pressed by those colleagues when matters in the House were not going quite as they should.

One of those innumerable duties that few detectives, having once carried them out, would forget, was assigned to me when I was entrusted with the conveyance, in the company of a junior, of the Crown, Sceptre, and Regalia from Windsor to London after the death of Queen Victoria. It was King Edward's desire that certain alterations should be made in them. In response to a telegram sent by an equerry I was sent with a sergeant to Windsor; we were accompanied by the senior member of the firm entrusted with the alterations. The keeper of the gold pantry at Windsor Castle placed in my hands the green baize bag containing my precious charge, and as I realised the enormous value of its contents, as well as their historic associations, the bag did not leave my hands for a moment until we reached the West-End establishment and I deposited the bag in the place indicated. The descriptions of the Crown and Orbs, which I quote below, should be enough to show the nature of the responsibility laid upon me for the time.

"The Crown weighs forty ounces, with a circlet bearing in front the great sapphire

from the crown of Charles II. The rim is clustered with sapphires and emeralds, enclosed in borders thickly set with diamonds and pearls. Alternately on festoons are eight crosses-patee and eight fleur-de-lys of silver, set with gems. In front of the crown is the most remarkable jewel belonging to the regalia—a large spinel ruby of irregular drop-like form measuring two inches in length. This ruby alone has been valued at £110,000, and it has been the cause of murder and treachery. It was worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. The huge sapphire in the centre of the cross-patee at the top is asserted to have come out of the ring of Edward the Confessor. Omitting the ruby and sapphire, the Crown contains four rubies, eleven emeralds, sixteen sapphires, 277 pearls, and 2783 diamonds."

"The first Orb is called the King's Orb, and is set with 266 diamonds, 511 pearls, eighteen rubies, nine emeralds, and seven sapphires. The Queen's Orb, as the second Orb is called, is smaller and not so valuable. It was made for the coronation of William and Mary. The Sceptre, which is one of five in the possession of the sovereign, was the one called the King's Sceptre. It is of gold, ornamented with coloured enamel, and set

with precious stones in the pommel. The stones consist of 301 diamonds, twenty-five rubies, twelve emeralds, and eight sapphires. It cost for gold, jewels, and workmanship, £1025."

CHAPTER V

THE WORK OF A BODYGUARD—*continued*

ROYAL VISIT TO RHYL—THE INTOXICATED PEDLAR—THE MAN WHO WANTED TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRINCE—ROYAL VISIT TO TENBY—STORY OF THE ABSENT-MINDED PLATFORM INSPECTOR — VISIT OF PRESIDENT LOUBET—A BUSY TIME—IMPRESSIONS OF M. LOUBET AND M. DELCASSÉ.

FROM the foregoing pages it will have been gathered that I have several times been detailed for the protection of one or other of the potentates of Europe. Besides this, I have worked in the near neighbourhood of others who, if not actual occupants of a throne, have at any rate not been so very far removed from such a position. On considering my reminiscences I find that in 1890 I was on duty at Balmoral Castle during the visit of the Grand Dukes Michael and Paul of Russia; and in 1891 I was charged with the safety, while in this country, of the Prince of Naples, now King of Italy. The latter piece of work was the only one which I ever took up and then had to leave unfinished; but I owe that to an

abortive outbreak of fire one night in my house at Hammersmith, when one of my hands was badly burnt. But the mere mention of these two tasks is enough, as the work was entirely devoid of incident; and almost the same might be said of my work for Prince and Princess Christian in 1891 at Great Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, when their youngest daughter was married to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. The wedding presents, of course, were numerous, and there were other presents in the house sent in commemoration of the silver wedding of Prince and Princess Christian. I and a colleague were sent down to Great Cumberland Lodge and made answerable for the safety of the gifts. The German Emperor was one of the guests. The work passed off smoothly. Prince Christian presented me with an attractive souvenir, and the Princess thanked us in person, and was kind enough to have a letter written to headquarters appreciating our services.

In 1894, which, in respect of work of all sorts, was a particularly busy year for me, I was sent into South Wales to arrange for the safety of the then Prince and Princess of Wales during their visits to Bangor, Carnarvon and Rhyl. The Princesses Victoria

and Maud accompanied them. The time of year was about the middle of July. Their Royal Highnesses were the guests of Lord Penrhyn at Penrhyn Castle. The greatest precautions for their safety were taken by Chief Constable Ruck of Carnarvonshire. Officers were drafted to Bangor for the time being from London, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool and Birmingham. I was under the immediate orders of the Chief Constable, who put me in close attendance on the Royal party All routes traversed by them were guarded in the usual fashion. For the first time Prince Albert Edward visited Carnarvon Castle, the birthplace of the unfortunate first Prince of Wales. The most important function on this occasion was the opening of the Welsh Eisteddfod. It took place in a pavilion of such size that some ten thousand people found room inside. The drive of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their retinue, from Bangor to Carnarvon, was one long ovation at the hands of the people lining the road. Upon arriving in Carnarvon itself they were met by the Mayor and Corporation, and presented with an address. In replying, the Prince alluded to his connection by position with Carnarvon. He described the Eisteddfod as not only perpetuating time-honoured

customs, but as also elevating the Welsh nation intellectually. Afterwards he and his Consort attended the Druidical ceremonies, and displayed the greatest interest in the intricacies of the rites. The Prince received a bardic title meaning "Edward the Prince," and the Princess one meaning "Britain's Delight." On their return to Penrhyn Castle, as their landau was passing through Bangor, a man, evidently drunk, forced his way through the cheering crowds into the road, and made a dash for the carriage, shouting something at the Prince. Lord Penrhyn, who was also in the landau, raised his umbrella to hit the fellow over the head with it; but by the merest chance I happened to be just at the place where the man broke through, and springing forward I collared him just before Lord Penrhyn's blow caught him. He was not sober, and I handed him over to two local constables who took him to the police station. He was a pedlar by occupation, as a rule a man of good character, but on this occasion carried away partly through having been imbibing with some freedom, and partly through sheer excitement at the sight of Royalty.

A similar but more exciting incident took place on the day of the departure of the visitors *en route* for London. A stoppage

took place at Rhyl, in order that the Princess of Wales might lay the foundation stone of the Alexandra Hospital, a new Convalescent Home. The scene of the ceremony was distant about a mile from Rhyl Station. Rhyl was of course very gaily decorated; the Mayor and Corporation, in full official fig, met the guests, and a procession was formed of considerable length. My first idea was to charter some conveyance and follow behind at the tail of the procession; but it occurred to me that in that case, owing to the length of the procession, I should be too far off from the Royal carriage to render assistance in case of need; I therefore decided to walk some few yards behind the carriage, which was going at a walking pace. But before starting I had a word or two with Inspector Winkler. That officer, who is now dead, was permanently attached to the Prince of Wales' establishment, and generally to be found on duty at Marlborough House. He was a German by birth and an Englishman by naturalisation. On this occasion he said to me :—

"Look here, Sweeney, I'm for staying here. I don't believe there's any need to go all that way up with the procession, just to come all the way back again. Nothing's going to happen."

I said: "No, very likely not. I don't

suppose anything will happen. All the same, I'm not going to chance it. I shall go up after them." Then Winkler changed his mind and we started off together; but it was a hot day, and Winkler, being of stoutish build, soon dropped behind, while I kept near the carriage. The local yeomanry were furnishing an escort for it, but instead of riding on either side of the carriage, as they should have done, the men were riding a little way behind it. We had covered about half the distance to the site of the Alexandra Hospital when a well-dressed man suddenly dashed through the crowd, the police, and the soldiers lining the route, and made for the carriage with his hand raised as though to strike a blow or to throw some missile. I dashed forward at once, running straight for the carriage while he of course was running diagonally. He got up to the back of the carriage, and the alarm on the Princess's face was evident, but at the same moment I also arrived, so to speak. In a somewhat ungentle fashion I caught him by the collar, sadly disarranging him about the neck, and with an application of the Græco-Roman throw I flung him in the dust, going down myself on top of him. I went in a moment through his pockets, and dragged him to the kerb. I asked him :—

"Are you mad? What do you mean by rushing towards the carriage in that frantic manner?"

"I wanted to shake hands with the Prince of Wales. I knew he would not mind."

I said: "You're a very stupid fellow to have behaved in such an unseemly manner; what is your name and where do you live?"

However, I didn't stop to discuss matters with him. For the time being I had relieved his pockets of their contents, and he had no weapon of any sort about him; so I left him in the charge of some local police to be taken to the police station, and went on to the laying of the foundation stone. There I informed the Prince and Princess and the Mayor, who had seen the incident, that the fellow had had no mischievous intentions whatever; that he was quite harmless, and his only idea was to shake the hand of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness expressed a wish that the affair should be settled summarily. In due course I hastened to the police station and found it surrounded by great crowds of people, through which I did not elbow my way without considerable difficulty. Some of them wore black looks, though most of them seemed to be there merely out of curiosity. On getting inside I was told that the police had had

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the greatest difficulty in bringing the man to the station. Thinking that he had intended some injury, the people had sought to lynch him. This was the 15th of May; and on the 4th of that same month the man Caserio Santo had stabbed President Carnot in Paris. I learnt that our prisoner was well known to the Rhyl police as a respectable citizen; and he had taken a prominent part in the work of decorating the town. On speaking to him I found him in a most excited state. He said nervously to me:—

"Really, I never meant any harm; it never occurred to me that my action would look so suspicious; I only did it because last night I betted two friends of mine a bottle of whisky that I would shake His Royal Highness by the hand."

"Well," I replied, "you'll be charged for this."

At that he completely collapsed. But I had no real intention of having him charged, being satisfied that he had had no criminal intentions. So I arranged with the local authorities that he should be released immediately upon the Royal departure from Rhyl, and that no information should be given to the Press. In that last respect I was acting upon a hint the Prince had given. Fortunately there had not been a single pressman on the actual scene of

the incident; the authorities kept the matter very close; and so nothing leaked out in any periodical whatever. Of course this incident must not be confounded with that of the excited pedlar. When I mentioned the incident to Winkler he scouted my statement, suggesting that I was, so to speak, getting at him; but after a visit to the police station he altered his tune, and expressed great satisfaction that I had decided to accompany the procession instead of falling in with his suggestion and awaiting the party at the railway station. Clearly, something far more serious might easily have happened, particularly as that yeomanry escort made the mistake of not keeping close to the carriage as they should have done. This is the only time that I have ever had to lay a violent hand upon anybody in the execution of my duty as the protector of a public personage; and I am thankful to be able to say as much.

On Tuesday, May 9th, 1899, the pier extension at Tenby was opened, and made the occasion of a considerable function. The then Duke and Duchess of York promised to come down and perform the ceremony; but, about ten days before, the Duke of York became indisposed, and his place was taken by the Duke of Connaught. Great preparations were

made by the Mayor and Corporation of Tenby. There had recently been no inconsiderable amount of friction between the two political parties at Tenby, but for this occasion all acted in concord. The Deputy-Mayor of Tenby (Alderman C. W. R. Stokes) wrote to Scotland Yard to ask for the services of Inspector Leach, who was related to Alderman Leach of Tenby. That officer was not available, so I was sent instead. Here I may quote a paragraph from the *Western Mail* of May 11th, 1899:—

"When the Queen travels her surroundings are invariably under the constantly watchful care of Detective-Inspector Fraser, who is, of the whole crowd of attendants, the first up and the last to retire. And Mr Fraser has on occasion a small army of subordinates. But, beyond Inspector Sweeney, of Scotland Yard, who was specially engaged by the Tenby authorities for Tuesday's function, there were, so far as could be ascertained, no detectives in attendance upon the Royal party in their visit to South Wales this week."

On the evening before the ceremony I conferred with Aldermen Stokes and Leach and other members of the Corporation, and discussed various details in connection with the safety of the visitors. I made certain sugges-

tions about having a watch kept on all undesirable persons, such as known Anarchists and professional thieves, who might arrive in Tenby. These suggestions were acted upon, which perhaps was just as well, as something like five thousand excursionists came to Tenby by rail, while Pembroke Dock and Neyland could each claim quite as many. A great reception was accorded the visitors by the people. It was a busy day, as after the opening of the pier extension Princess May launched the *Victoria and Albert*, the Queen's new yacht, at Pembroke Dockyard. The company present included the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, as he was then. In the evening Princess May and the Duke of Connaught entertained a company at dinner on board the yacht. Her Royal Highness decorated Captain Burges-Watson, captain-superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, and Mr Henry Cock, chief-constructor, with the Victorian Order. Everything in connection with the Royal visit was carried out with very considerable ceremony, and it struck me that all concerned in the arrangements, members of the Corporation, soldiery and police alike, carried them out with excellent tact. Certainly there were never more people in Tenby and Neyland and at the Dockyard than on that day; yet not a

single larceny took place, nor from beginning to end were there any ruptures of the public peace. The Duke of Connaught was not an entire stranger, as at the age of sixteen he visited Tenby to unveil the statue of the Prince Consort erected by the Welsh people. As he was obliged to attend a State Drawing-Room in London on the Wednesday, he slept on Tuesday night in his saloon at Neyland Station, departing early on Wednesday morning. *The Western Mail* quaintly remarked :—

"His Royal Highness' presence at the station during the night was kept private, very few local people being in the secret, and they being of a reserved disposition."

Rather later on Wednesday the Duchess of York went ashore at Neyland from the *Victoria and Albert* and travelled thence by train through Milford to Cardiff and so on to London. I close my reminiscences of that visit with two more quotations from *The Western Mail*:—

"Reminiscences of other Royal visits were plentiful in certain quarters. One of the railway officials in the wait at Neyland Station on Wednesday morning recalled an incident when the Czar and Czarina, on a visit to England, were about to entrain at Oxford. One platform inspector, with the ruling passion

strong in him, suddenly broke a silent pause with the loud-voiced request, 'Take your seats, please,' whereat their Imperial Highnesses laughed heartily, and proceeded to obey the injunction."

And again :—

"One of our representatives was informed by Inspector Sweeney, of Scotland Yard, on Wednesday morning, that there was an entire absence of complaints of theft or of any criminal nature during the whole day's proceedings, and that he was agreeably surprised at the smooth way in which the function had passed off at Tenby, Pembroke Dock and Pembroke. The well-known detective was thanked by the Mayor of Tenby and other prominent gentlemen on Wednesday morning for his ubiquitous superintendence of the crowds throughout the preceding day."

The Mayor and Corporation were also so good as to write to the Commissioner of Police to express their appreciation of my services, referring particularly to the suggestions I made at the conference on the evening preceding the ceremonies.

In this and the preceding chapter I have dealt with my experiences gained while acting as one of those told off to watch the safety of personages who were or are either in the

actual occupation or in the neighbourhood of a throne; this chapter may therefore be closed with a few remarks concerning the recent visit of President Loubet to England. This arrangement should make for coherence; although, if I adhered strictly to the actual chronological order of events, I should postpone for a while all mention of this visit, as my work in connection with M. Loubet's presence here was the last duty of any importance that I performed. Commenting upon this occasion, one of the halfpenny morning papers remarked:—

"Unrelaxing precautions were taken for the safety of M. Loubet during his stay in England. Scotland Yard, with silent vigilance, dogged the President's steps from start to finish, and there were but few moments when a detective was not within arm's reach of our guest."

This is journalistic, but true. Instructions were given to another officer, junior to me, and myself to take up the personal protection of the French President. My colleague was Sergeant Maguire, who was afterwards promoted, but has, quite recently, died of an internal disease. Two days before M. Loubet's arrival at Dover, we went down there and kept a strict watch upon all vessels and trains

arriving at that port. In this we were assisted by two officers, specially detailed for the work, who possessed a useful knowledge of the Anarchists, and by the permanent staff of the harbour. Also of course we were in touch with the local police. At Dover, which, by the way, has always struck me as being a particularly unattractive place, there were great rejoicings over this unique occasion. However, the occasion is still so recent that I need not go into details about the decoration of the town, the address presented to the guest by the Mayor and Corporation and so forth. As soon as the President entered the carriage to drive from the harbour to the Dover Priory Station, Maguire and I placed ourselves one on each side of it, Maguire being accompanied on the left of the carriage by one of the French detectives. From that moment we never lost sight of M. Loubet while he was here, except when he was inside the walls of York House. I remember that that drive through the town might be described as an awful grind for us. The crowds were dense, the weather was excessively hot, and the carriage horses moved at a trot. Of course Maguire and I, who were running alongside, had no chance of sparing ourselves by means of any short cuts, except when the

carriages passed through the Close of Dover College. The College grounds may be described as a rough oblong in shape. The carriages then entered near the right hand bottom corner, passed up the right hand side, and along the top side, passing out at the left hand top corner. The College Cadet Corps were on duty as a Guard of Honour. I saved myself a little here by taking a short cut diagonally across the College Close (as the College grounds are called), mopping my brow as I ran.

Certainly that visit meant work for Maguire and me. M. Loubet never appeared outside York House without our being in his near neighbourhood. Usually at night I got back to my house in Hammersmith and to bed at about two o'clock; and I had to be on duty again at York House at seven. York House was very strongly policed; two other detectives were always there, on the lookout for possible intruders. The amount of work that M. Loubet got through was marvellous; he went to bed and got up again in one and the same morning; in one forenoon he visited the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue and the French Nursing Home in North Kensington, called on the Duke of Cambridge, and was back at York House by noon

to receive deputations. He evinced much interest in Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, and in Windsor Castle. It will be remembered that on the occasion of his visit to Windsor he placed a wreath on the tomb of her late Majesty. As I was in constant attendance upon him I had the opportunity of seeing the auditorium of Covent Garden Theatre, on the night of the gala performance of the Opera. Perhaps no more splendidly decorated interior was ever seen. At any rate I will venture to say that what with the decorations in themselves, the Court costumes and uniforms of the gentlemen, and the jewels with which the ladies blazed, the interior of Covent Garden Theatre that night was the greatest sight ever seen in this country. It was stupendous!

I do not fancy that President Loubet was at all nervous of assassination; certainly he showed absolutely no sign of any apprehension; I was very much struck by his *sang froid*. His demeanour was particularly pleasant; he was always urbane, agreeable and courteous; to sum up his behaviour with true accuracy, one needs some word in the English language which should serve as the antithesis of "aggressive." One may compare him with the German Emperor—far be it from me to

commit such *lèse-majesté* as to describe his Imperial Majesty as "aggressive"—but if the German Emperor was anywhere in one's vicinity, somehow one could not help being aware of the fact. But President Loubet would pass in a very small crowd. I venture to think that, if anything, he was somewhat too restrained and retiring. At times his *sang froid* seemed almost languor; he said little; and what he did say was spoken in a small voice. He gave the impression of one who would go very far indeed before he gave offence to any man; and one even wondered whether to any extent M. Loubet owed his high position to the fact that he possessed in so great a degree the quality of non-resistance, so useful a foil to the turbulence which distinguishes some French statesmen of to-day. Very different was the aspect of the Foreign Secretary, M. Delcassé. Very small but very alert, with the keenest of eyes set in a large head, one felt that nothing escaped M. Delcassé's shrewdness. He noted everything; he took in everything; and he would be a hard man to have for an opponent. If he were President of the French Republic—things would happen. And a very fine recruit was lost to the detective profession when M. Delcassé took up politics.

The Work of a Bodyguard.

As I have said, that visit meant hard work for Maguire and me; and the Special Department of the Yard had altogether a very anxious time. All its officers were engaged at all hours watching the revolutionists who might be considered dangerous. Particularly close was the attention paid to Soho. Personally, I was heartily glad when I saw the President embark safely at Dover after a visit during which the welcome extended to him was from start to finish of the most cordial kind. Upon departing he thanked the detectives with much amiability; and I retain a permanent memento of his presence in England in the shape of a watch and charm with which he presented me.

CHAPTER VI

SOME PEOPLE I HAVE MET

LORD ABERDEEN—MR GLADSTONE'S FIRST HOME RULE BILL—MR BALFOUR—WHO STOLE THE BREECHES?—A CAB SMASH—LORD SALISBURY—A STUPID CONSTABLE—EARL SPENCER—FIVE IRISH MEMBERS—M. HENRI ROCHEFORT

So far I have discussed my work as one of an unostentatious bodyguard to various people whose names are known throughout Europe. But of course it fell to my lot while at Scotland Yard to have to watch the movements of many others of less importance, people whose names were, or are, entirely strange, or almost entirely strange, in the ears of anyone not a fellow-subject. However, they all secured some share of the public attention in their own country, although their shares varied somewhat in size.

One of the first public men whom I had to shadow was Lord Aberdeen. He had just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, under Mr Gladstone's administration, and it was thought necessary that he should have some protection. I had to go frequently to

his house in Grosvenor Square in the performance of my duties. Thus I saw Lady Aberdeen several times; to me she was extremely kind. She showed much interest in Irish matters generally, asked why I left home and joined the Force, and so on, and gave me the "Life of General Gordon" to read. Not many of my charges, so to speak, showed themselves so ready to be looked after as did Lord Aberdeen. He hardly ever went out of his house without telling me where he was going. As soon as he had been given the appointment at Dublin he had sent his horses and carriages on ahead of him, so that while still in London he used to drive about in one hired cab with me following in another. He was a mild-mannered man and not good at arguing with a cabdriver about the fare. He found the Jehus very extortionate, and used to say to me, "No, Mr Sweeney; nothing satisfies them. If I gave them a five-pound note they would still grumble." So at last we arranged that I should always hand over the fares for both cabs. But Lord Aberdeen was an extremely kind and thoughtful man. I remember that once when he and I got back to his house at about one in the morning, he asked if the constable on duty outside could come in and have some refreshment without committing

any dereliction of duty. I may remark that the refreshment was always of a teetotal character. On leaving London for Ireland he thanked me profusely and presented me with a little souvenir from Lady Aberdeen. Never at any other time was he under protection in England.

This was the beginning of a vein of work which might in a way be called political. My next piece of duty of this kind came my way in the summer of 1886, when everybody in London was growing more and more excited over Mr Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill. I was on duty at Westminster on that fateful evening in July when the division was taken on the Bill. The vicinity of the Houses was thronged with people. It was an amazing sight. From Westminster Bridge to the Park and the corner of Great Smith Street, up Parliament Street almost to the Horse Guards, the black, eager crowds seethed and heaved in expectation. Radicals and Land Leaguers mustered in force. Police, mounted and on foot, were everywhere. I imagine that few people would forget the scene when those anxious crowds knew that the Bill was thrown out. Surging tumultuously forward they pressed hard upon and scanned the face of every Minister as he left the House, while we

whose business it was to maintain the public peace were prepared literally for anything to happen. It was over this Home Rule question that Mr Chamberlain had left the ranks of Mr Gladstone's supporters, and the people instantly seized upon the conviction that he was an important factor in the defeat of the Bill, a defeat which had been brought about by a difference of thirty in the votes. As he passed out, imperturbable as ever, he was met with furious groans, hisses, and yells of "Traitor! Renegade! Judas! Thirty pieces of silver!" As Mr and Mrs Gladstone drove out of New Palace Yard their carriage was mobbed by thousands of cheering supporters. By dint of immense efforts the mounted police cleared a way for the carriage. The Premier drove to 10 Downing Street, his official residence, with me running alongside. Hundreds of people followed, rushing along Downing Street and discharging salvoes of cheers outside No. 10. It was not until three in the morning that they were dispersed, scattered before the charges of the mounted police.

Upon his resignation Mr Gladstone was succeeded by the Marquis of Salisbury. It was then thought advisable to put several Ministers under protection, among them the present Prime Minister, who was first Secretary

of State for Scotland and then Chief Secretary for Ireland. When he first went to Ireland I escorted him as far as Dublin Castle, and for several years afterwards I was at various times charged with the duty of guarding him. On one occasion he went to Stalybridge to make a speech. This was at the time when Mr William O'Brien, M.P., had just lost a pair of trousers. The gentleman in question had had to undergo a short term of imprisonment, and on the first day of his incarceration at Kilmainham his own clothes were taken from him. When the time came to release him his clothes were produced, all except his trousers. These were not forthcoming. Presumably they had, somehow, been lost. "They stole my breeches," plaintively wrote Mr O'Brien in an article published by some paper which supported his faction. "Who stole the breeches?" became the new catchword of his partisans. Thus when Mr Balfour spoke at Stalybridge people's minds were full of Mr O'Brien's trousers. After making his speech the Minister drove to the station and got into a train *en route* for Oxford. He had barely taken his seat when there rushed up a man who had clearly been drinking. This fellow began bellowing, "Who stole the breeches? who stole the breeches?" More than once I have seen Mr Balfour

amused, but never have I seen him laugh as heartily as he did then.

The next incident that I remember very nearly had the effect of putting an abrupt termination to my experiences as a detective and as a human being generally. Mr Balfour had been staying with Lord Rothschild at Tring; and a colleague and myself travelled up to Euston in the same train. On these journeys Mr Balfour had but to walk out of the station, step into his brougham, and be whisked off. We had to drag out our bags, take the first cab we saw, and follow him as we best could. In those days Mr Balfour had a particularly speedy mare, which bustled every cab horse that had to follow near it. Well, that day we got into a hansom drawn by a horse which had been a hunter, and had never before been between shafts in the London traffic. The driver whipped it up to keep Mr Balfour's carriage in sight. He was making for the Irish Office, Westminster. As we crossed the Euston Road our beast took fright at something and bolted. We dashed along Gower Street at a furious pace. We all but ran down the brougham, but I shouted to Mr Balfour's coachman, and he just managed to pull out in time to avert an awful smash. As we came into Bedford Square our driver thought he

would tire his horse out by driving it round and round the square. Round we flew about twelve times, a circus drive which I never want repeated. Every window had faces pressed against its panes; crowds of people watched us from the pavements. The pace was far too hot for us to think of jumping out of the cab; while no one dared to spring at the horse's head. Meanwhile the driver, being an elderly man, began to tire and lose his control over the reins. Finally the animal guided no longer, made a wild dash at some area railings. Over went cab and horse with a crash. My colleague and I lay in the *débris*, with most of the cab on top of us. On picking ourselves up we found that my brother officer was unhurt, and I was just slightly cut about the head, but the driver, poor fellow, had been pitched from his box on to his head, and lay unconscious, with his blood staining the pavement. He was immediately taken to the University College Hospital in Gower Street, while we made our way to the Yard. Mr Balfour, who had seen the hansom in its mad career round and round Bedford Square, kindly sent to the Yard to inquire after us. Unfortunately the driver died of his injuries.

I generally had an active time when Mr Balfour was in London. He and Mr George

Wyndham, who was then his private secretary, used to work at the Irish Office in Great Queen Street, Westminster, until the last moment, and then run all the way from there to the House in order to be in their places by question-time. I used to run behind with a colleague, the people encouraging us with ironical cheers and bidding us take care of him and not let him get shot. Mr Balfour himself never showed any signs of nervousness, and hardly ever looked round to see if we were near him. When driving after him we always had the greatest difficulty in keeping him in sight. Driving a very speedy mare, he always allowed himself the shortest possible time in which to get from one place to another, while we had to jump into the first cab we saw, which might have any old screw between the shafts.

I have also worked in this way for Mr Balfour at other times, and in other places, at Whittingehame and also at various country houses where he was a guest. It was always a very pleasant duty. Mr Balfour was always quiet and restrained towards us, never effusive; but he was uniformly kind, realising no doubt that the responsibility upon our shoulders was not of the lightest.

The late Marquis of Salisbury was another

of the public men whom we had to guard during these stormy years. A constable in uniform and officers in plain clothes were always on duty by his house in Arlington Street.. At Hatfield House, too, a watch was always kept. More than once I was there for weeks at a time, meeting every train, scrutinizing every stranger. The grounds at Hatfield House are so extensive that it would not have been hard for any evil-intentioned person to enter them, although a porter was stationed at each gate. Fortunately no one of that sort appeared. Short shrift would have been the portion of any such rascal had the local people come across him. They were one and all devoted to their landlord, though as he walked about he seemed to be absent-mindedness personified, apparently buried in thought, making no sign of recognising anyone. One may or may not credit that story of his failure, at a certain Cabinet meeting, to recognise Mr Chamberlain; but I could quite believe that at this time he did not realise that he was under detective protection, so absolute was his seeming aloofness from all matters sublunary.

Busy though my time was at Hatfield, it was certainly quiet. About the only interesting reminiscence that I retain of it arose out of the excessive ignorance of a certain local

constable. Learning that I was an Irishman, he said to me one evening: "How long have you been in England and in the Police?"

"Ten years," I said.

"Well," said he, "you speak English very well for a foreigner; I thought they didn't speak any English in Ireland!"

I fancy the man must have been reading that speech of Lord Salisbury's in which he sarcastically referred to the Irish as Hottentots. But what can one expect of a man who, with the exception of one trip to London, has spent all his days in the county of Hertfordshire?

One other Minister I have had to attend in this way. This was Earl Spencer, when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Phœnix Park murders had just taken place, and public opinion in Ireland was running very high. Two or three attempts were made upon the life of the Irish Secretary, Mr W. E. Forster; and in Dublin more than once assassins lay in wait for Earl Spencer. At this time the imprisonment of Irish M.P.'s was a frequent occurrence. I used to shadow Earl Spencer all the time that he was in London, but this duty mainly consisted of meeting him at Euston on his arrival from Liverpool, and escorting him to Spencer House. The Irish

populace knew him by various nicknames, in particular "Foxy Jack," from the colour of his hair.

So much for my work as a body-guard. But as this is a chapter of what may be called the M.P. type, I will include in it my experiences with five Irish members of Parliament, with regard to whom the *rôle* which I had to assume was hardly the amiable one of protector. These five gentlemen were the late Mr Jasper Pyne, Mr Gilhooly, Mr J. R. Cox, Mr J. J. O'Kelly, and the late Dr Tanner; they afforded the police a considerable amount of trouble and a not altogether negligible amount of amusement.

The first of these five members was Mr Jasper Pyne. He was wanted by the Irish police upon a charge of inciting to sedition. The question of how to arrest him kept them busy for several weeks; while his neighbours around Pyne Castle derived immense amusement from the whole business. Within the precincts of Pyne Castle he had erected a sort of Eiffel Tower, topped by a kind of swing, worked by a hydraulic apparatus. Whenever the police came dangerously near the castle, Mr Pyne used to mount this arrangement and have himself swung up out of reach of the constables. Often he remained thus aloft for

several hours at a stretch, having his food sent up to him by his servants. This went on for several weeks, till Pyne Castle came to be more or less in a state of blockade. Mr Pyne showed equal ingenuity in the method by which he eventually escaped. One night after dusk he descended from his swing, and a herd of cattle were driven near his tower. As the herd passed by he slipped into the midst of it and thus managed to get clear away. He made his way to England, and this becoming known to the Irish police, a warrant for his arrest was sent to Scotland Yard. It was fairly obvious that he would not long keep away from the House of Commons, and the various officers on duty there, of whom I was one, accordingly kept on the alert. Soon he was observed one evening making his way thither. He had walked to the foot of Westminster Bridge, and was at the top of the flight of steps leading down to the House when two of us arrested him. He struggled violently, and succeeded in dragging himself down some steps, but he soon saw that it was of no use, and came along quietly with us to the Yard. The news of his arrest soon reached his party, and they gathered that he had been taken within the precincts of the House. It was a particularly welcome incident to them. These

were the days of obstruction; in that department Mr Parnell and Mr Biggar were shining lights, always grasping every opportunity to exercise their powers in impeding the business of the House, and they saw in this an excellent occasion for raising a perfectly legitimate discussion. They promptly moved the adjournment of the House, to point out that this arrest as carried out was a thing unconstitutional and a breach of privilege. The upshot of it was that special instructions were given to the police that when arresting prisoners they should be careful *not* to do so within the precincts of the House. Mr Pyne was taken to Ireland, tried and convicted of making a speech inciting to the commission of crime, and sentenced to a light term of imprisonment. His ultimate end remains a mystery to this day. He was last seen alive on board a mail-boat starting from Dublin Harbour for Holyhead. But when the boat arrived at Holyhead Mr Pyne was not seen among the people who landed. Neither had anybody on board the boat seen any sight or heard any noise suggesting that Mr Pyne had thrown himself overboard. From that day to this nothing has been seen or heard of him, and no one can say positively what became of him.

It was not very long after this arrest that

Mr Gilhooly, M.P., was wanted on a warrant. He, too, had been indulging in one of those bursts of native rhetoric, exhorting the people to the commission of crime and to boycotting. Being a little man of unassuming presence, he managed to dodge the police all over Ireland, and to make his way to London and the House unobserved. But the House of Commons building, while Parliament is in session, is never without one or more detectives somewhere within its walls; and news soon reached Scotland Yard of Mr Gilhooly's presence, and all doors were watched. I was on duty in one place, and a colleague of mine, named M'Intyre, was at an outer entrance from the street into New Palace Yard. Presently Mr Patrick O'Brien came out of the House. He was noticed by a constable in uniform, who immediately said to M'Intyre, "Here's Mr Gilhooly coming out." M'Intyre at once left his post and followed Mr O'Brien, who had gone out by another gate and was walking along in the direction of Trafalgar Square. I was watching all the time, and it occurred to me that Mr O'Brien had been taken for Mr Gilhooly, both men being very much alike in height and build. I knew that M'Intyre did not know either by sight, and must be acting on what the constable had said to him; and

being well acquainted myself with the personal appearances of both members, I felt sure that my colleague was making a mistake. So I hastened up Whitehall after M'Intyre, and soon saw him overtake Mr O'Brien and speak to him. M'Intyre did not, however, arrest or lay hands on Mr O'Brien, but after speaking continued to walk along a few paces behind him. Fearing that there would be an arrest I hurried forward and tapped M'Intyre on the shoulder, saying I wished to speak to him privately for a moment. Taking him a few steps out of his quarry's hearing, I said, "What are you doing? Whatever are you about?"

He replied, "This is Gilhooly; I'm going to take him in."

"No," I said, "you fool, what are you thinking about? This is Mr O'Brien; I know him by sight well. You'd better stop your hand at once, or you'll get into a frightful row!"

With that I left M'Intyre and crossed the road. He took up his chase once more, but did not go very far before he challenged Mr O'Brien and said:

"You're not Mr Gilhooly, you're Mr O'Brien. When I challenged you as Gilhooly, you said yes."

A few more words passed between the two, and then the outraged member rushed back to the House, and there initiated a debate, in which he poured out complaints of the indignity to which he had been subjected. M'Intyre committed a tactical error in thus challenging Mr O'Brien again after my warning. His best course, after what I said to him, would have been to join Mr O'Brien again without saying anything, and to grasp the first opportunity of taking him into some public-house or office, where he could have left him, ostensibly only for a moment, upon some pretext or other, and then taken himself summarily off by another exit, leaving the M.P. to use his own discretion as to his further movements. But it is comparatively easy for the onlooker to be wise. The debate set going by Mr O'Brien was adjourned until later in the evening, when there took place quite a small storm in this particular teacup. A great deal of the House's time was given up to talking about the incident, and those who made speeches included Mr Gladstone and other Cabinet Ministers. This was an occasion on which my name was heard in a House of Commons debate. Mr O'Brien, in recounting what had happened, laid special stress on the fact that he would have been taken to Scotland

Yard had it not been for another officer, whom he had ascertained to be Detective-sergeant Sweeney. Of course both M'Intyre and I were called upon by the authorities to report. M'Intyre put forward the strong argument that Mr O'Brien, when addressed as Gilhooly, had accepted the name; and my brother officer's argument was accepted by the Commissioner of Police and the Home Secretary. Shortly afterwards one of my colleagues and I arrested Mr Gilhooly one evening on his leaving the House; we took him to the Yard and subsequently to Dublin, where we handed him over to the Royal Irish Constabulary. He was tried and convicted, but he bore no malice against us for this, as since then I have several times met him and had a pleasant chat with him. The result of all this was that in the cases of three other Irish members who had to be arrested about this time, the warrants were handed over to me.

Mr J. R. Cox, one of the Clare members, was the next whom I had to take into custody. His offence was the same one, publicly inciting to illegal acts. At this time it was fashionable for Irish members to get themselves arrested, in order to pose as martyrs on a small scale, victims of Saxon tyranny. Indeed Mr Cox made absolutely no attempt to evade arrest;

he was in London when the warrant for his arrest was issued in Ireland and forwarded to Scotland Yard for execution. The day after its arrival at headquarters Mr Cox was arrested by two of us near the West Strand Post-Office; Mr Dease, one of the Whips of his party, was with him. Mr Cox and I travelled that night by the mail train to Dublin, whiling away the time with an agreeable game of nap. In the morning a large concourse of people met us on our arrival in Dublin. Prominent among them was Davey, the well-known newspaper-seller, who has recently died. He was the first to enter our carriage, handed to Mr Cox all the latest issues of the Dublin papers, and congratulated him on his arrest. Mr Cox was very well-known in the city, being related by marriage to Mooney, the proprietor of so many hostelries there and in London. On this occasion the ultimate end of Mr Cox's journey was Ennis; and for that reason he had to go across Dublin from one station to another. As there was some chance that a rescue might be attempted while he was crossing the city, the authorities wished him to be hurried straight through at once. This would have prevented his having a desired interview with his wife; but upon my undertaking to accompany him in the drive across, the interview was allowed.

Since this affair he has not been at all prominent in Irish political affairs.

Instructions were next given me to secure the person of Mr J. J. O'Kelly. He, by the way, had made himself something of a name as war correspondent to *The Irish People*, having been a member of the staff of that paper ever since its inception by Mr William O'Brien. In the early days of the Irish political agitation Mr O'Kelly was one of Mr Parnell's trusted advisers. He was reputed to have fought more than one duel. It was his desire to achieve "martyrdom" through making inflammatory speeches in Ireland; and to that end he took care to have shorthand writers near him when he spoke. He was wanted for some time in Ireland, but managed to make his way to London unobserved. Between four and five one afternoon I was on duty near the House when I saw him enter it; he was then wearing an overcoat. About an hour later he came out *without* his overcoat and walked along Whitehall as far as the Horse Guards and back again to the House, with me dogging him. Then as soon as he had gone inside again I went to the office and obtained the warrant, which had just come from Ireland. I need not have waited for that document; I might have arrested him as soon as he left

the House; but as he had left his overcoat I felt sure that he would return, particularly as I had seen that an important debate and division on the Irish Question were to take place that evening. I therefore decided not to arrest him till he left the House and made for his hotel. But about two hours later he came out again and walked to Westminster Bridge Station, where he took a first return ticket to Mark Lane. I was at his heels, and when he got into the train I sat down in the next compartment. At Mark Lane he got out and walked to the top of the stairs, but instead of leaving the station he began to descend the next flight of stairs, as though intending to take a train back to the West End immediately. This struck me as peculiar; and as there was just the chance of his escaping me, and we were a long way from St Stephen's, I decided not to give him a second chance. When I was following him up in Whitehall I only held my hand because an important division was coming on, and under these circumstances I did not wish to do anything that might give rise to comments on the action of the police. So this time I accosted him before he reached the foot of the stairs, and said that I was a police officer and had a warrant for his arrest. He asked

to see it, and I read it aloud. We then drove to New Scotland Yard, and after the usual formalities, I handed him over to an officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary who had been in London for some time awaiting Mr O'Kelly's arrest. I have sometimes wondered what was the meaning of that apparently aimless promenade without the overcoat up to the Horse Guards and back, and the journey to Mark Lane.

I now come to my short but interesting experience of the late Dr Tanner, whose offence was the same as that of the other four members—incendiary language. These were the lively days of the Home Rule movement, and the Doctor's public speeches were frequent and vigorous. For a long time after the issue of the warrant against him he kept out of the hands of the police, running about all over Ireland. One of his favourite dodges was to declaim from a boat on a lake. Detectives would gather on the edge of the water ready to take him in charge, but at the end of the meeting he would have his boat rowed to the opposite side, leaving the officers helpless. At last an important division was to take place in the House of Commons, and Mr Parnell summoned him to Westminster. Dr Tanner left Ireland and made his way to London with all stealthiness, but nevertheless Scotland Yard

heard of his impending visit. My chief, Mr Williamson, handed me the warrant, and instructed me to be very careful, as the Doctor would be a nasty one to tackle. At this time he habitually carried about with him a thick silver-mounted blackthorn stick, which he was credited with being well able to use. It was that weapon that he once threatened to use upon the head of Colonel Saunderson. Mr Williamson wanted to know if I had a revolver. I said that I had, but that from my personal knowledge of Dr Tanner I did not think I should have any occasion to use it. So I was instructed to take with me as many men as I thought would be necessary to watch the exits, as the Doctor was expected that particular evening. However, as I was confident of being able to put the business through successfully, I took one man only, that I might have a messenger at hand. It soon leaked out in the House that the police were on the watch, and the Doctor and his friends held an impromptu meeting to discuss ways and means of smuggling him safely out. There was present that evening a titled lady who was in sympathy with the party, and she offered Dr Tanner her carriage and the resources of her wardrobe in order to effect his escape. A good many of the "conspirators" thought well

of the notion, and urged the Doctor to put it into execution, and quit the House dressed as a woman. But he and Mr Sexton and others were far-seeing enough to guess the kind of criticisms that would be passed on such a method of flight. The Doctor saw himself a general laughing-stock and dubbed "the petticoat politician," and he would not accept the scheme. So at one o'clock in the morning he simply walked out. But everybody knew of his impending arrest, and he did not walk out alone, but as the central figure of a gathering of about two hundred and fifty. All the Irish members, of course, were with him, and many of the Liberals, and there was a Conservative element present out of sheer curiosity. I saw all this going on, but thought it enough to follow without interrupting them for the time being. Mr Abrahams, otherwise known as "Mabon," struck up "The March of the Men of Harlech," which was taken up in a vociferous chorus, to the great edification of the passers-by, and in this lively fashion they all went along to the Westminster Palace Hotel. Arrived there, the Doctor made a speech from the top of the front steps, eulogising Mr Gladstone. Then he and his particular friends comfortably ensconced themselves in the smoking-room. I now walked in and stated

my business, but upon the Doctor's asking if I was in a hurry and wanted him to come at once, I assured him that I did not wish to disturb him for the time being, and withdrew. There were present no less than five members of Parliament who had seen the inside of a prison under compulsion, and as Dr Tanner was as yet an absolute novice in such matters, they took care to prime him on his forthcoming experiences. Presently I announced myself once more, and he rose and said :—

"I have now arrived at the consummation of my hopes, and I am prepared to go with you."

I then made as if to call a cab, but he said :

"Would you be good enough to let me walk to Scotland Yard? I should like to have some further talk on the way with my colleagues. Besides, it'll save the Government a cab fare, and I would pledge myself not to run away."

"I'll take care of that part of the business," I answered.

We walked to the Yard, and there I made him as comfortable as possible, and spent some time in chatting with his brother, who came in response to a telegram. We travelled to Dublin by the first train next morning, and I left him with the authorities. He was kept in prison for four months. During the journey

we got on very well together; and as soon as his term was up and he had returned to London and the House of Commons he made a point of inquiring for me. I saw him in the House and we drank to our future friendliness, and to show that he was in no way displeased by anything in my behaviour towards him. Henceforth he hardly ever came to London without calling at Scotland Yard to see me or to inquire of my colleagues after me. I always thought him one of the best of good fellows. Though hasty in temper he had the kindest of hearts. To the outside world he was often depicted as a Bohemian. Inside the House he was wonderfully popular with everyone, save perhaps the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who in his time was another very well-known figure in the House. It was one of "Silomo's" characteristics that he was always very quick and hasty in his movements. One day in the House Sir Ellis was running down some stairs at top speed, as usual, when he met Dr Tanner coming up. For reasons into which we need not stop to inquire now, the latter was ascending somewhat unsteadily; he was in fact "tacking" from one side of the staircase to the other in order to preserve his balance. The result of all this was a somewhat sharp collision.

"Hullo, Tanner," said the other, "drunk again?"

"Oh," said Tanner, "you're a —— fool!"

Dr Tanner was the only Home Ruler of his family; though at first one of the few Protestants of the Nationalist Party, before his death he became a Roman Catholic. His blackthorn stick never came into violent use.

Such have been my active experiences with Members of Parliament. I have shown that I have been directly instrumental in arresting four; and that is more than can be said by any other officer in any other police force. It is satisfying to be able to say that in each case matters were carried through with all possible pleasantness.

A certain amount of work came my way through the presence in this country in the year 1894 of M. Henri Rochefort, during his exile from his own country. He lived in a very good house in the Regent's Park neighbourhood. The police had often to be in that part of London shadowing foreign revolutionaries who frequently called upon him. They all came with one object, that of soliciting financial assistance. M. Rochefort's Italian secretary, Signor Malato, was a close associate of Anarchists and Nihilists. I subjoin here an extract from one of the newspapers of the time.

"It was only to be imagined that M. Henri Rochefort's friends resident in London would make his departure from the metropolis in which he has resided for so long the occasion of some form of demonstration, and, as events proved such was the case. It had been thought that M. Rochefort would leave for Dover last evening, but in order it is understood, to receive a deputation of Socialist delegates on his arrival in Calais, the exile that was resolved to alter his original plans, and consequently made the journey by day, starting at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning from the South-Eastern terminus. It was here that a number of his countrymen assembled for the ceremony of leave-taking, although a few of them had proceeded earlier in the morning to Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, in order to bid farewell to the returning exile. Accompanied by his niece, Mdlle. Vervoort, M. Rochefort quitted the house he has made his home in England shortly after ten o'clock, and on arriving at Charing Cross Station was joined by a number of admirers, including M. Couran and M. Leudet, who were to travel with him, M. Gervais Courtellement, M. Arnould Galopin, Madame Montagnier, M. Bremin and M. Bellersche, the artist who has depicted the famous exile on canvas.

With these and other acquaintances gathered on the platform he conversed in a strain that suggested that the presence of fog, frost, and snow, far from damping his spirits, accentuated his prospective pleasure at returning to his native country. Nevertheless he took occasion to express admiration for the city in which he has spent the past few years, announcing his intention of returning thereto for a while at the conclusion of his stay in the Midi, whither he will proceed after a short sojourn in the French capital, and stating that he hoped always to spend a couple of months in London during the season. When, having taken his seat in the first-class carriage reserved for him and his fellow-passengers, M. Rochefort took final leave of his friends the latter indulged in quite an effusive demonstration, which continued until the train had steamed out of the station. It may be added that among those who witnessed this scene was Inspector Sweeney, of the Criminal Investigation Department, who has been engaged in the past few days in discovering the addresses of French political exiles desirous of returning to their country, M. Rochefort having undertaken to pay the cost of their journey to France. Later in the day, a number of these, taking advantage of his offer, left London for Paris."

CHAPTER VII

DEATH BY POST

THIEF-TAKING IN GLASGOW—O'DONOVAN ROSSA—MY IMPRESSIONS OF HIM—MAJOR LE CARON—HIS VARIED CAREER—MR JOHN TUSSAUD AND WHITE—THE EXPLOSIVE PARCEL—MR TUSSAUD'S HUMANITY—THE TAMWORTH BOMB HOAX—A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT—PETITION IN COURT—FENIANS IN HOLBORN—A CHANGE OF FEELING.

I HAVE in mind a little incident of ordinary police work in Glasgow. It is not in itself of any very great importance, but interesting as showing clearly that a police officer cannot hope to be ever really at rest; his work is for ever being mixed up with his play. I have not included it in my reminiscences of work done in the protection of Queen Victoria, because although on that occasion I was in Glasgow because she was there, the incident arose out of circumstances which had no personal connection with Her Majesty whatever. This Royal visit was made to Glasgow in 1887, and there were great doings. The Queen was patron of the great International

Exhibition, the largest in the empire since that of 1862 in London. On the 8th of May it was opened by the then Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen, on arriving in Glasgow, was accorded a magnificent reception; new municipal buildings were inaugurated in George's Square; she visited the exhibition both publicly and privately, and also paid visits to the University and to Queen Margaret's College. The Royal visit passed off smoothly, and upon the Queen's departure for Balmoral the Lord Provost of Glasgow expressed his acknowledgments to the police authorities for the efficient manner in which all the arrangements had been carried out, making special reference to those who were charged with the personal protection of the Queen. These were Lieutenant Carmichael and Inspector Sutherland of the Glasgow police, and Sergeant Scott and myself of the Yard. As the duties of the visit had now ceased, the Chief Constable sent for us to express his appreciation of our services. He further asked Carmichael and Sutherland to take Scott and me round Glasgow, and said that if we were inclined for a pleasant evening he would be pleased to defray any expenses that might be incurred. We went out to take advantage of this, accompanied by another

official, whom we invited to join us. But we had not gone far before we became busy officially. We were walking down a narrow alley when we came round a corner upon three mean-looking men, walking in the opposite direction. Before we appeared round the corner they had probably heard us, walking in step with what I have heard called "the regulation flip-flop," and now they immediately separated, as though in no way associated. But I recognised one of them. He was a London man named Griffin, an ex-cabdriver, now a thief and "fence." I had known him almost from boyhood. At once I collared him and pinned him up against the wall of that narrow entry, at the same time shouting to my friends to catch the other two, who had taken to their heels. Then I said, "Hullo, Griffin, what are you doing here?"

"Doing here?" he said, "I've come to see the Glasgow Exhibition."

As I knew what sort of a man he was this was not good enough for me. I said:—

"You must come to the station; I know you're not here for any good purpose."

By this time my friends had rejoined me, bringing with them the other two fellows, and we all went off to the station. There our three prisoners were searched, and upon them were

found various watches, chains, pendants, pins and similar articles, all answering to the description of property recorded in the "Occurrence Book" as missed by the owners. They were all identified, and the three men were sent to prison. They were old offenders. We never had our evening out, and the Chief Constable had no bill to pay. Indeed we were up till two in the morning over that business. But we were very much elated at our capture.

O'Donovan Rossa was a man who cut something of a figure in the Anarchist world of his time. I had very little indeed to do with him myself, but in his day he was so very notorious that I do not apologise for including here a few notes on his career. He was one of the earliest Fenians. The name of that body is derived from the word *Fionna*, meaning the heroes of the Irish national mythology. The objects of this "brotherhood" are clearly set forth in the wording of the oath taken by its members:—

"I promise by the divine law of God to do all in my power to obey the laws of the Society F.B., and to free and regenerate Ireland from the yoke of England. So help me God."

The original agitator is said to have been a man named Stephens, and the body is thought to have begun its existence in 1858. In 1863

a convention was formed in America. It should be borne in mind that the Roman Catholic clergy are opposed to the movement. In 1864 enlistments and secret drills took place, and a riot occurred in Dublin between the Fenians and their opponents; while in 1865 various people were arrested in Dublin and Cork, and the police seized *The Irish People.* In December 1865 a series of Fenian trials took place in Dublin. O'Donovan Rossa was one of the prisoners, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but in March 1869 he was liberated, and in the following November elected M.P. for Tipperary; however, his election was very soon annulled. He is next heard of in 1883, in the States, when he took a leading part in concocting an abortive plot to blow up public buildings in England. But amongst these revolutionaries dissensions are constant; so in the same year we find him denouncing a great Fenian Convention in Philadelphia and reviving the Irish revolutionary brotherhood. In January and February 1885 Rossa was mixed up in some lively doings. At his house in New York a certain Captain Phelan, suspected of being a traitor, was stabbed; and shortly afterwards, in the open street, a Mrs Dudley shot Rossa himself, but not fatally. Less than two years afterwards he was ex-

pelled from the Irish revolutionary brotherhood, and returned to the United Kingdom. Of course by this time his name was well-known to everyone at all interested in Irish politics, especially to the extreme section of the revolutionary party, or Rump, as they have been called from time to time. But the middle of the eighties was now passed, and the popularity of the revolutionary principles was waning, as people were beginning to lose faith in their utility for gaining the freedom of Ireland. Thus the visit which Rossa now thought fit to pay London did not create the sensation anticipated by himself and his own particular partisans. With Scotland Yard carefully watching his movements, he visited various well-known revolutionaries; and finally a public meeting was held in St Martin's Town Hall, at which he was the principal speaker, and the chair was taken by a West End doctor of considerable repute. I was one of the audience, which was large but not excessive. Most of the people were there more from curiosity than from any desire to identify themselves with Rossa's principles. Hence the meeting could not be called either enthusiastic or successful; in fact I should describe it as quite the reverse. O'Donovan Rossa lectured on his prison experiences, lay-

ing particular stress on what he called the harshness of the treatment meted out to him by the officials. At times he spoke with wonderful fire, so that I thought that when young he must have been eminently capable of infusing the revolutionary spirit into the other young bloods of his native county Cork. He gave me the impression of possessing considerable will-power. Despite the many years he had passed in prison, he was still a sturdy well-set-up man. He was of medium height, and peculiarly symmetrical build. Certainly his visit to London was a complete failure; he doubtless saw that at once, and soon went off again to the States. In the way of business, so to speak, I never had occasion to address a single word to him; and clearly it would never have done for me to have anything to say to him otherwise.

I now give a few details of my work with Major Le Caron, who in his time was a very famous spy. My work with him was not productive of anything sensational; but from a brief account of it the reader will gain a few glimpses of things behind the scenes, matters that do not come generally before the eye of the public, but require the close attention of those who have to see that the public peace remains undisturbed, while they are matters

of vital importance to the persons principally concerned.

Primarily I owe my acquaintance with Le Caron to Mr Frank Hugh O'Donnell's libel action against the *Times* in 1888, and to the Parnell Commission, which sat shortly afterwards. Before this Commission there appeared several witnesses from Ireland, one of whom was Le Caron, who gave some very interesting evidence concerning the organisation of the Clan-na-Gael in America; he had become a member of that body in order to learn its secrets. He was altogether a man of very striking personality. He had no notes with him in the witness box, although he was examined by Sir Charles Russell for several days together; and his sparring with the learned counsel was amazingly clever. His original name was Beach; he was a native of Colchester, but at the age of thirteen he left home and went to France. In that country he obtained employment at a restaurant kept by a married couple named Le Caron. Being well treated, he remained with them for a good many years, eventually adopting their name. On leaving them he went to the United States and became a soldier, rising in time to the rank of major. While in the army he became one of the Clan-na-Gael. His next

step was to settle down in Chicago as an apothecary; apparently he was bound to rise somewhat in whatever walk of life he selected, for he became Vice-President of the Pharmaceutical Society of the United States. He accomplished all this in spite of a distinct lack of education. After he had given such startling evidence before the Parnell Commission, it was deemed advisable to place him under police protection, as reports had come to hand that the Clan-na-Gael intended "to put his lights out" (I use their own phrase). For the greater part of the time during which he was under protection I was the officer looking after him. We stayed at various suburban hotels and lived for some months in a villa near the Crystal Palace, he under the name of Dr Howard, I as Dr Simpson. Of course we went about a little; on these journeys he was certainly a good deal frightened. Especially at railway stations he would go peering anxiously about, fearing that anyone he saw might be his enemy. If by chance he saw the same man twice in one day he would insist that this stranger must be following him. For a man whose education was so limited his conversational powers were great; he possessed an extremely good memory. He would spend hours discussing his experiences with me, fully

appreciating his own services to England and Canada. He claimed to have given Sir J. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, the original information concerning the intended Fenian raid. He was one of the most inveterate smokers that ever cut the end off a cigar, seeming never to leave off except at meal times. He had a very agreeable family; one of his daughters distinguished herself by winning a prize at a beauty show. I knew him up to the day of his death, and was one of the witnesses who signed their names in a codicil to his will. His end was probably hastened by his anxieties. In person Le Caron was a man of ordinary build, rather below medium height, with a "strong" face, prominent cheek-bones, and dark brown "ferret" eyes. He embodied his experiences in a book, "Twenty-five years of Secret Service."

In this same year, 1888, there came up the case of Mr John Tussaud and the man White. The latter was an *employé* at Madame Tussaud's, and one of those who perfected the art of affixing hair to wax models. He was trained in this by Madame Tussaud, so that it will be gathered that at the time of this case he was an old man. He was in the service of the Tussauds for forty years, and imparted this art of hair-arranging to Mr John Tussaud.

When the old establishment in Baker Street was pulled down and the present one built, and the management passed into the hands of a company, that gentleman was appointed to an important position in it. He was largely engaged in developing the wax models and putting hair on various parts. At this juncture White, being old and therefore considered to be practically past work, was dismissed. He was not allowed any pension. Being without any other resources the unfortunate man saw himself near starvation. He conceived the idea that if by any means Mr Tussaud could be removed he would be reinstated in his old position, as there were so few who had any knowledge of this art of affixing hair to wax. So White evolved a diabolical scheme. He packed several pounds of gunpowder into a wooden box; in the midst of this stuff he placed some fusees, which were pressed closely against some emery paper and so fixed to the lid of the box that when the lid was raised the emery paper and fusee-heads would grate against one another, causing the ignition of the fusees, which in its turn would bring about the explosion of the gunpowder. Altogether it was a most ingenious arrangement, and there can be no doubt that if this box had been opened in the ordinary way the opener would

have been blown to pieces. Five years later a Broadstairs gentleman named Richards was actually killed by explosives sent to him through the carriers' post. White despatched this precious parcel to Mr Tussaud, who received it in due course. But it was a particularly heavy parcel, and Mr Tussaud was not expecting any missive of this appearance. He handled it very gingerly, and on removing the paper in which it was wrapped he noticed a peculiar smell which made him very suspicious. He put the box carefully on one side and sent for the police. Two officers came, and with their help the lid was very gently removed and the death-trap disclosed. I do not suppose that this job was at all to their liking; but risks are all in the day's work of a police-officer. It was patent that the sender of the box intended to do grievous bodily harm to Mr Tussaud, probably to kill him. Then who was the sender? Another detective and myself were told off to find out. Our only clue was the postmark on the paper of Fetter Lane, E.C. As a day or two had elapsed since the sending of the article it was not altogether easy for the clerks in the office to recall to their minds the appearance of its depositor; but at last an unusually smart clerk gave some par-

ticulars of an old man, who, a few days before had, very cautiously, handed in such a parcel. We communicated this description, so far as it went, to Mr Tussaud, and asked him whether he knew of anyone who corresponded to it. He said that it suggested a man named White, who had recently been dismissed by his compay. We went into the history of the matter, and the motive for the action at once became plain. Since his dismissal White had changed his address, but eventually we ran him to earth (as we thought) in a house at Shepherd's Bush. We sought him there, but we learnt, strange to say, that he and his daughter, with whom he was living, had left the house that very day. This we found out through a rather amusing incident which occurred almost at once. My colleague and I were keeping the house under observation when I saw a man whom I knew very well, named Clark, walk up to the house accompanied by his wife. Clark went to the door and knocked several times, but with no result. He then climbed on to a window-sill and forced a window open. Knowing Clark as I did, I felt quite sure that he had no felonious intentions, and I saw the chance for a joke. Also I thought it possible that he might be able to help us to run White finally

to earth. We waited a minute or two longer and watched Clark get into the house and let his wife in. I said to my colleague:—

"Now, look here, there's a chance for some fun; we needn't let on what it is we're really about."

"All right," said he; "I'm on."

We knocked at the door and walked in. Meeting Clark in the passage I challenged him, saying very sternly:—

"Now, then! Pray what are you doing here? How did you get in?"

Clark and I had never before met in this fashion, and, taken very much aback, particularly with his wife present, he became considerably confused and agitated, and could only stammer something. I went on:

"It strikes me you've been committing an illegal act, breaking into a house in this fashion. The matter will certainly not rest here. What have you got to say for yourself."

He said: "Oh—er—I assure you it's all right—er—I didn't mean any harm. This house belongs to me, and the fact is, my tenant cleared out this morning without paying any rent or giving any notice. I heard about it from a neighbour of mine, and I thought I had better come and see about it."

Then our serious representations became friendly conversation, and I said that I too was anxious to know White's whereabouts. We talked things over and mutually agreed that we must find him. Just as we had arrived at this startling decision, a highly convenient incident occurred. A little girl came up to the house, descended into the area, and carried off a parcel which had been left there. My colleague and I decided to follow her, but Clark wouldn't come. He said he didn't appreciate the shadowing business, and would be glad if later on we would let him know the result of our inquiries. We two shadowed the child to a house near Starch Green Pond, and remained within sight of it for some time. Presently we saw approaching it an old man who answered to the descriptions given by the Post Office clerk and Mr John Tussaud. As he opened the house-door with a latchkey we walked up and addressed him as Mr White. He was very much startled, and admitted that that was his name, and we took him into custody forthwith. In due course he was tried at the Old Bailey on the charge of attempted murder, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. For such a crime the sentence was very lenient, but for this the prisoner had largely to thank Mr

Tussaud, who said that White was an old man of eighty-two, and he was not anxious that he should be severely punished. The judge and jury agreed to take this lenient view of the case, and complimented Mr Tussaud very highly on his humanity towards the would-be murderer.

In December 1894 a considerable sensation was created by the Tamworth bomb-scare. In my account of it I make considerable use of the special edition, December 17, 1894, of *The Tamworth Herald.* The opening paragraph of their account runs as follows:—

"All the morning papers on Saturday, December 1, contained startling accounts stating that parcels of a suspicious character had been received on the previous Friday at several of the Government offices in London, and by several provincial mayors and others; and their receipt gave rise to rumours of attempted bomb outrages. To the information was also added that the parcels had been despatched from Tamworth, and delivered by carmen in the employment of railway companies. Naturally there was some little excitement at the Government offices. The parcels were handed to the Scotland Yard officials, and they at once placed themselves in communication with the Midland Railway authori-

ties, with the result that it was ascertained late on Friday evening that the parcels were sent as a hoax by two young residents of Tamworth, with a view to advertising a weekly periodical in order to gain a prize of £250. One parcel was sent to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, who handed it to the police, and almost simultaneously with the steps taken by the Scotland Yard authorities, the Liverpool police took measures to trace the origin of the affair."

As soon as we at the Yard received these startling missives from those to whom they had originally been sent, I was instructed to take up the inquiry. There were twenty-four of these bombs, in each of which was placed a copy of the periodical referred to. They were tightly screwed up, and each fitted with a gun cap and nipple, and a spring and hammer so fixed that when the parcel was opened the hammer would fall and explode the percussion cap. My examination at once led me to decide that this was a piece of advertisement, and I asked all the recipients of the bomb to disclose neither the name of the periodical nor, for the time being, the method in which the bomb was constructed. I did not wish, until I had concluded my inquiry, that any details of the matter should

get about; and the secret was very well kept, for not a word leaked out before I learnt whence the bombs came and which railway companies had brought them, and communicated with the local police and had the senders traced and arrested. To return to the *Tamworth Herald*:—

"On the Saturday morning the town was stirred to its depths by the news, as it was then thought, of the attempted outrage, and the excitement increased when it became known that two young residents—Charles Henry Dent, of George Street, and Frank Cannock, of Offa Street—were detained at the police office until inquiries had been made in the matter. Detective-Inspector Fisher, of the Liverpool Police, arrived in Tamworth between two and three o'clock in the morning to make inquiries respecting a box supposed to contain an infernal machine, which had been received by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool on Friday evening. His Lordship opened the box, whereupon a hammer inside it fell, causing the utmost alarm, but doing no damage of any sort. Information was at once given to the police, and the box was forwarded to Scotland Yard for investigation. Inspector Fisher aroused Mr Watford, the Midland Railway Stationmaster, and received from him the

names of the senders of the box, and other particulars."

No time was lost, as after his conference with the stationmaster Inspector Fisher went to the police headquarters, and then to the respective residences of Dent and Cannock, who were arrested in bed. They were aroused and taken to the police station, where they made a statement. They admitted having sent off the boxes, and explained that they had seen a notice in this periodical offering a prize of £250 to whoever should best advertise twenty-four copies of it; from this they had conceived the idea of making twenty-four sham bombs, enclosing copies of the paper, and sending them to prominent public men. Some of the recipients were Sir R. N. F. Kingscote, K.C.B., Commissioner of Woods and Forests; Sir Francis Jeune; the Lord Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester; and the following Ministers and private Members of Parliament:—The Marquis of Ripon, the (late) Earl of Kimberley, Sir Henry James, (the late) Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Mr Bryce, Mr (now Sir Henry) Campbell-Bannerman, Mr (now Sir) H. H. Fowler, Mr John Morley, and (the late) Mr G. J. Shaw-Lefevre. I have now in my possession the labels which were attached to six of the packages. They were addressed in this style:—

Private—Samples. *With Care.*

Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P.,
Whitehall,
London, S.W.

If away send to present address.

The handwriting on the labels is extremely bad.

Dent and Cannock were kept at the station until noon that day, when the Chief Constable of Liverpool telegraphed instructions for their release pending further inquiries. Realising what alarm they had caused, they wrote on the Monday following to each of the recipients of the bombs, explaining their action and expressing their deep regret. They appealed to the recipients for assistance in obtaining a mitigation of the result, should it be against them, of the threatened prosecution by the Treasury. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool at once accepted this apology, and informed Dent and Cannock that personally he had no intention of prosecuting. The two men asserted that any resemblance their bombs might have to dangerous infernal machines was purely accidental, as they had neither of them ever seen a bomb in their lives before they manufactured these things. Proceedings

were instituted by the Treasury, and in due course the case came before the borough magistrates in Tamworth Town Hall on December 17. My account of the trial is a condensed version of that given by the *Tamworth Herald.*

Very considerable interest was taken in the case, the court being crowded. On all sides sympathy was expressed for the defendants. Mr Horace Avory (now K.C.), appeared for the prosecution, and Mr Shaw, of Tamworth, undertook the defence. Against each defendant were forty-eight summonses, two for each parcel. By reason of their official connection with the case, there were present, besides the magistrates and the learned counsel, Captain Thomson, of the Explosives Department, Home Office; Mr Seward Pearce, the solicitor who instructed counsel for the prosecution; Chief Inspector Powell and myself from Scotland Yard; and Superintendent Carr and Inspector Pearson, of the Midland and London and North-Western Railway Companies respectively. At the beginning of the case Mr Shaw remarked:—

"We admit having sent these things—whatever you may call them."

In his opening speech Mr Avory, after

giving some preliminary details, described the bombs as adapted for causing serious explosions and serious injury to life and property. They were very similar to the one found upon the man Polti, who had recently been tried and convicted at the Central Criminal Court as an Anarchist. After describing the way in which the articles were made, Mr Avory observed that it was difficult to say, upon the explosion of the percussion cap, what might be the consequences of such a sudden shock. A person with a weak heart might even be affected fatally. No kind of indication was received by the railway as to what was in the parcels. In one case one cap was found to have exploded in transit. The parcel might thereby have been set on fire; thus the goods lying near it might have been ignited, and injury caused to life and property. Colonel Majendie, Chief Inspector of the Explosives Department, had demonstrated by means of an experiment with a percussion cap how possible it was that an explosion might have been caused. It must not for one moment be supposed that this was a harmless practical joke which could be passed over lightly. Actions which might be so called were often mischievous offences.

The learned counsel went on to lay stress

upon the various breaches, committed by the prisoners, of certain sections of the Explosives Act of 1875, and of bye-laws of the railway companies made with the sanction of the Board of Trade, in that the parcels had been consigned without any indication whatever of their contents. In each case the defendants had committed a breach of the law. He would refer the Bench to a statement made by Dent to Inspector Dodd in the presence of Cannock. In the course of this statement Dent explained why he and Cannock had made the bombs, and what materials they had used for the purpose. They had had no intention of harming anyone, but had simply thought that it would be a good way to create a sensation and advertise the newspaper. They were very sorry to have caused inconvenience to anyone.

Continuing, Mr Avory said that if people, in order to win a prize and create a sensation, broke the law, they must put up with the consequences. The title of "bogus bomb" was not a proper one. This was in fact a bomb, none the less so because it was not filled with explosive. The person who was in possession of such an instrument, even if not filled, was liable to be dealt with and sent to penal servitude, if the instrument were be-

lieved by the Court to be used for committing bodily harm. He (the learned counsel) asked the Bench to impose a substantial penalty as a warning and in order to teach persons in the future that they must not for the purpose of advertising run the risk of perhaps frightening people to death, and perhaps causing serious injury to property, even by the means of a percussion cap.

Inspector Dodd was then put into the witness-box, and on being cross-examined by Mr Shaw, said that a copy of the paper was tightly wrapped up and placed inside each bomb. On its being taken out, the words "page 452 explains the joke" were seen to be written on the cover, while at the page stated were written the words: "Does this win, say yes, please."

Mr Avory read the paragraph explaining the prize.

I was next sworn, and stated that I had received at Scotland Yard the bombs which had been sent to various public men in London, and I gave the names of these public men. The boxes were in some cases labelled "Samples," in others "Private," and in others again with both these words. If the persons addressed were away, the parcels were to be forwarded to them.

Mr Avory again addressed the Bench, pointing out the fact that the bombs, as they now stood, were clearly explosive substances within the meaning of the Act of 1883.

Mr Shaw now addressed the Bench on behalf of the defendants. He said that it was very important that people should know they could not play with such edged tools without rendering themselves liable to the penalty of the law. It was admitted that in order to get the prize offered by the paper, the defendant, Dent, sent off the bombs, thinking he would thus create the greatest sensation. He (Mr Shaw) could not express himself too strongly at the folly, the idiocy of people publishing in any paper an advertisement of that nature, clearly leading to the commission, if not of crime, at any rate of folly of an insane kind. The defendants sent off the twenty-four bombs, and the moment their attention was drawn to the seriousness of the proceeding they became conscious that they had been guilty of a very great act of folly. They forgot that well-known saying that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as much as by want of heart." If it had ever crossed their minds that mischief might result from the sending of the bombs—that they might frighten people, and that they were transgressing the law—that would have

banished the idea from their minds instantly. But they had never had the law as to explosives called to their attention, and that must be their excuse for being unaware of the onerous provisions of that statute. The learned counsel for the prosecution had stated that one of the percussion caps had been exploded during transit, but the defendants' explanation was that the cap was exploded at home before it was packed up while moving the spring about to see whether it acted properly. The defendants desired to apologise to everybody for the act of folly of which they had been guilty.

Finally, Mr Shaw said that the question for the Bench to consider was whether, having regard to the public proceedings and the attention that had been called to the Explosives Act, and to the defendants having pleaded guilty and expressed the deepest possible regret, a conviction in one of the cases would meet the justice of the case, the rest being withdrawn.

Mr Avory: "I don't accede to that at all."

A document was handed in, signed by 224 inhabitants of the town, certifying to the good character of Cannock and Dent, and petitioning the magistrates, if "they felt bound to convict, to extend to these young men their

very merciful consideration, and impose the smallest penalty which in their discretion they might think would meet the case."

Mr Avory objected to the memorial's being received. Even in licensing matters petitions were looked upon with suspicion. He had never heard of a petition being presented in a case like the present.

Mr Shaw said it was a petition in mitigation of damages.

Mr Avory said it was very irregular.

Mr Shaw said they could take the fact; it went for nothing else but a test of character. Learned judges on all occasions when there was a conviction, afterwards listened to anything that could be urged on defendants' behalf. He expressed the deepest regret that anything to bring about that sort of proceeding should have occurred. But to fine the defendants' seriously would be a matter of absolute ruin to them. They would have to go to prison instead of paying the fine. Mr Shaw concluded by saying that he hoped he had said sufficient to induce the Bench not to take a lenient view in matters of that sort generally, but at the same time a lenient view of the position of the defendants, and the penalty which they might think it their duty to inflict upon them.

In answer to a question from the Bench, Mr Avory said that it was within their power to inflict a penalty of £20 in each case, exclusive of costs.

The defendants were each fined £1 on each of the forty-eight summonses, including the Court and Police fees, with three months' imprisonment in default. A fortnight was allowed for payment.

It will have been noticed that during the trial absolute secrecy was maintained with regard to the name of this periodical. Nor did its name leak out since, so that the proprietors did not secure the advertisement they anticipated. I did not hear whether Dent and Cannock secured the £250. Only the London journalists made a useful haul of "copy," especially as the names of so many public men appeared indirectly in the case.

As a matter of fact, the periodical was *Answers*.

I wind up this account by quoting some lines written on the case by one "J. A.," and published in the *Tamworth Herald*:—

A BOMB-ASTIC LAY OF TWO TAMWORTH-Y HEROES

SOME men unto greatness are born we believe,
Some have it thrust on them, some greatness achieve,

But in this case your davy you'll venture to take,
'Twas a little of all that united to make
The success of a strangely-conceived enterprise,
Original, hazardous, very unwise.
The facts are well-known, all the paper-boys shout 'em,
So it's p'r'aps the best plan to say no more about 'em.
Their folly no doubt, Sir, these young men repent,
And we know 'twas not done with malicious intent.
Now if they must suffer still more for their play,
Let justice be tempered with mercy we pray.
Each one feels the pangs of sore mental distress,
And they're both soundly thrashed with the whips of "The Press";
Who rising on all sides intensely irate,
Hurl forth their selections of choice Billingsgate.

. . . . . .

But oh! British public, a word in your ear—
If these pranks had been played by a Prince or a Peer,
Would this mighty hubbub have arisen about it?
It might have been so, by your leave, but I doubt it.
Now a word to the culprits, we trust they will show
Better proofs of their sense as the older they grow;
Though they may not inscribe for posterity's eyes
That which will mark them exalted and wise,
Two men in the old Royal borough of Tame
Can-nock a big Dent in the Temple of Fame.

The trial for high treason of "Colonel" Lynch is, one may take it, sufficiently recent not to have passed entirely from the popular memory, especially as his liberation from prison, occurring quite lately, has caused his name to reappear in the papers. The only occasion on which I ever had anything to do with him

was in connection with a large Fenian gathering in a Holborn hotel, in or about the year 1895. It was the first important piece of business entrusted to me after a spell of unusual quiet. The first inkling we had that something was afoot consisted in a telegram to us from Dublin, stating that three suspected Irishmen were just leaving Dublin for London on an alleged mission. Accompanied by various brother officers I was on the platform when they arrived at Euston. They drove to a small and rather mean hotel in Tottenham Court Road, where they lunched and afterwards whiled away some time by playing billiards. We were taking care not to be very far away from them, and presently they went out and walked in the direction of Holborn. Arrived there they entered a certain hotel, and very soon we saw the hotel also entered by several men, whom we recognised as prominent Irish agitators, including some London doctors and the man who afterwards became leader of the second Irish brigade in the Boer army. Naturally I guessed at once that an important revolutionary meeting was about to take place; it was a pretty obvious conclusion, as I saw so many men collecting together who were important factors in the Irish movement.

We waited outside for a while to see if any more would appear and go in, and then I walked in alone, feeling sure that if this was a prearranged gathering, everybody had arrived who were going to arrive. So I had to find out for certain whether a special meeting was being held. I made inquiries of various porters and waiters and other functionaries, and walked into different bars and rooms to reconnoitre. I could neither hear nor see anything of them, but I felt certain that the plotters had not taken themselves off; so I deduced that they must be in a private room. I made further inquiries at the booking-office, and learned that a gentleman giving the name of Leonard had, two days previously, engaged a private room for three o'clock this particular afternoon. At this moment it was not much after three o'clock, so I felt that at last I was on a good scent. I obtained a description of Leonard, from which I identified him with one of the medical men before-mentioned, a man who had been taking a leading part in the Irish movement for some years past. I ascertained the number of the room and walked out of the hotel. I held a short conference with my colleagues, and re-entered the hotel and walked straight upstairs to the room without speaking to anybody. I went past

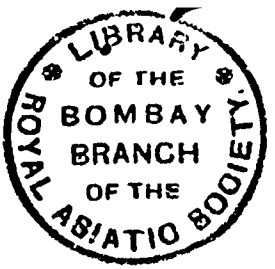
the door, and just as I did so out came the conspirators in a body. Without appearing to notice me they went downstairs. I followed them and saw them leave the hotel and disperse in all directions. We recognised all of them except one, who walked off towards the City in the company of a man whom we knew to be a head centre from the north of Ireland, in other words the head of an extensive branch in the north of Ireland of the Fenian organisation. We at once decided that the stranger must be tracked, and this was done for the rest of the day. He left London in the evening for Motherwell in Scotland. I knew that his destination was Motherwell from a remark of his which I chanced to overhear. We wired to the police for information as to whether he was known there, and learnt that he was a Scotch head centre.

Afterwards we were told by a spy that this gathering at the hotel in Holborn was a specially convened meeting of the Fenian head centres of the United Kingdom (the spy in question was himself a leading delegate). They came from London, Dublin, the north and west of Ireland, and Scotland. On looking back through all my experience of Fenianism, I believe this to have been one of the most important, if not the most important, of the

meetings of representative delegates held in England. I infer as much from the fact that men from all over the United Kingdom took the trouble to come together here for one short meeting. The party included one man whom we have for years credited with being the principal Clan-na-Gael agent, and in receipt of very good pay for his work as an agitator. Fortunately, this meeting was not followed by any unpleasant demonstrations. A few years have now passed since it took place, and I have not heard of any more such meetings being held in the United Kingdom. There has been so complete a revolution in the political tactics of the extreme party that most of them are now "constitutional agitators." I may go so far as to say that most of those who attended that meeting have by now changed their minds, and come to regard the physical force movement as an utter failure. I quote an authority who shall be nameless :—

"I have found latterly that the feelings of the Irish people towards the English have completely changed. The Irish political agitation in Great Britain has developed into a constitutional movement, so much so that to-day I do not believe that there is a man connected with it legitimately who believes in physical force as a remedy to remove the ills

that Ireland complains of. And I would venture to say in regard to the future of 'poor old Ireland,' that she will prove in the coming time not the irreconcilable foe but the stout defender and cordial friend of England."



CHAPTER VIII

A NOVEL LEAGUE

THE LEGITIMATION LEAGUE—I ACT A PART—MISS LILLIAN HARMAN—A NICE DINNER—DE VILLIERS, THE UBIQUITOUS DOCTOR—THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, LIMITED—A DRAMATIC DEATH—MARTIAL FOUGERON—PLOT AGAINST MR CHAMBERLAIN—A NUISANCE TO A COUNTRY.

THE Legitimation League came into being about two years before I had any official knowledge of its existence. It was founded at Leeds in 1895 by Mr Oswald Dawson, whose father had then recently died, leaving Mr Dawson ample funds to devote to the strange propaganda of the Legitimation League. The original aim of the League was to legitimatise acknowledged illegitimate children—a perfectly legal object which might have been the basis of a philanthropic society of district visitors. Beyond the facts that Mr Dawson was a rich man, that the society seemed rather to encourage illicit unions, and that the brilliant if erratic Wordsworth Donisthorpe became its president, there is

little to say about the Legitimation League until an incident in 1896 gave it a boom in the metropolitan press.

A certain young lady, Miss Edith Lanchester, had been confined to a lunatic asylum on the certificate of her parents' medical advisers. Miss Lanchester was said to be a believer in the doctrines of the Legitimation League, such belief constituting a sufficiently dangerous mania in the doctors' opinion as to necessitate Miss Lanchester's seclusion. The Legitimation League started an agitation and opened a fund for her release. Radical newspapers supported the movement, complaints were lodged with the Commissioners in Lunacy, who acted with promptitude, and Miss Lanchester was immediately released from the Asylum. A deputation from the Legitimation League, consisting of Miss Amy Morant and Messrs George Bedborough and Borrowes, waited on the Commissioners in Lunacy and made speeches, demanding the punishment of the doctors. With this expenditure of eloquence the "boom" ceased.

A few months after the Lanchester incident, the Legitimation League removed its headquarters to London, Mr Dawson resigned his secretarial position, and Mr George Bedborough became the spirit and brain of

the League. From that date the League began to assume very considerable importance. George Bedborough was a cultured young man of twenty-seven, the son of a clergyman, an orator of ability, a capable writer, and of the most excellent manners, altogether a man of fascinating personality. His policy was very different from that of his predecessor. He engaged the handsomest rooms at the Holborn Restaurant and St James's Hall for the weekly meetings of the League, and secured as lecturers some of the best known men and women of the day. He edited a brilliantly audacious periodical called characteristically *The Adult*, in which were advocated openly the doctrines of free love. Mr Bedborough secured a very large and influential membership for the reconstituted league. Many of the members did not care to allow their names to appear in public, but the books of the League when seized in 1898 showed that some of the best known celebrities of the day were members.

The attention of the Scotland Yard authorities was first drawn to the movement by the fact that many Anarchists in London were regularly attending the League's meetings. There was good reason for believing that Anarchistic proselytising took place over and

over again in connection with these meetings. The lectures were often of an entirely innocent and even elevating nature, but the public discussions after the lecture were mainly supported by Anarchists, and some speeches of a highly incendiary character were occasionally delivered. Mr Bedborough, I believe, was never an Anarchist himself, and at many of the debates he warmly opposed the Anarchist position, but his endeavours to avoid the least appearance of stifling discussion assisted the Anarchist speakers in their avowed determination to make the Legitimation League their decoying ground. The fact that the object of the League had been altered from the original Dawsonian whim to legitimatise the illegitimate, and now stood committed to some sort of free love, was all in favour of the Anarchist propaganda. The League's advocacy was directed towards the abolition of the marriage law, and the Anarchist, logically enough, used the movement as a stepping-stone towards the abolition of all laws.

For a considerable time I attended all the meetings of the League, reporting the speeches and noting the *coterie* which formed in various corners of the well-appointed rooms where the meetings were held. It would have been easy for me to have made a sensational

report of some of these meetings, but it has always been my desire to look beneath the surface and see the intentions of those I am watching, and I hesitated to condemn prematurely. I was instructed to obtain a closer view of Mr Bedborough, and I easily gained access to his intimacy. He was quite frank and unreserved in conversation, and often expressed his desire to revolutionise the marriage laws of England. Mr Bedborough spoke often about the rights of grown men and women, but complaints had already reached my ears that lads of eighteen or nineteen, and well-dressed, thoughtful-looking girls of the same age attended the meetings of the League, and I asked Mr Bedborough if he thought this desirable. He confessed his inability to prevent what he himself regarded as an unfortunate feature of the movement. We had many interviews, he never once suspecting my real mission, and I reported to headquarters just what had occurred. I also purchased much of the copious supply of literature which Mr Bedborough and Mr Dawson provided as ammunition for the anti-marriage fight.

The whole of the incidents I had experienced were embodied in my report, which, with the literature referred to, was considered

by my department, and finally laid before the Public Prosecutor. A grave difficulty presented itself. The Public Prosecutor was anxious to protect the public from all the objectionable features of an open and unashamed free-love movement in its midst, but he was equally anxious to abstain from interference with legitimate freedom of speech. *The Adult*, Mr Bedborough's organ, was outspoken to an extreme degree, but the language used was carefully chosen, and from first to last the public and private meetings of the League were free from anything approaching scandalous behaviour.

A well-known clerical writer about this time attended a lecture of the League, held, not at its palatial West End rendezvous, but at a squalid lecture hall in the East End. The lecture and discussion were probably little unlike those already mentioned, but the clergyman published broadcast a complaint against the supineness of the police, and obtained the support of, amongst others, Lord Egerton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Sir Theodore Martin, whose letter, dated December 20th, 1897, appeared in most newspapers suggesting that "the strong hand of the law should crush a teaching which would turn Society into groups of harlots."

At Scotland Yard

In April 1898, the nominal president of the League, Miss Lillian Harman, arrived in London from Chicago, U.S.A., where some years previously she had been imprisoned for living with the father of her child without being married to him. She boasted in an interview in the *Daily Mail* of being the only living woman who had ever been imprisoned for such an offence. Lillian Harman is an Anarchist, her father, Moses Harman, having spent some years in gaol in America for advocating Anarchism and free love. Miss Harman's presence in England, her lectures, her writings and press interviews under the able direction of Mr Bedborough, led to increased membership of the League, and branches began to be formed in the principal provincial cities. I continued my observations, and by this time I was familiar and on the best of terms with the unsuspecting Bedborough, while my attendance at the League meetings helped me to some important clues in connection with the international Anarchist groups. So far were they from suspecting the object of my presence, that I was invited to a very select dinner held in the Council Chamber of the Holborn Restaurant on April 30th, 1898. Mr Bedborough gave me and my detective friend an excellent position for seeing and hearing.

He was also kind enough to introduce us to some very attractive lady members, but the necessity of professional attention forbade me the luxury of individualising my politeness.

The dinner was a great success from every point of view; the menu, the wines, the speeches, and the music as well as the company combined to make the evening a memorable one. My colleague whom I took specially to the dinner, owing to his being an expert stenographer, took as full a description of the scene as he could surreptitiously do, but we were both too anxious to avoid arousing suspicion to take more than a few thumb-nail sketches of some specially interesting personalities; then a surprise happened to us. Our difficulty was suddenly solved by the arrival of a well-known Regent Street photographer's operator with full apparatus. Mr Bedborough had forgotten nothing in our interest. Our select party was duly photographed. The resulting picture is a valuable souvenir; it speaks for itself. It perpetuates some fascinating personalities, headed by the buxom president, Lillian Harman (a fair American of twenty-six), making a pleasant background in a smart evening gown. Mr Bedborough and Mrs Gladys Dawson supported the president. Mrs Dawson, handsomely attired and looking particularly

charming, divided her attentions between Mr Bedborough and another gentleman. Mr Dawson and Mrs Bedborough seemed equally immersed in each other's company. A young lady dressed in white, very much *decolletée*, was a well-known Russian Anarchist of extreme views. Some of the other members of the company have since been involved in various foreign conspiracies, but with that I have nothing to do here.

It is not every day in the week that the Holborn Restaurant has a private dinner-party whose photographs reveal the presence of two detectives (on duty), a dozen dangerous Anarchists, a "woman who did" (and suffered imprisonment for doing) a miscellaneous bunch of avowed free-lovers, two lady officials of a Rational Dress Society (clad in low-necked "rational" costume), two editors, two poets, a novelist of world-wide reputation, and a baby aged eighteen months.

Six months after that dinner, there was no Legitimation League, no lectures, no *Adult*. Just as Mr Bedborough had provided us with a photograph of all his helpers (all but one, of whom more later on), so presently he solved for us another difficulty and gave the opening for which the law officers of the Crown had been looking.

A Novel League

Early in the year 1898 a book which I cannot possibly describe here, was published by the University Press, Limited. This high-sounding title was the deceptive name under which a certain Dr de Villiers, as he then chose to call himself, published a book by Dr Havelock Ellis called "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," dealing with certain abnormalities which the law of England has decided wisely enough cannot be discussed in books sold to the general public. The University Press was not a firm of medical publishers, and presumably if Dr Ellis had wished to find out whether his book could be defended, he would have submitted it to one of the many high-class publishers of medico-scientific literature. The book has been condemned as obscene, and there was nothing whatever in the mode of its publication to suggest that it deserved a better fate. Dr de Villiers, of whom a full account will be given later on, prevailed on Bedborough to undertake a sort of agency for the sale of the book, and the officers of the League at 16 John Street, Bedford Row, became for the time being a branch depôt of the University Press. There was never any hesitation on the part of the authorities as to the illegality of the sale of Ellis's book, and I was instructed to find out whether Bedborough

had any other objectionable works on sale. In the midst of my inquiries, we received at the Yard a complaint from Liverpool that a young man there had received a copy of the book without ordering it, and his parents were indignantly demanding the suppression of such literature. It became necessary to move in the matter, and as Bedborough was the only source of the works known to us at that time, we applied for a warrant for his arrest, convinced that we should at one blow kill a growing evil in the shape of a vigorous campaign of free love and Anarchism, and at the same time, discover the means by which the country was being flooded with books of the "Psychology" type.

So in due course I set out to arrest Bedborough. Chief Inspector Melville accompanied me, and half-a-dozen of our men were within call, the authorities hardly crediting my own reading of Bedborough's character, a reading which every incident of the case justified to the letter. They imagined that the man who could influence so many great ones, magnetise the masses, and attack single-handed one of the oldest institutions in the world, attracting to his standard the commonplace discontented person as well as the most fiery Anarchist, must

essentially be a manufacturer of bombs, or at least an Anarchist plotter himself. Nothing of the kind. My meeting with Bedborough to arrest him was a unique experience. He was just leaving his home in John Street accompanied by two friends (Lillian Harman and a well-known poet and American Anarchist). He saw me coming and stepped forward with his usual *bonhomie* to shake hands and ask after my welfare. I asked him to leave his friends for a moment, and I explained my mission and introduced my chief. Bedborough's cheery spirits and *sang froid* never left him and we three took a hansom to Bow Street, gaily chatting as we went along. Not to prolong this chapter, everything turned out exactly as I anticipated. Bedborough was frankness itself, he had nothing to hide, and his story, although in accordance with precedent we had to sift it to the bottom, was confirmed in every respect, and we found that as regards the sale of the objectionable book he was the victim of one of the most unscrupulous villains of modern times.

Dr Havelock Ellis's book became the subject of a great agitation. Bedborough's personal popularity made his many friends anxious to secure his release, and this fact was taken advantage of by a nice little gang

of Secularists, Socialists, Anarchists, Free-lovers and others anxious to obtain a little cheap notoriety by defending Ellis's book on principle. Bedborough countenanced the agitation willingly enough, and probably believed that Dr Ellis intended to give evidence on his behalf. As the trial drew near, however, this misconception ceased. A pamphlet came into our possession, in which Dr Ellis expressed his decision not to defend his own book nor to allow its continued publication. Bedborough's knowledge of this fact caused a breach in his relations with Ellis and his friends, and I believe for the first time he realised the seriousness as well as the absurdity of his position. An influential relative of Bedborough acted as intermediary between him and the authorities, and the latter readily agreed to take a merciful view of the matter. At the conclusion of the matter Bedborough was bound over to come up for judgment if called on.

Bedborough's withdrawal from the Legitimation League was probably caused by his keen resentment of the desertion of those of his followers on whom he had relied to forward the interests of the "Cause" while he was preparing for his trial. There was not a single one of the capable and talented

host Bedborough had gathered around him who would take on himself any of the active work of propagation. An unimportant individual named Seamore attempted to run a bowdlerised edition of *The Adult*, which died of sheer inanition after a few woeful issues, in which vulgarity and banality took the place of the audacity and cultured eccentricity of Bedborough's unique "wickedness."

The desertion of Bedborough by his own party led to his patronage, for a time, by the Atheistic party, under the leadership of Mr Foote. Of these nothing need be said, except that they ran no risk of any kind by their lukewarm advocacy of Bedborough, while the gain of associating their names with that of a popular "martyr" was probably considered worth while.

From the date of Bedborough's trial, five years ago, until now, no one has ever attempted to resuscitate the Legitimation League, and I think I may claim some credit for having carefully handled a delicate case, full of pitfalls, where the least slip would have meant one of two things—the growth of a Frankenstein monster wrecking the marriage laws of our country, and perhaps carrying off the general respect for all law; or, on the other hand, of raising about the ears of the

authorities a shriek of popular objection to our interference with the rights of free speech.

I have alluded to one of the pillars of the Legitimation League, who was not usually in evidence. "Dr Roland de Villiers, M.D.," took the chair at one of the earlier meetings of the League, according to the minute-book afterwards found at the League's offices.

Mysterious hints were dropped from time to time that this pseudo-medical gentleman was a millionaire, and the brother-in-law of another, George Astor Singer of New York, whose wife, sister of de Villiers, lived with the latter at a palatial residence in Hertfordshire.

From the first these rumours aroused my curiosity, and I felt sure that if ever I came face to face with the man I should recognise an old friend. At the Legitimation League dinner, curiously enough, there was a vacant seat at the centre table where the Executive Committee sat. With my usual inquisitiveness, I made a point of inquiring for whom the seat was reserved, and I learnt that Dr de Villiers had actually arrived at the restaurant, but an attack of sickness had caused him to return home hastily, and his apologies had to be accepted by his fellow-officers. A similar fate awaited me on two other occasions, my vicinity apparently acting as an emetic on the

elusive physician. We had no actual excuse at this time for investigating his *bona-fides*, and although I had certain vague questionings, the doctor's masterly disguises and my own immersion in several more vital and urgent cases, delayed our reckoning with Dr de Villiers for more than two years. It will prevent my needlessly encumbering these pages now if I summarise the career of this mysterious man.

George Ferdinand Springmuhl von Weissenfeld, as his real name was, was born in Germany. His father was an eminent judge, and he was brought up in luxury. He matriculated at Giessen, where he passed all his examinations with highest attainable honours, obtaining degrees in science, medicine and literature. He married a German lady of good family, who lived with him till his death. He became estranged from his father through sundry peccadilloes, and finally fled the country after forging and uttering cheques and a number of negotiable securities. He settled in England in 1880, under his own name, and made a living by swindling until he was hauled up at the police court, and sentenced at the Old Bailey to twelve months' hard labour for perjury, amongst other indictments. On his exit from prison he and his

wife disappeared, to emerge as Mr and Mrs Wild, who made a fairly good living by various questionable industries. In 1885 he became bankrupt, and subsequently a warrant was issued for his arrest for fraud. This warrant was never executed. Later, he registered the Concentrated Produce Company, Limited, inventing various names under which he appeared as shareholders, managers and directors, all in one. This company was a fraud like the rest of his businesses, and was wound up after it had served its turn in providing him with a few thousand pounds to spend. In 1891 he promoted a company called the Brandy Distillers Company, Limited. By the issue of a glowing prospectus, giving photographs of various vineyards, none of which belonged to the company, he managed to get thousands of pounds subscribed. By the payment of regular dividends of 10 per cent. he secured immense annual additions to the subscribed capital, and it is estimated that from this one company he drew about £60,000. As in all his companies, Dr de Villiers was himself the only officer, but names were used consistently throughout to give the impression that there were the usual directors, signatories, and officials. His aliases were now innumerable,

and to avoid confusing the identity of the various characters he had invented, he kept a register in which he entered every alias he used, together with its own specific signature. Intricate banking and book-keeping arrangements were made to increase the difficulty of tracing the disposal of the shareholders' monies; for this purpose he and his wife kept going more than thirty distinct banking accounts in various names and in various London districts. To increase his security against identity, his wife besides being responsible for many of the banking accounts, lived with him as his sister and was said to be the wife of an American philanthropist of enormous wealth. He lived in regal style, making a great show of his landed properties, which, however, were mortgaged over and over again. Even his domestic servants were a puzzle, at one time posing as housemaids, nurses, or cooks, at other times prodigiously smart in dress, they sat in the drawing-room and were introduced to visitors as wives and daughters of statesmen, ambassadors, and celebrities. I cannot sully these pages by narrating any of the sad stories which showed that this master-villain was as lacking in morality as he was in honesty, and that towards the victims of his lust he was as mean as he was unscrupulous.

Weissenfeld, alias de Villiers, alias Singer, alias Weller, alias Wild, alias Winter, alias Willing, alias Macmillan, alias M'Corquodale, alias von Jarchow, alias Perrier, alias Grant, alias Wilson, alias Davies, and a score of other names, registered in July 1898 (after Bedborough's arrest) the University Press, Limited, again forging the names of the signatories and otherwise deceiving the Somerset House authorities. As a matter of fact he had traded in this name a long time before he went to the expense of registering a company. Whatever his motive was, this step was a fatal one for de Villiers. It convinced the authorities that there was a real publisher other than Bedborough, and steps were taken to arrest de Villiers on the publishing charge. He evaded arrest, and it was not until a few months after the Bedborough trial that a raid was made at the University Press premises at Watford, where it was believed de Villiers was in hiding. The raiders did not succeed in finding the slippery publisher, but evidence of his activity was abundant. Thousands of volumes of "Psychology of Sex" were found at what proved to be one of the best furnished printing works ever seized. Half a dozen of the latest and most expensive linotype machines were in full work. All the books were destroyed

by order of the local magistrates, no representative of the University Press appearing to show cause, etc. After this, a close watch was kept, and as by this time considerable evidence of identity had accumulated, and the foregoing facts of his lurid past had been reported at Scotland Yard, it was not thought likely that the man of many parts would return to England if he had, as expected, made good his escape.

In January 1902, acting on information, two of my colleagues, Detective Inspector (now Chief Inspector) Arrow, and Detective Sergeant (now Inspector) Badcock, entered a well-furnished, expensively rented house called "Edenfield," situated in the best residential quarter of Cambridge. De Villiers and his wife were here posing as Dr Sinclair Roland and Mrs Ella Roland. As in the case of the Hertfordshire house, "Edenfield" has been chosen for its security from observation, and its general utility as a hiding-place. There was an elaborate system of cupboards, and at the back there were secret passages by means of which the occupants could hide or escape. On this occasion every precaution had been taken, every exit was blocked, and after Mrs Roland had made vain attempts at bluffing and the doctor had tried the secret means of egress only to find it closed and secured, a

systematic search was made throughout the house. At length a secret panel was discovered revealing a passage just large enough to hold one man. At the risk of his life Sergeant Badcock entered stealthily into the dark passage, and flung himself upon a man he found there. Dragged into the light de Villiers faced his pursuers, a haggard fugitive at bay. Fortunately in the struggle a loaded revolver had been knocked out of his hands, and all his courage fled when the handcuffs were put on. He listened while the warrant was read to him, making no comment, neither denying his identity nor admitting his guilt. A few minutes later he seemed to develop sudden symptoms of a strange excitement. He called for water. One of the servants of the house ran and filled a glass which was standing on the drawing-room table. De Villiers swallowed a few drops of water which seemed as if it were choking him. A few gasps followed, and he fell dead. The most extraordinary criminal of modern times survived his arrest by about half an hour.

The coroner's jury decided that this strange man died from apoplexy, and there is of course nothing more to be said as to the cause of death. It is probably merely a curious unrelated fact that Dr de Villiers, a doctor,

chemist, and scientist, used to have in his possession a gold seal ring; in that ring was hidden behind the seal a few grains of a poison which de Villiers boasted years ago would kill a man and leave no trace behind. On his arrest the ring was on his hand. Was the story of the poison a myth, or had this dark, unscrupulous man already used his poisons, and shall we find some day that murder must be taken out of the list of the few remaining crimes not known to have been committed by this fascinating criminal?

The last case upon which I touch in these chapters of miscellanea is that of Martial Fougeron, who killed Herman Jung. As I have by me the report which I drew up at Scotland Yard at the time, I give it *verbatim*:

13th September 1901.

"With reference to Martial Fougeron, charged with the murder of Herman Jung and the statement of prisoner to Inspector Green regarding other alleged conspirators in the case:

"I beg to report that I have made inquiries, and find that Fougeron came to London about ten weeks ago from France, and for the first month after his arrival he was employed at the

Café Monico, Piccadilly; and from that time till his arrest he was the constant daily associate of foreign Anarchists, thieves, prostitutes and their bullies in the neighbourhood of Soho, where they form a large element of the population.

"He would claim all the Frenchmen whom he met as his brothers, and immediately an acquaintance would commence telling them of his past life, especially of his experiences during his alleged five years' service in the French Royal Marine Artillery. One of his stories was that he had committed a serious crime in the regiment; but that he was mad at the time and was placed in a padded room. He escaped from the room by inducing the official in charge to come into the cell under the pretence that he was taken suddenly ill, and as soon as Fougeron found the door open he ran out, slamming the door back in the face of the attendant, who was within the cell. For some time after leaving the army Fougeron has given out that he was employed as a hairdresser. Since his arrival in this country he has had no fixed abode; one or other of his countrymen in the Soho quarter would give him shelter for the night when he had no money to pay for his lodgings. On one occasion Fougeron was seen in the possession

of a silver-backed brush and shoe-horn, part proceeds of an alleged theft from the house of Dr Samuel Darvills, of 15 Castle Street, W.

"Madame Thiébaut, of 2 Little Goodge Street, W.C., states that she turned Fougeron out after he had lodged there for two nights, on being told by someone that he was a thief.

"He was generally known as 'Marseilles,' or 'Gascon,' from the province of his birth. Fougeron was a daily *habitué* of Levi Morris's restaurant at 47 Upper Rathbone Place, where he met a number of his countrymen, and where he frequently brought a French prostitute named Marie, a native of Boulogne.

"Very shortly after the arrival of Fougeron in London he made the acquaintance of an Anarchist and convicted thief, Victor Durand, formerly living at 13 Huntly Street and now at 13 Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road. He often supped with Durand at his place but never slept there at night. The small amount of underclothing and so on that Fougeron possessed was always kept at Durand's lodgings.

"Durand was called as a witness at the Court yesterday, and he said that he had known the prisoner for two months and that the last time he had spoken to him was between twelve and one o'clock on the day

of the murder, when he left the house owing to a quarrel Fougerón had with Madame Durand. Knowing that Fougeron had no money Durand gave him three shillings and some linen in a valise. Durand identified the knife produced as the one Fougeron used with his meals.

"No information can be obtained regarding the 'Swiss with two children,' nor the Anarchist 'Gustave,' nor the 'young Anarchist from St Malo.' And there is no man named Dotto known as an Anarchist, nor is there any man known to the police with whom this Dotto could be identified through the description given by the prisoner in his original statement through the interpreter to Inspector Green. A number of officers from the Special (department) and myself were in and about the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday during the hearing, and the only Anarchist who put in an appearance was Mrs Defendi, but we were satisfied that she had no connection with the prisoner and was present merely out of curiosity. Fougeron was only associated in an unconscious and passing way with a few Anarchists during his brief residence in this country, so that I feel sure that the commission of this crime was in no way connected with an Anarchist

plot. It was solely the individual act of the murderer."

The murdered man, Herman Jung, was a cobbler by trade, living in Clerkenwell. He was a rabid Socialist and pro-Boer, and regarded Mr Chamberlain as entirely responsible for the South African war. It was alleged that he often declared that Mr Chamberlain ought to be put out of the way. Fougeron was introduced to Jung by a man whose identity has never been discovered. It is suspected that he was an Anarchist. Fougeron asserted that he met this mysterious individual in Old Compton Street, Soho, in the first instance, and was taken by him to the house in Clerkenwell where Jung lived. Several times afterwards Fougeron went alone to visit Jung and met this man. He declared that Jung definitely offered him ten pounds if he would assassinate Mr Chamberlain. Fougeron was as usual very short of money at this time, but he hesitated about undertaking such a piece of work. Jung continued to press Fougeron, and occasionally gave him small amounts of money; but he still hung back. Then, as I believe, the cobbler began to get nervous, fearing that Fougeron, who was always ready to blab everything in his head to everybody with

whom he chanced to fraternise, would begin spreading this matter about. So he seems to have thought it advisable to get rid of Fougeron before anything further was said. Thus one day when the two were together in Jung's shop there was something of an altercation. Jung declared he would not give Fougeron any more money, and told him to clear out. By way of emphasising what he had to say, he took up a piece of iron and threatened his visitor with it. Fougeron, in stepping back to avoid the blow he feared might fall, lost his footing and rolled under the cobbler's bench. Instantly he sprang up again, pulling out his knife, and stabbed Jung in the neck. Then he took to his heels, but was captured after a longish chase. Jung died a few hours later. This was not a case that created any particular stir, despite Jung's malignity towards Mr Chamberlain; and the two principals were both particularly uninteresting individuals. It was generally considered that there was nothing in the way of an extenuating circumstance, and Martial Fougeron was sentenced to death and executed.

This business was largely one for which we have to thank our laws, which allow such indiscriminate immigration. Crack-brained

rascals like Herman Jung or fellows like Martial Fougeron are nothing but a burden and a nuisance to the country on whose ground they walk. Here was a wretched, invertebrate fellow, an absolute "waster," who cared nothing about doing any honest work, and existed by attaching himself to any other alien who would tolerate him and from whom he could beg an occasional sixpence or meal or night's lodging. He associated with the lowest, neither picking nor choosing; being what he was he debased others and became further debased himself. Soho and Clerkenwell are to-day full of aliens who are equally undesirable and quite probably would, given suitable circumstances, terminate their career in the same way as did this particular specimen of human refuse, Martial Fougeron.

CHAPTER IX

ANARCHISTS AT WORK

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA—A SPECIMEN—THE WALSALL CASE—TRIAL AT STAFFORD—MORE ANARCHIST PUBLICATIONS—COUNSEL AND WITNESS DISAGREE—CASE OF DAVID NICOLL—*THE COMMONWEAL*—HIS TRIAL—A STARTLING PAMPHLET.

I COME now to deal more particularly with my experiences as an antagonist of revolutionaries. Probably it will have been already gathered, from foregoing chapters, that I have done more work in connection with the Anarchists than in connection with criminals of any other type. I have had more to do as an Anarchist-hunter than as a bodyguard; and that is saying a good deal. I have shown that Scotland Yard depends, for its knowledge of happenings in the Anarchist world, to some extent upon a system of espionage; thus it is clearly inevitable that there should arise constant gossip and fabrications, harassing and perplexing the authorities. These rumours and murmurings are always especially frequent and assertive about the time of any great occasion, such as the 1887 Jubilee. And the mutterers and

fomentors of sedition have a way of committing their theories, their complaints, and their misrepresentations of facts to paper, the more thoroughly to infect with the Anarchist taint minds still comparatively unsmirched. This revolutionary literature is also circulated largely with the idea of disturbing and misleading the authorities, dark hints being constantly thrown out to the effect that this, that, or the other will happen shortly. I do not mean to suggest that at Scotland Yard we were or are in a condition of chronic bewilderment. We have always kept in constant touch with people closely associated with all leading revolutionaries, although knowing better than to rely absolutely on the information we received from our agents. Such information would at any rate put us still more on the alert, would give us a hint as to which way we should be looking; and very often it happened that the information proved more valuable to us than was expected by the people who gave it. Naturally the Anarchist writings were almost invariably circulated anonymously. We always had a strong suspicion that the people who wrote a lot of this stuff and paid for its production were often foreigners. They would do this partly with the object of showing the people on whom they spied what keen Anar-

chists they were, partly through really being appreciably imbued with the principles of Anarchy. I still have by me a few curious specimens of Anarchist propaganda, which read as if their authors were far more crazy than sensible. One of these precious productions is written in French throughout. It is entitled

RESOLUTION ET REVOLUTION!!!

and is further described as a "Manifeste des Groupes Socialistes ralliés á l'Anarchie adressé a' leurs ex-camarades du Parti—Ouvrier—Socialistes—Revolutionaire—Français."

I quote one brief extract:

"Au moment de mettre le présent manifeste sous presse, la formidable nouvelle de la destruction du premier bourgeois de France par l'Anarchie, nous arrive de toutes parts, éclatante et joyeuse comme une fanfare, et escortée d'universelles imprècations d'épouvante et de colère, autant que de clameurs enthousiastes d'espoir et de prochaine délivrance.

"Acte de justice ou de vengeance (puisque de tout temps l'un n'a été que l'autre) ou simple fait de la guerre sociale, peu importe! Nous l'enregistrons comme un formidable coup de toxin appelant à la lutte suprême les affamés du monde entier!

"Bravo! Mille fois, Bravo à l'Anarchie dont

le courage et l'énergie peuvent seuls frapper d'aussi terribles coups au milieu de l'ennemi, quelques soient les armées formidables qui l'entourent."

This document appeared in June 1894; President Carnot had been assassinated in Paris in the previous month. Further on we read that Casimir-Perier should beware, for his condemnation and execution will be as sudden as were Carnot's. There is a certain amount of satisfaction to be gained from the fact that there are very few English-born Anarchists. Fewer still have the courage to practise what they preach. They are loafers for the most part, who join the Anarchist clubs for the purpose of securing shares of the funds disbursed amongst the members. The most dangerous of these pests to society are the Italians. They are chiefly to be found in Soho and Clerkenwell, and Whitechapel also holds a good many. At present there is living in a house quite near mine a man who did a very considerable amount of printing for the Anarchists. He was merely a printer; his tendencies were in no way seditious. In those days of the early 'nineties he lived in a back room in Clerkenwell, where he printed the stuff anonymously. We got to hear of him through spies, but I experienced considerable diffi-

culty in tracing him, as he always kept very quiet and mixed very little with other men. At last I discovered his den, where he had printed most of the documents that at that time were being circulated among the Anarchists, tirades against governments and capitalists, inciting their readers to resist every form of government, law, and authority. When I first went to the house I had to burgle it, getting into the man's room through the window; I found a great deal of stuff there of the kind that I was looking for; and I paid several subsequent visits to the place. To do this I had to secure the good offices of the landlady; I told her that I was a police officer, and in order to make more certain that she would not give me away to her tenant, I made certain financial arrangements with her. This was all very useful to us, as we were enabled to study these Anarchist writings whenever we pleased. The pamphlets, brochures, leaflets, and so on were always unsigned, but we knew very well who wrote them. Nothing was done to this man in Clerkenwell; he simply printed the stuff, and had absolutely no other concern with it. The Anarchists had a larger and more productive establishment in Crawford Street, Marylebone. There hundreds of revolutionary documents were produced and

put into circulation. The machine used was a much larger one than that used by the Clerkenwell man, which worked by hand.

When the Walsall Anarchists were arrested, early in 1892, the presence of a strong Anarchist element in the lower classes in England was demonstrated more emphatically than had ever been the case before. These men were Frederick Charles, a clerk; Victor Cailes, an engine-driver; John Westley, brushmaker; William Ditchfield, filer; Joseph Thomas Deakin, clerk; and Jean Battolla, shoemaker. The last-named was an Italian. All six were suspected of being engaged, directly or indirectly, in the manufacture of pear-shaped bombs with nipples; the idea was that on being thrown they would stick in the person or object struck, and explode. Ditchfield cast these things according to instructions given him by the other five. He was not himself an Anarchist, but simply a member of a local political organisation; the other men used him as a mere instrument. At the trial it was successfully pleaded on his behalf that he was entirely in their hands, and had no idea of the object to which it was intended to put the bombs. Their proceedings were under observation for some little time before they were arrested. At last some suspicion arose among

them that the police had some information of the plot they were hatching, and, to test the accuracy of their suspicions, Deakin was sent to London to reconnoitre. This was on the 6th of January 1892. He arrived in the evening at Euston. Melville and I and other officers were on the watch there, and we followed him. He walked along Tottenham Court Road for about half-a-mile, and then asked the way to Windmill Street; at No. 6 in that street were then situated the premises of the Autonomy Club, a notorious Anarchist resort. At this juncture we came forward. Deakin was carrying a brown paper parcel. We thought that it was now time to act, as if we waited till he got to the club there was the risk that a rescue would be attempted with success. Melville asked him what he had in the parcel, and he said there was nothing. We then arrested him and took him to the nearest station, which happened to be just opposite where we were standing. The parcel was opened, and some chloroform found inside it. At first Deakin refused to explain how it came there, then he said that it was for a friend, but he declined to say who the friend was. He was then charged with being in possession of chloroform contrary to the Act. A day or two later Charles, Cailes, and Ditch-

field were arrested in Walsall. On the 13th of January, Melville and I, at about twenty minutes to nine in the morning, saw Battolla in Little Titchfield Street, on his way to work. He was carrying a small black bag. We walked up to him, and Melville said that he was a police inspector, and must take Battolla into custody for being concerned with Cailes and others at Walsall in the possession of explosives. Battolla told Melville to speak French to him, and said that he knew nothing about the matter, except from what he had seen in the papers, and that if he had been concerned in it he would have left the country long ago. He then asked if Melville had a warrant for his arrest, and on being answered in the affirmative he said that he would not go a step further until it was read to him. Melville then explained the warrant to him in French, and we took him to the Yard. There he was searched, and a copy of *L'Homme Libre*, the fighting organ of working-men's organisations, was found upon him. His lodgings were also searched, and further Anarchist publications were discovered there. He was taken to Walsall, and in due course stood his trial with the others at Stafford Assizes, before Mr Justice Hawkins (now Lord Brampton).

I will not go into all the details of this trial, which began on the 30th of March and lasted just over a week. Much of the evidence was comparatively dry, dealing with the arrangements made with Ditchfield (the metal worker) for the making of the bombs, and with many petty details; but the trial brought out a few interesting facts about the astonishing stuff which is circulated amongst revolutionaries the more thoroughly to poison their minds.

The prisoners were indicted for having in their possession or under their control certain explosive substances, namely—core-stocks, a lead pattern for the manufacture of bombs, a quantity of mixture for use in a mould for castings, a coil of fuse, a brass screw, and a lead bolt or plug; and further, for conspiring to cause an explosion in the United Kingdom of a nature likely to endanger life or to cause serious injury to property. The case for the Crown was entrusted to the Attorney-General (now Lord Alverstone), Mr Jelf, Q.C. (now Mr Justice Jelf), and Mr Alfred Young. Mr William Willis, Q.C., and Mr Cranstoun defended Charles; Westley's counsel was Mr H. T. Boddam; and Deakin's, Mr J. W. M'Carthy; while Battolla, Cailes, and Ditchfield were defended by Mr Thompson.

The Attorney-General, in opening the case,

mentioned a document found in the possession of Charles, of which the following is the gist:—

"Means of Emancipation: First, in order to arrive at a complete emancipation of humanity, brutal force is indispensable, whatever may say all theoricians (*sic*)—the devil take them—otherwise we shall always be slaves and starving. Then, if it is necessary to put down all political, military, and religious authority, as well as all these law manufacturers, it is absolutely necessary to burn the churches, palaces, convents, soldier-barracks, prefectures, lawyers' and barristers' offices, fortresses, prisons, and to destroy entirely all that has lived till now by business work without contributing to it. As it is necessary to place all natural riches at the disposal of those that work, we shall contrive also that the blood which will flow in the streets be not ours, but that of the infamous rich who have starved us. Henceforth that is our first and veritable work, without minding the band of politicians and creators of the congress. Then the real misfortune of the social revolution would be to see those men becoming masters of the battlefield of social conquest. Well, no more organisations; no more dictators; and rather than to lose precious time in serving as

a ladder to those rascal deceivers, let us occupy ourselves with chemistry, and let us manufacture promptly bombs, dynamite, and other explosive matters (*sic*), much more efficacious than guns and barricades, to bring the destruction of the actual state of things, and above all to spare the precious blood of our comrades."

After touching on the facts about the castings, patterns, and so on, the Attorney-General alluded to a publication found in the possession of Cailes, entitled the *Feast of the Opera*, inviting to the destruction of the rich people at the opera and describing the means of doing it with bombs. The raving maniacal character of the document should not (said the speaker) be attributed to a lunatic. Such things had been done, such things had been carried out elsewhere.

Some evidence was given by casters and ironfounders, and Mr Charles Taylor, Chief Constable of Walsall, described the arrest of Charles and Cailes, and mentioned various publications which had been found among Charles's effects. He then repeated a statement made by Ditchfield before the trial, in which the latter described the work which had been given him, apparently for the bombs, by the other prisoners. One of Charles's papers

was a document entitled *Fight or Starve.* It began thus:

"Fellow-slaves! As the slaves of Rome were known by their scars and chains, we, the modern slaves, are known by our rags and pinched faces. We of the International Secret Society appeal to you, our fellow-slaves, to bear this miserable life no longer."

It went on to urge its readers to take back the wealth already created by their labour. "He is a coward only worthy of being a slave who will die in the midst of plenty." "We have no need of force with the weapons which we could soon bring to hand, and such weapons as would speedily render it impossible for police or soldiers to act up to the brutal orders of their commanders."

There was also found a pamphlet with the title *Tribune Libre.* Under the heading of "The Executioners" this urged at great length that it was the duty of mankind to act the part of executioners of those who used their position to grind down the poor. Such men were like criminals or wild beasts.

Further evidence on technical matters was heard, and then Melville gave the account which I have already briefly recorded. In reply to certain questions put by Mr Thompson, the counsel defending Battolla, Cailes, and

Ditchfield, Melville went on to say that he was acquainted with many Anarchists, and that Battolla was a member of the Autonomy Club group. He (Melville) had been inside that club. He must decline to say to whom he had paid anything in the course of his inquiries, or who had given him information.

Mr Thompson urged upon the learned Judge that the witness should be compelled to disclose the matter required.

The Attorney-General declared that if it was really necessary in the interests of justice, either generally or to the accused here, he would not oppose the application, but no such necessity was proved here, and he must, therefore, in the interest of the public service, oppose the application.

His lordship assured Mr Thompson, that in his opinion, the answers, if made, would be to the detriment and not to the benefit of his clients; and that if he thought otherwise, and that justice demanded an answer, he would order an answer, but he thought unhesitatingly otherwise. The witness must be excused from answering any such questions.

Inspector Quinn gave evidence corroborating what Melville had said; and other witnesses were Colonel Arthur Ford, R.A., Inspector of Explosives at the Home Office, and Mr

George Shaw Inglis, handwriting expert. The latter dealt with some letters written by Cailes. Ditchfield and Westley gave evidence in their own behalf, in the course of which the former remarked that Pentonville sounded a pretty name for a prison. Various people from Walsall testified to the previous good character of the prisoners. Mr Willis, addressing the jury on behalf of Charles, said that though he regretted any resort to force, especially to such methods of force as were advocated by such men as Anarchists, with all the strength of his nature, yet it was his own conviction that the attitude of the governing and upper powers to the poorer classes in this country, and particularly in the military systems of other European countries, was much to blame for the attitude of these latter classes towards them. The learned counsel was apparently going on to make further observations in the same strain, but was checked by his lordship. The other counsel spoke on behalf of their respective clients. It was submitted in mitigation that the bombs were to be sent to Russia. Nothing was said about what was to be done with them there, but there can be little doubt that the intention was to use them against the Czar and other high political personages. Eventually the

jury found four of the prisoners guilty, and acquitted Ditchfield and Westley. Ten years' penal servitude was the sentence passed on Charles, Cailes, and Battolla; Deakin, who was recommended to mercy, was given five years. The first three made speeches after the verdict was declared, before sentence was passed; Battolla's address in particular was a surprising flow of fluent and voluble raving on matters pertaining to Anarchy. It was delivered entirely through an interpreter, and was listened to by the Court with the utmost patience throughout. The man Charles was, from what I could gather during the inquiries and trial, and from my personal knowledge of him, in many ways a very kind-hearted man and good fellow; and I imagine that he was drawn into this business largely through his pity for the Russian proletariat. In no way could he be considered a militant Anarchist, even though he had a great deal to do with the manufacture of the bombs. Ditchfield was an illiterate fellow who could not read much, and could not write at all. He was a mere tool, entirely in the hands of the others.

I was present at this trial largely in the capacity of a bodyguard. It was my business to watch the Court and its precincts in case some unwelcome revolutionist might take it

into his head to come and throw one of these pear-shaped bombs at Mr Justice Hawkins; and when the Court was not sitting, and the judge was taking the air with his little dog, I was never far off. After these convictions the Anarchists in London became extremely active, holding numerous meetings by day in public places such as Hyde Park and Regent's Park, and by night at clubs in Soho. Some years afterwards the police raided the Autonomy Club; it was a very comfortable and well-furnished place, and some of its rooms were adorned with portraits of Ravachol, O'Donnell, and similar individuals. After the break-up of this club, the Grafton Rooms, Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road, became the principal Anarchist *rendezvous*. The vicinity of these rooms was the neighbourhood in which to look for any Anarchist who was "wanted."

This Walsall case led up very largely to the case in which David Nicoll figured. He was an avowed Anarchist, and particularly active in disseminating propaganda after the prosecution of the Walsall Anarchists. A journalist by avocation, he was at this time editing a paper called *The Commonweal*, a revolutionary publication. Before the trial came on, he was to be heard at several

meetings in Hyde Park denouncing the police and asking for subscriptions to help towards the defence of the prisoners. His undoing was a very violent article which he wrote in *The Commonweal*, inciting to the murder of the then Home Secretary, Mr Henry Matthews (now Lord Llandaff), Mr Justice Hawkins, and Inspector Melville. This article was entitled "The Walsall Anarchists," and a sub-title was, "Condemned to Penal Servitude." I quote one or two passages :

"The Walsall Anarchists have been condemned—Charles, Battolla, and Cailes to ten years' penal servitude, whilst Deakin has been let off *in mercy* with five. For what? For a police plot concocted by one of those infamous wretches who make a living by getting up these affairs and selling their victims to the vengeance of the law. Surely we ought not to have to warn Anarchists of the danger of conspiracies—those death-traps set by the police and their spies, in which so many honest and devoted men have perished. Surely those who desire to act can do as John did, when, alone and unaided, he struck down the tyrant."

John Felton, it will be remembered, was the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham,

Charles I.'s favourite, in 1628. Nicoll went on to say:

"The Anarchists are 'criminals,' 'vermin,' 'gallows carriers.' Well, shower hard names upon us! Hunt us down like mad dogs! Strangle us like you have done our comrades at Xeres. Shoot us down as you did the strikers at Fourmies, and then be surprised if your houses are shattered with dynamite, and if people shrink from the companionship of officials of the law as 'dangerous company.'

"Perhaps it will be just when the oppressed strike back at you without ruth and without mercy. Only don't whine for pity in those days, for it will be useless."

I do not care to quote the passage relating more particularly to the Home Secretary, Mr Justice Hawkins, and Inspector Melville. This article led to the arrest of Nicoll; and the police raided *The Commonweal* office in the City Road and seized the type and everything connected with the paper. This raid took place on the 18th of April, and on the 6th of May Nicoll was tried at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Chief Justice. He was indicted with "unlawfully encouraging and persuading divers persons whose names were unknown to murder," by means of this article and by a speech delivered in Hyde

Park on April 10. The Attorney-General, who led the case for the prosecution, read this article in his opening speech. With regard to Nicoll's harangue in Hyde Park, I deposed that I had seen him at a meeting there. He said :.

"It is the first of a series of meetings to arouse public sympathy against the cruel and unjust sentences on our comrades at Stafford. I don't want to warn Anarchists against conspiracies and death-traps set by the police and their spies, in which so many have perished. That Jesuit Home Secretary Matthews, Inspector Melville, and Coulon are the principal actors, and two of them must die."

Nicoll, who conducted his own defence, cross-examined me. I said that I had made a note of these remarks half an hour after their utterance, that I had a good memory, and that I would swear that Nicoll used these words. My evidence was corroborated by Constable Powell.

"A man named Richard Powney, the keeper of a newspaper stall at the Surrey end of Westminster Bridge, said that he sold eight or nine copies of *The Commonweal* at the most in a week.

Nicoll, on addressing the jury in his own defence, said, that the article might be libellous,

but was not an incitement to murder. Similar language had been used by well-known public speakers, but no Government had prosecuted them. Anarchists in this country were quiet, peaceable people. Anarchism did not necessarily spell dynamite. *The Commonweal* had now six times its former circulation.

He was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. He is still in the Anarchist movement, but reduced to playing a very minor part. Things have not gone particularly well with him of late, so that he has now come down to earning a precarious living by the street-vending of revolutionary and other publications. Quite recently I saw him thus occupied; he looked so mean, forlorn, and despicable that I felt half inclined to tip him; but as he is still such a vicious and militant revolutionary, I refrained, and contented myself with buying three papers which I did not want. He is a man of diminutive stature and unimpressive appearance. To my mind he would never himself commit an outrage, but his influence over young and inexperienced persons would always be dangerous. For many years he was largely instrumental in organising meetings in various parts of London; he was a very eloquent speaker. In my opinion there is a law needed which shall deal summarily with

such people, and apply a muzzling process preventing them from publicly declaring themselves Anarchists and inciting to the commission of crime. By such means it might be possible permanently to do away with the paid agitator, who is so very largely responsible for so much of this class of crime. We have but to remember Emma Goldman and her disciple Czolgosz, the murderer of President M'Kinley. It would perhaps be too much to say that she urged Czolgosz to the commission of that specific act, but we may say that in all likelihood that crime would never have been committed but for her teaching. She is therefore to be regarded as *particeps criminis*.

Eighteen months in prison with hard labour did not persuade Nicoll to put his pen aside. I have before me as I write a pamphlet of his about this Walsall case. On the outside cover is the note: "*N.B.*—These revelations were suppressed by the police when they raided the offices of *The Commonweal* on April 18th, 1892." The price of the pamphlet was one penny. Inside the cover are advertised various Anarchist pamphlets, mostly the work of Prince Peter Kropotkine and the late William Morris. Nicoll leads off in flowery fashion:

"Romance is not dead yet, even in this age

of matter-of-fact. It is still around us—is everywhere. Quit the narrow path as chalked out by Podsnap & Co., the proper commercial existence of rising, shaving, and starting punctually to the City every morning, and you will find romance on every side of you. Romance and novelty there are, though sometimes the delightful vision comes to an abrupt termination, changing suddenly like a lovely face in an opium vision to something horrible and devilish.

"This was the fate of some friends of ours, who dreamed of regenerating the world, and found themselves, thanks to the machinations of a police spy, doomed to a long term of penal servitude. Let us tell this strange story of modern life. The facts are remarkable enough though true."

Nicoll goes on to say a good deal about this particular spy, who had given the Scotland Yard authorities much assistance in bringing the Walsall Anarchists to book. This spy and Nicoll were acquainted, and the former contributed very largely to *The Commonweal.* In connection with this, Nicoll says:—

"There is still another good story about this great conspirator. I am an Anarchist, and believe in unlimited free speech, even from 'milk and water orators.' That is why

I, in my capacity of editor, endured his 'Dynamite' notes so long, in spite of remonstrances from several comrades. At last, however, my patience gave way. At length he sent me a paragraph celebrating the blowing up of a cow in Belgium as a great and good revolutionary act, and as I would not publish it he has never forgiven me."

Writing of Inspector Melville, Nicoll calls him "a really remarkable and astute man," and, "a spy of the school of Fouché"; and he sadly observes that Melville was "on terms of perfect intimacy with the police agents of foreign governments," and that he "and his gang" had "dogged the steps of the foreign refugees for years." It was only lately that English police agents had "followed the example of their foreign associates in manufacturing plots."

In my notes on the trial at Stafford, I referred to the cross-examination of Melville by Mr Thompson, in the course of which Melville declined to give the source of his information, and was supported by the judge. Commenting on this, Nicoll says:—

"The judge . . . showed, *to speak mildly*, a strong bias against the prisoner throughout the whole of the trial. This was especially noticeable when he fell foul of Mr Thompson

for questioning Melville about paying money to (the spy). Melville refused to answer, and his lordship supported him. The judge said 'The question could not be to the interest of counsel's client, and he believed it would be to the detriment of the public service.' One would think that the conviction of innocent men for a plot concocted by a scoundrel employed by the police would be to the detriment of the public service."

I give two more extracts from the concluding passages of this unusual and somewhat *bizarre* document:—

"The matter stands thus: Four men have been sentenced to long terms of penal servitude who are innocent of any crime—that is, any crime known to the ordinary law of England. It is a notorious fact that the Explosives Act is a piece of coercive legislation passed by a rich man's House of Commons in a fit of cowardly panic. These men could not be touched under the ordinary law: The Walsall Plot was got up under the patronage of a Home Secretary of a Tory Government to whom an Anarchist scare would have been very useful, an informer and detective who both wanted money. They have all obtained their desires. The Anarchist scare is utilized. See recent debates

and questions in the House of Commons. Melville has also been rewarded. The spy as well.

"But let us finish. Four men are languishing in prison for a crime to which they were led by an agent of the police. The principal has escaped; nay, has been richly rewarded for his share in the plot; his victims are buried alive. And this is a land of equal justice! This is free England! Our freedom is a lie if this is to go on without protest. If it is a crime to believe in a free Society where there are neither rulers, judges, detectives, or informers, then these four men to whose goodness and nobility even their employers testify, are criminals. If it is not, they have committed no crime. But, surely, those who wish to rid us of such an infamous system as this, which needs wretches like these (Melville and the spy), to support it, have deserved well of the people. Will you then raise your voice with ours in demanding the release of these innocent victims?"

CHAPTER X

ANARCHISTS AT WORK (*continued*)

1894 A BUSY YEAR—CASE OF GEORGE CHARPENTIER—POLTI AND FARNARA—I RIDE WITH POLTI ON AN OMNIBUS—*THE COMMONWEAL* AGAIN—SEARCH FOR FARNARA—THE TRIAL—FARNARA'S PROPHECY.

I AM quite unable to suggest any explanation for the extraordinary activity manifested by the Anarchists during the year 1894. There has not been known a more stormy year since the forces of Anarchy were first put through any sort of organisation. It was a very black twelvemonth. In London the police were kept busy by cases which though small in themselves were numerous; in Paris the revolutionaries struck several blows, all of them deadly; and the populations of Spain, Italy, and Austria were given good reason to know that there were Anarchists in their midst. Particularly were the citizens of Paris harried by these machinations. In January the man Vaillant, who on the 9th of December had flung a bomb at the President of the French

Chamber of Deputies, was tried and sentenced to death, and greeted the sentence with a cry of "Vive l'Anarchie!" On the 4th of February he was executed, and only eight days later a certain Emile Henry, a stripling of twenty, threw a bomb into the Café Terminus, killing two people and injuring others. He was arrested after a desperate struggle with a gendarme, into whose body he fired two shots. He was tried and executed in due course. Three other explosions followed in quick succession; it is not altogether unsatisfactory to notice that one of them proved fatal to the wretch who was responsible for it. On the 24th of June occurred the assassination of President Carnot, a crime which the Anarchists term an execution; already, two months before, the French Government had found it advisable to publish an album containing about five hundred photographs of Anarchists. In May Joseph Constant Meunier was arrested in London and extradited to Paris; he was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for twenty years, for complicity in blowing up the Restaurant Very on the 25th of April 1892.

In Italy also there was trouble. In January the Anarchists tried to throw a train off the line at Avenza, and to blow up the Monarchical Club at Leghorn. Two persons were killed on the

8th of March by a bomb explosion outside the Chamber of Deputies in Rome, and on the 16th of June Carlo Lega shot at Signor Crispi; Lega was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. Only a fortnight later Signor Bandi, a newspaper director at Leghorn, who had published articles against the Anarchists, was murdered; and other murders took place at Pisa and Empoli. Nor in this year were the Spanish revolutionaries altogether behindhand; as a fellow named Pallas threw a bomb at Marshal Campos during a military review at Barcelona; and this was not the first attempt of the revolutionaries upon the Marshal's life.

In London also these enemies to society gave a certain amount of trouble. During 1894 there were the cases of the shoemaker Charpentier, of Polti and Farnara with their evil designs upon the Stock Exchange, and of Rolla Richards, who got seven years for blowing up a number of post-offices in South London. I also remember the matter of the explosive factory in Chelsea, the arrival of thirty Anarchists together, the explosion in Tilney Street, Mayfair, the house of the present Lord Esher (then the Hon. Reginald Brett, M.P.), and the outrage on the Underground Railway. I have another reason for remember-

ing 1894; in that year I was promoted from the rank of sergeant to that of inspector.

The first case in chronological order is that of George Charpentier. It was only indirectly through his Anarchist principles that he got into trouble; his actual offence was the possession of housebreaking tools. But he was a militant Anarchist, as well as the associate of thieves of all descriptions. He was arrested on the 15th of March. That evening Sergeants Kane, Maguire, Flood, and myself were keeping under observation a certain hairdresser's shop in Bennett Street, Soho. We had been informed that a special Anarchist meeting was to take place that evening, so we kept a watch on the place to see who would attend the meeting. This was a part of our invariable system; of course our object was to become personally acquainted with the appearance of the most dangerous of these people. As we expected, a number of them came along. They went into the house, but very soon came out again. This circumstance suggested that they were simply convened to receive brief definite instructions, without details, on some particular matter. We recognised every one, and those whom we knew to be the most dangerous were followed home by one or other of us. We took this measure in order

to satisfy ourselves that there was not going to be any outrage that evening. Soho being the regular Anarchist rabbit-warren, none of us had to go very far to see these fellows home, and presently we were all collected again at our Bennett Street *rendezvous*. George Charpentier was hanging about the street for a considerable time, like a hawk looking out for pigeons; he never went into the hairdresser's shop at all. At last he seemed to concentrate special attention on one particular house. He would walk up to the door as if to examine it, then look up at the window and walk up and down the street. Presently he made two or three attempts to put something into the lock of the door. Suspecting that he was trying to open it by means of a false key, we decided to take measures; and Kane and I went forward and seized him. Charpentier was about five feet seven inches in height, a strong, sturdy fellow, and he made a valiant resistance; we could not quiet him till I banged his head on the pavement. Then we held him while Maguire searched him, finding a bunch of skeleton keys and an ordinary latchkey. We took him to the station. There he gave a false address. On going to it we found that the skeleton keys opened the door of a studio in Howland Street, while the latchkey opened

the door of a house in the same street, where Charpentier's mistress lived.

He was tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions, before the late Sir Peter Edlin, Q.C., being indicted for having been found by night in the possession of certain housebreaking implements, without any lawful excuse. We described the circumstances of his arrest; Kane said that he knew the prisoner as one of the most violent Anarchists who frequented Tottenham Court Road. When these Anarchists were not stealing they were frequenting the Autonomy and other clubs. Charpentier was the constant companion of Martial Bourdin, who was blown to pieces in Greenwich Park.

Charpentier was found guilty, and sentenced by Sir Peter Edlin to six months' hard labour.

Mr Besley, leading counsel on behalf of the Treasury, said that he was requested by the Treasury to bring before his lordship's notice the service rendered by the officers in bringing to justice such a criminal, and the vigilance they had displayed. Sir Peter Edlin said he entirely concurred in the commendation, and would ask the learned counsel for the Treasury to report this good opinion of all the officers engaged in the case.

It transpired that Charpentier was one of a gang, all aliens, who had a troublesome

habit by night of opening house-doors with false keys and ransacking the halls, helping themselves to whatever came to hand.

Shortly after the conclusion of this case we were busy over a larger and much more important piece of work—the case of Farnara and Polti, the two Italian Anarchists. Polti was a youth of eighteen. He came to England from the neighbourhood of Lake Como and found employment as a traveller for an agency for purveying foreign provisions. He was not long in London without catching the Anarchist fever; he attended Anarchist meetings and imbibed deeply of the vapourings of the blood-thirsty talkers who spread the revolutionary propaganda. He was very illiterate and very enthusiastic, just the sort of fellow who could be induced to commit almost any crime; and, unfortunately for him at this early age, he formed the acquaintance of one Farnara, a compatriot of his. This man Farnara, though absolutely illiterate (he could neither read nor write), was one of the most vicious types of Anarchist that even a police officer could possibly meet with. He was forty-four years of age, and about the most savage, hard-faced, despicable looking creature one could imagine. He and Polti took it into their heads that they must do

something to show their love of Anarchy and their hatred of Society and the capitalist. They agreed, therefore, to prepare a bomb after the description given by Johann Most, the famous German Anarchist, who wrote a book explaining how Anarchists could make bombs themselves and use them against Society without running the risk that would be incurred by having them made to order. Their plan was, when they had got their bomb ready, to take it to the Stock Exchange at noon on a busy day, and throw it into the midst of the "moneyed *bourgeois*" there assembled; they expected that by this means a great number of lives would be sacrificed, and an effective fillip given to Anarchy throughout the world. When Scotland Yard first heard of the preparation of the bomb a watch was instituted and kept by various officers, of whom I was one, upon Polti and Farnara for a whole fortnight without intermission. The men were even shadowed to the shops in the City, Holborn, and Clerkenwell where they bought the explosives piecemeal. Everything bought was taken by Polti to 33 Warner Street, Clerkenwell, where he lived. All the time the two men had not the slightest suspicion. I shall deal in due course with Polti's arrangements with the iron-founder

in the Blackfriars Road; I first record the details of the arrest of the two men.

At about half-past five in the afternoon of Saturday, April 14, I was in the Blackfriars Road with Sergeant Maguire and other officers. We saw Farnara and Polti walk along to No. 240 in that thoroughfare. Polti knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman. He then went away again, but in about a quarter of an hour returned and went inside, leaving Farnara. I kept my eye on the house, where Polti remained for about ten minutes; and during this wait Farnara somehow slipped off. Presently Polti re-appeared, holding under his coat a parcel which contained the bomb. He looked up and down for Farnara; but not seeing that individual anywhere, he turned towards Clerkenwell, mounting an omnibus on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge, going city-wards. My colleagues and I followed and got on to the same omnibus. Polti sat down on one of the front seats and I sat next him. He was very much agitated; his breathing was short and quick, and his arm, which touched mine, kept quivering; several times he peered anxiously about as though looking for Farnara. He had no suspicion of me, and opened his parcel and looked at the

bomb inside, apparently with much admiration. The instructions given to me were that Polti was to be arrested at his lodgings in Clerkenwell. I was pondering the question of how this would work out; it was nearly six o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and Polti's lodgings in Clerkenwell abutted on Saffron Hill, where the Italian colony is to be found. I was afraid that if the attempt was made to take him into custody there, a struggle might follow; and I realised that with so many of his compatriots at hand there might be trouble. A fugitive might easily give his pursuers the slip in the maze of alleys and courts which forms the Italian quarter. Even in broad daylight it is a very confusing neighbourhood. Also I knew that the explosives for charging the bomb were at his lodgings. In the excitement and confusion of the arrest the explosives might be taken away or disposed of by some means, however prompt and energetic the action of the police might be. So I decided to arrest Polti before he reached Warner Street. At Farringdon Road he left the omnibus and turned into Ray Street. As he walked along he looked back several times, as though he fancied that he was being watched. I felt sure that he was going straight home. So I

walked up abreast with him. He looked me straight in the face and then glanced into a shop window to see if I would pass him, as if he had a sudden inspiration of my identity. Turning round again from the window he raised the parcel in both his hands as if to throw it into the road. Then Sergeant Maguire and I apprehended him. I said:—

"I'm a police officer, and I want to know what you have in that parcel."

He said: "It is iron; it is a boiler. I will show you where I bought it. I am honest; I am not a thief."

I said: "I am not satisfied with that explanation: you must come with me to the station."

He surrendered quite meekly; indeed if he had resisted his chance would have been a poor one, as he was a weedy fellow of very moderate physique. We got into a cab and drove to Scotland Yard. On the way he remarked:—

"This was not for myself, although I paid the money for it. It is for a friend abroad. I met a man in the street some weeks back who went with me when I ordered it at Mr Cohen's shop in Blackfriars Road. He was an Italian, and could speak French, but no

English. I don't know his name, nor where he lives."

Shortly before seven we reached the Yard and saw Inspector Quinn. In the prisoner's hearing, I said: "I have found this iron casting in possession of this man at the corner of Ray Street and Farringdon Road, and he does not give a satisfactory account of it." The prisoner gave his name, and his address as 55 Grey Street, Waterloo Road. Quinn asked him what he wanted with the shell, to which he replied, "I was sending it as a present to my brother in Italy. He sends me presents."

Quinn asked: "Is it not a peculiar thing to send as a present? What use does your brother require it for?"

Polti replied: "There are very funny things sent as presents. I cannot tell you what use he might put it to."

We then searched him, and found four keys and a number of documents. One of the latter appeared to be a recipe, written in some foreign language, for the manufacture of explosives; another was a receipt from this Mr Cohen for 7s. 6d. in the name of Polti for "steam fittings," and another was a receipt for 3s. in the name of M. Carnot on account of "work done." With

regard to the iron casting, Polti said that it was made at Mr Cohen's shop. There was a little tube inside, which he said Mr Cohen threw in as a makeweight. He went on to say: "The receipt for 3s. refers to work done at Mr Norris's in Waterloo Road, and not yet finished. I gave the name of Carnot when I ordered it. Carnot was the man who went with me to Mr Cohen's shop. I first met him in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, now three weeks ago. He was going to send the things to my brother in the north of Italy as a present. He makes me presents. I live at 55 Grey Street, Waterloo Road, and if you go there you will not find anything but that I am honest."

He was taken to Bow Street and charged. He observed:—

"I wish to say that this does not belong to me. I was sent for it by Emile Carnot. The chlorate and all the other things were ordered by him; and the sulphuric acid he sent me for. I gave a shilling for it. All I wish to say is that I have known him three weeks, and that he came from Paris a year ago."

In the meantime Melville, Quinn, and myself had been to Warner Street. We saw

Mr Riva, Polti's landlord, explained that we were police officers, and asked him to show us any property there was of Polti's. We were shown a trunk which Quinn opened with one of the keys found on the prisoner. The trunk contained a quantity of clothing, also a box containing a white fluid and labelled "Sulphuric acid." There were also found a parcel containing a brown paper bag holding about a pound of yellow powder, a smaller packet containing brown powder, and a report by Major Morant on Alfred Nobel's dynamite. There was, besides, an exercise-book, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "Long live Anarchy. Down with laws and government." The entries in a book were in a foreign language. The words "Vile Melville" occurred in it. Subsequently, Quinn saw Polti at King's Cross police station, and told him that Mr Riva had handed over the trunk, and that those articles had been found in it. Polti said: "Yes. Mr Riva does not know anything about the bottle or chlorates."

On the following day Melville and other officers made a further examination of Polti's lodging. There was much excitement among the Italians on Saffron Hill over this arrest. A resident in a house adjacent to 33 Warner Street said to a pressman: "The houses all

around here are shebeens. Every second house in the neighbourhood is a shebeen, and drunken orgies can be witnessed day and night."

Father Rossi, of the Italian Church, said: "I am not afraid of my dear people; but I am afraid of the secret societies, which undermine Society. We have in this parish about three thousand Italians, and I am sorry to say that only about twelve-hundred are amenable to the Church. We of the clergy have noticed discontent lately among our people, and this is simply due, in my opinion, to the manifestations of secret societies, with which, I am sorry to say, my poor countrymen intermingle."

Colonel Majendie, Inspector of Explosives to the Home Office, examined the iron case and forwarded a report thereon to Scotland Yard and to the Home Office. In that report he stated that the bomb was made in a shape well known on the Continent, and designed with a view to a minimum of space and a maximum of destruction. He was of opinion that it must have been made either from a pattern or from drawings, and could not be used for engineering purposes.

Before his trial Polti made a statement to the police, which was put in writing. He brought grave charges against many foreign

Anarchists; but declared that the Anarchists had no wish to do any harm in England. They only wished to rid Continental nations of their system of government and taxation. The papers found in Polti's rooms were taken charge of by the Solicitors' Department of the Treasury.

There was a rather curious story going about which related to the arrest of Polti. Sergeant Maguire, who was with me on that Saturday afternoon, when I followed Polti on to an omnibus, sat down immediately behind him. He watched Polti take the bomb out of its wrappings and scrutinize it. A young man who was sitting next to Maguire remarked to him, by way of conversation, "This is a nice rain."

"Yes," said Maguire, whose thoughts were with the bomb.

"It will do the country a lot of good," said the young man.

"Yes," replied Maguire, with sarcastic reference to the bomb, "it will do an immense amount of good."

"But," went on his interlocutor, "there is hardly enough of it."

"Is there not?" replied Maguire, thinking what damage might be done with the bomb; "I think there is far too much of it."

At this point the other man rose to leave the omnibus. As he did so he remarked severely, "I see you know nothing of agriculture and the need of rain; I am sorry I spoke."

But this rebuke was lost on Maguire; he was too much preoccupied.

Polti went before Mr Vaughan at Bow Street Police Court, and in due course was committed for trial. Shortly after the Bow Street inquiry, there appeared in *The Commonweal* some comments on the matter which are not altogether unamusing. The whole passage is headed:—

"NOTES

"Our fathers fought for right of thought,
And bled for right of speech;
And we'll fight too, for right to do
What seemeth right to each. M.

"HORRIBLE DISCOVERY! GREAT ANARCHIST CONSPIRACY! BOMBS AND EXPLOSIVES FOUND!!! How gratifying to be sure! How delicious the rancid bacon and the salt kipper or new laid (?) eggs must have tasted on the morning that this news appeared upon the placards of the papers. The 'able editors' of course complimented Scotland Yard upon its sagacity, shrewdness, tenacity, and heroism. Polti,

the Italian lad of eighteen, was denounced as a dangerous and well-known desperado, a *confrère* of Martial Bourdin, one of the 'inner circle,' whom the Criminal Investigation Department had had under their surveillance for a considerable period, etc., etc. But the whole affair lies in a nutshell; and, as usual, the shell is very large and the kernel very small. That is, of course, if the rest of the yarn is true. If it is only as true as the first part, then the whole affair is only a get up, and the British public have been *had* again."

Further on, the writer remarks:—

"His room was searched, and the police, the truth-telling police, say that in his box were liquids and powders that were highly explosive, which have been handed on to the government experts and analysts. This is all! How clever! how shrewd! how wonderful! the clue—the chase—the capture!!! Why, Vidocq, the marvellous man-hunter of France, wasn't in it with Melville & Co. But Melville has been promoted to the Chief Inspectorship."

"A few days after Polti's capture an alleged accomplice was arrested at a house in Stratford, who gave his name as Farandi, and admitted that he was the 'Carnot' sought for. Although it was asserted and published

in every London paper that he was the 'financial' organiser of Anarchy in England, etc., he presented a most ragged and wretched appearance when brought before the court. No papers or money or 'compounds' were found on him or at his lodgings, and the 'international plot' resolves itself into an affair between two poor fellows without either means or discretion. Melville, you are really a genius, but you are very disappointing after all."

(As a matter of fact, the individual referred to in this paragraph is Farnara, with whose case I deal directly.)

"How many more lessons are required to teach us what not to do. Walsall proved how plots and conspiracies lead to failure; the Greenwich Park explosion [1] proved how foolish and dangerous it is to meddle with compounds that one is not familiar with; Polti, again, has shown how risky it is to trade with shopkeepers in things that are of necessity uncommon and suspicious. But these experiences, for which others have suffered, will surely be of some use to men of ordinary intelligence, who may, perhaps, be forced by circumstances to consider ways and means."

[1] When Martial Bourdin was blown to pieces with his own bomb.

I mentioned that when we followed up Polti on the 14th of April his confederate Farnara managed to dodge away. For some days he succeeded in evading arrest. Then on the afternoon of Saturday the 21st we heard that Farnara had been seen a day or two previously in the neighbourhood of Stratford, Bow, and that he was working in the kitchen of an Italian lodging-house. As this information was considered trustworthy, Inspector Quinn, Sergeant Maguire, and I, with other officers, went out to Stratford that evening. Before we started, instructions had been sent by telegraph to the local officers to meet us at a certain rendezvous. There we held a short conference, and decided to visit and search all the known Italian lodging-houses in the vicinity. So we waited till midnight had struck, and then went to the most likely house, the one which we knew to contain most Italians of the worst type. We had no success there, and as we feared that some of the Italians we saw there might know Farnara's whereabouts and after our departure might go out and warn him of our search, we found the nearest uniformed constable and posted him at the house door to see that no one went out. A detective was also left within view of the house to

follow anybody who might sneak out at the back. We went to various other houses, adopting the same precautions at each. After drawing blank several times, we entered one bedroom by a back window, climbing different walls and boardings in order to do so. Clearly it was most necessary for us to act with the utmost secrecy. In this bedroom, at about twenty minutes to two on Sunday morning, we found Farnara asleep, sharing a bed with the son of his landlord. There were six other men in the room, in separate beds. It was quite a respectable house. The landlord was a quiet, industrious man, and the men were all working for him on a contract job of asphalting some thoroughfares near the Crystal Palace. He and they had been away together all the week, and he had only just come home that night, not knowing that he would find Farnara in the house. We had scarcely entered the room and focussed a "bull's eye" lantern on the man nearest to us when Farnara, a very short, fair-haired, haggard-looking man, sat up in bed and exclaimed, "What do you want?" We said, "We want you; put your clothes on and come."

Farnara went on: "It is all right. You are the stronger party. I am the man you are looking for, but I should like to know how

you learned I was here. How was it you came straight to my bed? You were well informed."

He spoke in Italian, and Maguire, who was acquainted with that language, replied in it: "You will be charged with being concerned with Polti in having in your possession explosive compounds." Farnara said, "It is right, but it is Polti who had them." Then I stood by him while he dressed, and we took him out of the room without having awakened any of the others, not even his bedfellow, a youth of about eighteen. We took him to the station, and then returned to the house to make inquiries. The landlord could not give us any particulars as to how long Farnara had been there, how he had got there, and what he had been doing since he came. The landlady, who was an Italian, gave us a partially intelligible account of his movements. We went into the bedroom again and found the six men still asleep. They had all been working hard, and on coming to the house that evening had made themselves sleepier by imbibing large quantities of beer at their landlord's expense. The lad with whom Farnara was sleeping had awakened, and on finding his companion gone had been looking under the bed for him.

We questioned the youth, but could get practically nothing out of him.

At West Ham Police Station Maguire read to Farnara a statement which had been made by Polti. It ran as follows :—

"Bow Street Police Station,
"April 15, 1894.

"I now give this information concerning this machine. About three weeks ago I went to Mr Cohen's, in Blackfriars Road, as interpreter to M. Carnot, better known as Piermonte, who lodges at Blackhill, Clerkenwell, to order a machine with him. When we came back we sent for a shilling bottle of sulphuric acid, and he gave me a portion of powder to take care of for him. Then he sent me to order another for him, and gave me three shillings to pay on account. On Saturday, April 14th, he sent me down to get a machine. On the way back to him I met a police officer, and was arrested on suspicion of being an Anarchist. I am not an Anarchist. I hate them because they are too dangerous for me. The time to find him at his lodgings is about ten at night, or at his work between ten and eight o'clock. If you wish to go there you will have to ask for Piermonte, because he is known by that name."

On hearing this statement read Farnara said

that Polti bought the bottles for himself. While he was being conducted to Bow Street he said :—

"If I had money you would not have taken me like this. I would have bought revolvers and placed them round me. I would have shot everyone who approached me. I would have continued firing as long as I could. I should have killed a good many of you before being overpowered. I was an idiot to go to Bow Street when Meunier's affair was on, and worse still to have written my name for that policeman (Sergeant Walsh). When you have been searching for me day and night, I have laid awake knowing it was myself who had furnished you with my name and description. I went to Bow Street expressly to see Melville, so that I might be able to recognise him again, as I meant to kill him; and if Polti's affair had not taken place he would now be a dead man. Three or four days after seeing him at Bow Street would have been his term, but I had no money. If I had I would have bought a five or six-chambered revolver, concealed it in my sash, or finished Melville with a poniard, for a revolver makes too much noise, and gives an alarm. If I could not succeed in making my escape, I would have shot down all I could, and would

have done for six of you. Melville has arrested, or caused to be arrested, too many of my comrades. In my opinion, it is necessary to remove him. I know what this means, but what does it matter to me? Fifteen, twenty, or perhaps thirty years. But what does it mean? I am getting old. In two or three years I shall have ceased to exist. I do not blame Polti for making the statement concerning me. He is young. The idea was not strong enough in him. With me it is different. I did go with Polti to Blackfriars Road to order the bomb. If I had money I would have taken it to France or Italy; but having no money I meant to have used it in London at the Royal Exchange. England is the richest country, and at the Exchange there would be more rich people together than at any other place. I would have thrown my bomb, and have escaped if I could. If not, I should have been taken. I am taken now, but I should have blown up a good number of the *bourgeois* and capitalists in the Exchange. It would only be execution for them after all. If I have failed, others will take my place. One or two have failed, but the third will succeed. I have no religion, but am set upon carrying out my idea. If we do not succeed by one method we will adopt others, but suc-

ceed we shall, and in two or three years there will not be a government in existence here or elsewhere."

It will be noticed that Farnara confounded in his mind the Royal Exchange and the Stock Exchange. That is an error not confined to foreigners. This account, with these statements, was given by Quinn and Maguire at the inquiry at Bow Street. When the depositions were read over to the prisoner, he declared that he did not say that Inspector Melville would soon be a dead man. Maguire contradicted him, upon which Farnara shrugged his shoulders and said that it did not signify. He was remanded, and subsequently committed for trial.

Giuseppe Farnara and Francesco Polti appeared at the Central Criminal Court on May 3rd, 1894, before Mr Justice Hawkins. They were indicted "for that they, on April 14th last, feloniously had in their possession and under their control a certain explosive substance—namely, an iron cylinder fitted with two iron caps, being a machine adapted for causing an explosion with an explosive substance therein, with intent by means thereof to endanger life in the United Kingdom." Other counts alleged that their intention was to cause serious injury to property in the United King-

dom, or to enable some other person to endanger life in the United Kingdom.

Mr Charles Mathews and Mr Avory appeared for the Crown; Mr Farrelly represented Polti.

Farnara said: "I am guilty; I wanted to kill the capitalists." Polti pleaded: "Not Guilty." Farnara was therefore ordered to stand back, and the indictment against Polti was proceeded with.

In opening the case, Mr Mathews stated that in February Polti was taken into employment as a traveller by an Italian provision dealer in Clerkenwell, named Riva. Polti came from the neighbourhood of Lake Como. The learned counsel described how Polti had in his possession a copy of a New York paper printed in Italian, containing a sympathetic reference to the death of Vaillant; and a manuscript book containing a statement to the effect that he sympathised with Vaillant and Henry, and was himself an Anarchist, and determined to avenge the death of Vaillant. A letter was written by him to his parents in Italy, in which he said that they would never see him again and he had determined to sacrifice his life; on May 16th, 1894, he would no longer be living.

Mr John Ernest Cohen, of Blackfriars Road,

said that he was the son of Mr Cohen, who carried on an engineer's business there. On March 30th he saw Polti and Farnara at the shop. Polti asked if they could have a piece of iron piping. The three of them went to a stack of iron in the yard behind the shop, and Polti and Farnara chose a piece, talking all the time to one another in a foreign language which the witness did not understand. Then Polti paid down half-a-crown as a deposit, and said that he would come back for the piping.

Mr Thomas Smith, the manager of this establishment, testified that on April 5th Polti came in and said that he had come about the socket and piece of piping. He said that he would not take them away, but would pay down another eighteenpence. He asked the witness to cut them for him in a particular way. Mr Smith declined to undertake this bit of work, but gave Polti the address of an engineer who would. Polti paid the eighteenpence and went away, but in a few days later he came in again. He said that he had not been able to get the pipe cut, because of the expense, and again asked Mr Smith to do it for him. The witness repeated his negative, and asked Polti what was the exact kind of article that he wanted. Polti said: "A piece of pipe with the ends closed." Mr Smith said

he thought he could suggest something to answer the purpose; what was the purpose of the article? The prisoner replied that it was not for him, but for another man, who was very poor. From that time Mr Smith began to suspect that what was wanted was a bomb. A couple of days later the prisoner reappeared, but he came after hours, so that the shop was closed and he got nothing. The witness put the facts before the police, and Inspector Quinn and Sergeant Riley kept a close watch on the establishment and its customers. On Saturday, April 14th, Polti called again. The shop was closed, and the police watching outside. The witness took him to the back of the shop and showed him the article, which was now complete. Polti said it was just the thing, and took it away.

Mr Robert Miller, engineer, of Lancaster Street, Borough Road, said that on the evening of April 9th the prisoner came to his place of business and said he wanted a piece of pipe six or eight inches long, with the ends stopped up by two plates and a bolt passing through. He gave the name of Carnot, and the address of 2 Garnault Street, Clerkenwell. The witness executed the order, but the prisoner never came again, so he (the witness) kept the article till April 16th, when he handed it over to Sergeant

Maguire. His knowledge of the trade did not suggest to him any lawful purpose for which the instrument could be required.

On being cross-examined he said that he did not suspect that it was intended for a bomb.

The article was produced in Court. It consisted of two metal caps five inches in diameter, with a screw-thread running round them internally. A third piece carried an external screw, and was of smaller diameter, so that it fitted the screws on the interiors of the caps. The two caps could be screwed up on the connecting piece till they met, making a shell of great resisting power about six inches long and of an internal diameter about three and a half inches, capable of holding a large quantity of explosive. A hole for a tube fuse could easily have been bored at either end.

Evidence was given proving the purchase by the prisoner on April 9th of a two-pound bottle of sulphuric acid.

Mr Riva, provision merchant of Warner Street, Clerkenwell, said that the prisoner, being then in his employ, brought the beforementioned trunk to his premises in February, and showed him the contents. The witness saw the police open the trunk on April 14th, and take out a bottle of acid and two packets of powder, which were not part of the contents

of the trunk when they were shown to him. He also saw the police take out a manuscript copy book which he had seen in Polti's possession; it contained matter which he believed to be in Polti's handwriting. The recipe found on Polti, stated to be for polenta, was also in his handwriting.

Cross-examined, Mr Riva said that he had seen the prisoner copying from a book—a novel. He was so illiterate that he might very easily fail to understand the drift of what he was writing down. He was very fond of copying.

A man named Cesare Piazzi stated that he had had a conversation with the prisoner in Easter week. The prisoner showed him a newspaper and talked about Anarchy. He said that the Anarchists had very nearly done on the Continent, and were going to start in England very soon.

I described my arrest of Polti and the subsequent proceedings.

Inspector Quinn said that he was at Bow Street Police Station when the prisoner was brought thither; the prisoner declared that he was innocent, and wrote a statement, which he signed. He said, "Don't tell Piermonte what I have done or he will kill me." The witness replied, "Very well."

The learned judge read this statement, which was to the effect that Polti went to Mr Cohen's as interpreter for Carnot, who was also known as Piermonte. Carnot gave him the packets of powder and told him to buy the sulphuric acid. Polti also said that he was not an Anarchist, and hated the Anarchists, as they were too numerous for him.

Dr Duprê, F.R.S., Chemical Adviser to the Explosives Department of the Home Office, gave some technical evidence, describing the powders in detail. One of them had very strong explosive powers, and, placed in such a machine, would have made a very powerful bomb. He knew of no lawful purpose for which the machine could be used.

Colonel Majendie agreed with the previous witness.

Witnesses were called to speak to Polti's previous good character.

In the course of his speech for the defence, Mr Farrelly said that Polti was a young man of humble means, and the time at his disposal for the preparation of the defence was but limited. The prisoner's friends had hoped that the Italian consul would have provided the means for the defence, but he seemed to look upon the offence as one of a political

character, in respect of which the funds at his disposal were not available.

Mr. Avory thought that the learned counsel was exceeding his rights, and that the views of the Italian consul ought not to be placed before the jury.

Mr Justice Hawkins did not wish to interfere if counsel considered the matter would avail him anything; but what the Italian consul thought would not alter the facts.

Continuing, Mr Farrelly asked the jury to divert their minds of prejudice. The intent to cause an explosion in the United Kingdom was essential to constitute the offence, and the only evidence which in any degree supported that view was that of an Italian lad whose testimony did not accord with his statements in the police-court. The mere expression of an opinion that the Anarchists were coming amounted to nothing. He asked the jury to regard the so-called diary as the copy-book only of a boy who did not realise the importance of the wild words he wrote down in the varying changes of his fancy. Polti himself was illiterate, and utterly incapable of composing the matter he wrote in the book, and his explanation was that the statement in the copy-book was an adaptation from an Italian newspaper. In a country

like England, where so much freedom and liberty existed, it was hardly probable or conceivable that any idea of an explosion could be entertained by the Anarchists. He begged the jury, as they were administering a penal statute, not to be carried away by feelings of reprobation and condemnation, such as those which undoubtedly controlled the public mind.

A verdict of "Guilty" was returned in the case of both prisoners.

On being asked if he had anything to say, Farnara replied: "I have to say that Polti knew nothing about this. I gave the things to him to keep. I asked him to go to the manufactory in order to ask for these things, but he did not know what they were intended for, and because he did not know this he gave the order wrongly. The things made there are worth nothing. If I had ordered them they would have been properly made, but as Polti did not know exactly what he was ordering, the machine was practically useless for the purpose for which it had been intended." Farnara also said: "I regret not being able to carry out our bomb as we had intended to carry out our project and kill thousands of the *bourgeoisie*."

When sentence was passed, twenty years' penal servitude in Farnara's case and ten in

Polti's, the latter called out, "Shame, Shame!" Farnara shouted, "Vive L'Anarchie"; and as he was being removed from the Court the hardened sinner said: "To-day you make the laws; another day we shall make the laws"!

Mr Mathews called the attention of the judge to the conduct of Mr Smith, who deserved the thanks of the community for having informed the police of the character of the bomb he had been asked to make.

Mr Justice Hawkins expressed the opinion that Mr Smith had acted most discreetly and most courageously.

Mr Mathews also mentioned the officers engaged in the case. The judge said: "I think they are all deserving of the highest commendation for their courageous conduct in this case."

We officers were all handsomely rewarded by the Government. Mr Smith was a most intelligent witness. Before the trial he gave the police a most graphic description of what passed between him and the prisoners, and bore it out in his evidence at the Old Bailey. The Government awarded him £50. The officers who were in the case sent him a letter of congratulation. This he has since had framed; I have seen it among his effects.

Polti was eighteen at his conviction; at seventeen he married, and at the time of his arrest his wife, having just given birth to twins, was lying very dangerously ill in Highgate Infirmary.

CHAPTER XI

ANARCHISTS AT WORK—*continued*

ALLEGED EXPLOSIVE FACTORY IN CHELSEA—THE AUTONOMY CLUB AGAIN—KEEPING RABBITS UNDERGROUND—AN UNEXPECTED VERDICT—THIRTY ANARCHISTS IN A BATCH—OUTRAGE IN MAYFAIR—LORD BRAMPTON—FATAL EXPLOSION ON METROPOLITAN RAILWAY—LOUISE MICHEL—A FEW REMARKS.

EARLY in 1893 a certain Fritz Brall, a German by nationality, and a cabinet-maker by trade, arrived in this country, and was not long in making himself well-known among London Anarchists by the part he took in the revolutionary propaganda. He and his wife lodged on the second floor of 20 Pitt Street, Tottenham Court Road, near the Autonomy Club in Windmill Street, of which he was a member. His rooms were frequented by foreign revolutionaries, and the other lodgers in the house noticed that luggage was constantly being carried into or brought out of Brall's lodgings. One of these constant foreign visitors was a man named Schapiro, a Russian Nihilist, who lived in Whitechapel and was a student of medicine. He carried out in Brall's rooms a

series of experiments with small quantities of acid to show how an effectual use could be made of large quantities. Some English people in the house became alarmed at the frequency of these experiments, and made complaints about the noise and about the quantity of foreigners who constantly streamed in and out. None of the other tenants visited his rooms, but the result of their complaints was that on February 17, 1894, at five o'clock in the morning, Brall and his wife went through a process very like that known in some quarters as "shooting the moon." In fact, they took themselves off with their goods, without having given notice of their intention to leave. Their movements for the next few days were not traced, but on February 24 they established themselves in Jubilee Place, Chelsea; on April 30 they moved, this time giving notice to leave, to 54 Park Walk, also in Chelsea. Here Brall had a house to himself at an annual rental of £36. This was really more than he could afford, as although married, he was sometimes out of work. We continued watching his movements, and soon observed that many compatriots of his from Soho and the East End visited him. One daily visitor of his was a German named Ricken, who lived in Cleveland Street, Soho.

Besides being a militant Anarchist, this fellow Ricken was known to have had fires in places where he had lived, both house and furniture being heavily insured. Another man, Lesbros, was a notorious Dutch Anarchist, very much under Brall's thumb; he moved from Soho to Jubilee Place, Chelsea, so as to be near Brall. He was said to know a good deal about the ingredients required for dynamite.

Brall found some work as a cabinet-maker, and at his place of business made the acquaintance of a Mr Colam, a man of unquestioned respectability. Brall asked if he could have letters addressed to him at the shop; but as there was some difficulty about this he asked Mr Colam if he would allow his house to be used as an address. The latter consented, and consequently received a considerable number of letters and periodicals from abroad, which he handed on to Brall. On May 31 a party consisting of Sergeants Walsh, Flood, and myself and three other officers, all under Melville, went to 54 Park Walk. Brall was not in, but we searched his house and found an immense quantity of unusual articles. In a room in the basement was discovered a square wooden box containing metal and appliances used in making counterfeit coin. In another room were found an electric

battery, which the prisoner afterwards said was his, a number of bottles containing powerful acids, glass tubes, and other apparatus and chemicals. In yet another room, under a bed, was a portmanteau containing plaster moulds for manufacturing coins, including some half-crowns and five-franc pieces. There was also a quantity of printed matter and documents. Brall being out, I was sent to fetch him; I went to the yard where he worked and brought him along from there. At the house I asked him what he did with those things, and what he used them for. He said that they were left with him twelve months ago by a Russian Jew named Schapiro, who lived in Whitechapel and studied medicine. With respect to the coining moulds, he said:

"They were given to me by a Frenchman who lived in Cleveland Street. I don't know his name."

Subsequently he said to me: "You know the man well enough—his name is Fritz."

At the police-court inquiry and the Old Bailey trial Brall told a very curious story about a deep square hole which we found in the area of 54 Park Walk. He had removed some of the flagstones and dug this hole. It was several feet deep and three or four feet

wide. From some information communicated to us, we suspected that a private storehouse was what this cavity was intended for, where the acids and other ingredients for explosives could be kept safe from discovery by the police. However, we raided the house before the project could be fully developed. Whether such was really Brall's intention or not, it is impossible to say; he asserted before Mr De Rutzen and before Mr Justice Grantham that he dug the hole to keep rabbits in! The earth would keep them warm, and he saw no other place so convenient. As a matter of fact he had no rabbits at the time.

On July 3, 1894, Fritz Brall was indicted before Mr Justice Grantham at the Central Criminal Court for feloniously and knowingly having in his possession and under his control explosive substances under such circumstances as to give rise to the reasonable suspicion that he did not have them for a lawful object. A large number of counsel were retained, several of whom have since taken silk. Mr C. F. Gill, Mr Bodkin, Mr A. Gill, and Mr Guy Stephenson appeared for the Director of Public Prosecutions; Mr Farrelly (who defended Polti), Mr Lyddon Surrage, and Mr Mostyn Cleaver appeared for the defence. Mr E. Partridge was present on behalf of the

Mint. The prisoner pleaded "not guilty." I give the details of the trial in a condensed form.

Mr C. F. Gill, in opening the case, said that the charge was framed under the Explosive Companies Act of 1883; the duty rested on the prisoner of explaining how it was he had explosive substances in his possession; these were a number of cartridges, some filled with powder only, some with powder and bullets, an electric battery, a quantity of acids, and an eighth of an ounce of fulminate of mercury. The prisoner had lived at 20 Pitt Street, Tottenham Court Road, and was a member of the Autonomy Club. The other people in the house noticed that a great many foreigners visited him. He had been heard speaking on the position of the working man and on social questions, expressing very strong opinions. Shortly before Christmas, 1893, the lodgers in the room over the prisoner's apartments one day heard a rather loud explosion. Once smoke was seen coming from his window. Counsel submitted that at that time the prisoner was making experiments with explosives. None of the other tenants went into his rooms. On May 31, when he was living at 54 Park Walk, Chelsea, Chief Inspector Melville and other officers visited

that house. As he was not in an officer went to his place of business and fetched him. On being arrested he said, "What's up now? Are you looking for more dynamite?" and later on he said, "I wish I had nothing to do with those fellows." The house was thoroughly searched from top to bottom, and various articles found. There were the things mentioned in the indictment; there were the ingredients for making the explosive fulminate of mercury; and there was a bottle containing fulminate of mercury, showing that it had been made. A great many newspapers and letters were also found. On being asked to account for them Brall said that they were ordinary letters from comrades and friends which anyone might receive in the usual way. Being asked about the apparatus, he said that the battery was his, but that he knew nothing about the other things, as they had been left with him twelve months ago by a Russian Pole who was studying chemistry in the East End. The police also found some recipes for explosives, one of which was called "Explosive Vaillant," and a photograph of Vaillant. There were recipes for fulminate of mercury, gun-cotton, and nitro-glycerine. There were some Anarchist newspapers in French, Dutch, and German, and a pamphlet entitled, "Scien-

tific Revolutionary Warfare." This pamphlet was a very remarkable work, and the mere possession of it unexplained should be made as serious an offence as the possession of explosive materials. It was written in German, and dealt with the whole duty of Anarchists. Most minute and detailed instructions were given as to how explosives should be prepared, and how the most ignorant could acquire sufficient knowledge and skill to prepare them; how and with what success they could be used, how so as to cause the greatest destruction to life and property, and how the user himself should be protected. The pamphlet also gave instructions concerning the conduct of the man who engaged in this warfare against society which was to make any form of government impossible; what, if unsuccessful, his conduct was to be during his trial; he was to defend himself to the last, and then if he found the case hopeless he was to use the dock as a platform in order to give vent to the doctrines of Anarchy, especially those set forth in the pamphlet.

Evidence was given for the prosecution. Dr Dupré described the result of his examination of the chemicals found. There were bottles containing nitric acid, sulphuric

acid, and methylated spirits, and one containing a small quantity of fulminate of mercury, which was a very high explosive. Blank cartridges might be used for starting an explosion with an infernal machine.

On being cross-examined, the witness said that he did not suggest that the electric battery found with the length of wire which it had was suitable for causing an explosion. No ingredients had been found for the "Explosive Vaillant," or for gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine.

Mr Farrelly, arguing on scientific grounds, submitted that there was no evidence that Brall was knowingly in possession of fulminate of mercury.

His lordship overruled the objection.

Mr Farrelly, for the defence, said that the prisoner was well known to entertain strong opinions against any resort to outrage. It had been shown that many of the chemicals found were quite innocent. It would be proved that the articles found in Brall's possession had been left by a fellow-workman studying medicine, who had left them because he was going back to the Continent. There was no concealment about the substances. The methylated spirit and others could be used in cabinet-making. There were three groups of

Anarchists, of which one strongly objected to the commission of outrages. With regard to the newspapers found, some of them were printed in a language which the prisoner could not read.

Dr Teed, public analyst for Islington and Camberwell, gave scientific evidence which went to show that Brall had certainly not had enough fulminate of mercury in his possession to do mischief.

A cabinet-maker named Bosman spoke to having once been in the prisoner's residence at Jubilee Place, Chelsea, when a box was brought thither in the prisoner's absence by a man who appeared to be French. Witness had never heard the prisoner advocate the use of violence. The use of gunpowder was the quickest and cheapest means of cleaning flues.

Mr Henry Schwandler, a cabinet-maker, said that he was a naturalised British subject. He gave a list of chemicals used in cabinet-making, of which sulphuric acid was one. Electric batteries were sometimes used for cleaning brass. The prisoner was a very skilled and industrious workman; and witness had never heard him advocate the use of violence.

Other evidence was given, all to the effect

that Brall was strongly opposed to the use of violence.

Mrs Brall was now put into the box. She said that when living in Pitt Street they had had a stove which smoked; her husband cleared the flue by means of gunpowder. She remembered that a man, a student of chemistry, had brought to the house a portmanteau containing glass articles, and had asked her husband to take care of it, as he was going to Paris. A box of cartridges was also left. The articles found by the police were those which had been thus brought. She had tried to find this man, but without success. She remembered a box being brought to the house in Jubilee Place, her husband being out at the time, by a man, who asked if he could leave it for a few weeks, as he was a friend of her husband's. She was accustomed to hearing requests made of this kind.

After some other witnesses had been questioned, Brall gave evidence on his own behalf. He said that he used gunpowder for clearing the flue. A man, a Russian Pole, had left the portmanteau containing the chemicals, saying that he was going to Paris; on being questioned he said that there was nothing dangerous in the chemicals. He, the prisoner, never advocated the use of violence. He used acids,

methylated spirits, and potash in his trade of cabinet-making.

Cross-examined by Mr C. F. Gill, the prisoner said that he was not an Anarchist but a Socialist. He used to visit the Autonomy Club. He did not know that there were pictures hung there of people who had committed outrages. He used to go to the Autonomy Club to dance with his wife. He did not know Vaillant personally. He had a memorial card of Bourdin. He had not read the pamphlet which had been left by the man who left the chemicals.

Mr Farrelly concluded. It was clearly proved that the explosive substances had been left by the man who asked Brall to take care of them. When the explosions were heard at 20 Pitt Street, it merely meant that a flue was being cleaned with gunpowder.

His lordship summed up in a manner that certainly could not be described as strongly adverse to the prisoner; and the jury, after only deliberating for a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Mr Partridge, on the matter of the moulds for five-franc pieces and half-crowns, sought the opinion of the learned judge as to whether he should press a charge of coining. Mr Justice Grantham was of opinion that the

learned counsel would have no chance of establishing a case, and Mr Partridge consequently decided to take no steps. Brall was accordingly released, the judge observing that it was quite a case for thorough investigation.

The acquittal of Brall caused general surprise. We had fully expected that he would be found guilty and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. But, for one thing, that extraordinary story of his about the rabbits was accepted. The Government analyst, Dr Dupré, who experimented with the acids found in the bottles, formed an opinion quite different from that of Dr Teed, the independent analyst employed by the defence. The latter considered that there was not sufficient material for a serious explosion. The weight of evidence was certainly on Dr Teed's side, but that did not seem enough to absolve the prisoner from criminal motives. The fact of his possession of moulds for the manufacture of base coin suggested that his character was not entirely unimpeachable. Not altogether unnaturally, the Anarchists were for some time quite jubilant over the result of the trial; some of them boasted that they had sent threatening letters to the judge and thereby frightened him. Whether such letters were actually sent one cannot of course tell; that may or may not have

been mere vapouring on the part of the Anarchists.

The police were not particularly pleased when thirty Spaniards, avowed Anarchists, arrived in Great Britain nearly destitute. They came from Buenos Ayres and landed at Liverpool. The authorities there observed their arrival and kept them under surveillance till they reached London. At Euston I made one of a party from the Yard which met and shadowed them. They marched in a body from the station to the Communist Club in Tottenham Street, where they obtained shelter and refreshment for the time being till their comrades in this country learnt of their presence and found lodgings for them in groups of four or five together with themselves or in private hotels. Some of them, not succeeding in finding employment here, made their way to the Continent and returned to Spain; others stayed in London for some months; but after a short period they had all taken themselves off again except one or two who are still here. Being unable to speak English they found it rather difficult to get along. Practically they had to go as soon as possible, as their respectable compatriots over here declined to have anything to do with them. While they were over here we never lost sight of them, as they looked

a hardy, vigorous mob, capable of doing a great deal of mischief. They were an unwashen, sinister, forbidding crew, and their presence caused a distinct flutter among the other Anarchists here, although there were no revolutionary outbreaks. I never before saw so many Anarchists together as when they were walking along the Euston Road and Tottenham Court Road on the day of their arrival in London. I should have liked to take a snap-shot of them. But here again I must indulge in a grumble about our laws, that will permit thirty men, already of very unsafe tendencies, and rendered all the more dangerous by their condition of semi-destitution, to land on our shores practically "with no questions asked." In the present circumstances anyone who said of this country, and especially of London, "International rubbish may be shot here," would make a statement that could not be very easily disproved.

Lord Brampton is a man whom the Anarchists have never found themselves able to like. This is because most of those who have got into trouble in this country have had to appear before him, and have subsequently had to serve what they and their friends have considered severe sentences. On November 4, 1894, an explosion took place in Tilney Street, Mayfair, at the house of the Hon. Reginald Brett, M.P.

(the present Lord Eshe.). The receptacle of the explosive was a metal contrivance, nine inches in diameter, consisting of a middle piece, and two caps, each three and a half inches in diameter. It was shattered to smithereens by the explosion; we collected the fragments and pieced them together again, though some had fallen quite seventy yards away. On putting the thing together we found the trade mark of a large London firm of iron-moulders and casters. The time of the explosion was eleven o'clock at night. The shock was such that several houses round felt it; the noise was heard two and three-quarter miles away, in Camden Square, in the north-west of London. The front door of No. 2 was blown down and most of the windows in that and the adjoining houses were smashed. No one was hurt, though certainly Mrs Brett had a narrow escape, as she was in the hall at the time. She had come in three minutes before, but had not noticed the bomb, which, as far as could be judged from appearance, was placed on the doorstep, in the right-hand corner on entering. The doorposts, which were painted white, showed a greenish-yellow discoloration which might have been produced by some form of picric acid powder; and in their report, made after an examination of some of the *débris*,

Colonel Majendie and Dr Dupré stated that picric acid was an ingredient. That chemical had hitherto been used almost invariably by French Anarchists. The police managed to trace a cabman who had driven Mrs Brett to her door that night. He stated that at the time of arrival he had seen no one in the street. Various Anarchists were suspected by us, but we were never able to fix on any particular individual. We never had any serious doubt that the bomb was intended for the house of Lord Brampton (then Mr Justice Hawkins), also in Tilney Street, at No 5. In the course of a leading article on the affair, the *Times* remarked:

"It is found that nine persons out of ten who speculate on the subject (the cause of such an outrage) at all start with some theory of personal revenge. In Tilney Street lives a judge whose fearless discharge of his high functions has made him the terror of evil-doers, and who in particular may be supposed to have incurred the hatred of certain political or revolutionary associations. Two of these present themselves at once, if we suppose the judge in question to have been the real object of the outrage—the Irish-American conspirators and the Continental Anarchists. Both have suffered justly at the hands of the

law, as administered by the courageous and upright judge. Both I are known to have emitted at different times the most ferocious threats of vengeance against judges and jurors who dare to vindicate the law. Careful students of the revolutionary organisations in America, and of the drift of opinion among certain classes in Ireland, have declared for some time past that there would be nothing surprising in a renewal of the policy of dynamite."

Mr Justice Hawkins knew that the Anarchists were bitterly incensed against him by reason of the sentences he bestowed upon some of them, but he had never seemed to have any fear of them, nor even after this explosion did he show any signs of it. It is not a long while since I had an interview with him at his own house about a man who, considering that the judge had decided against him in a case contrary to the weight of evidence (with the result that he had been mulcted in heavy costs), had written several letters to Mr Justice Hawkins, some of which were almost threatening in their character. I investigated the matter, and reported to him the result of my inquiries regarding the writer. Mr Justice Hawkins was kind enough to say that no one could have done it better. He

took a lenient view of the case because it was a personal affair, and based on an imaginary grievance. There is not much doubt that the writer was more than a little mad.

The explosion on the Metropolitan Railway on April 26, 1897, was the last of its kind up to the present time; there has not been one since, and I am thankful to be able to say so. It occurred in a first-class compartment of an Inner Circle train, which had started from Gloucester Road, where each train on the system has its cylinders daily charged with gas. Going from Gloucester Road to the City, this train stopped at Aldersgate Street Station, and a loud, sharp, and severe explosion immediately followed. The explosion was accompanied by a light of a bluish-yellow tint. This I was told by the station-master, who was on the adjacent platform with several people near him, of whom ten were knocked down, one receiving injuries of which he afterwards died in hospital. The injured were taken to St Bartholomew's Hospital, and the City Police busied themselves with inquiries. Subsequently I was directed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to assist them. First of all we had to find out, if possible, whether the explosion was caused by any defect in the cylinders, allowing the gas

to escape; but upon examination we found that it was not a gas explosion, but an explosion caused by some powerful explosive substance left in the compartment, presumably on the seat. It worked its way straight through the carriage, shattering one compartment and injuring others. Damage was also done to a Chatham and Dover train on the other side of the platform, portions of a door, five feet long, being blown from one train into the other; and some harm was done to the station roof. Colonel Majendie said subsequently that after a most careful examination he and his colleagues had come to the conclusion that the explosion was not due to gas; he had no doubt that a powerful explosive had burst on the seat of the compartment. It must, he thought, have been contained in a metal case. It is a singular thing that no trace, of any sort whatever, of any metal case could be found in the *débris*, though the search was of the minutest character. The ultimate conclusion arrived at was that the explosive was not in a metal case, but fitted with a fuse and put into the train.

The fatality which resulted from the explosion of course made an inquest necessary. At first formal evidence of identification only

was taken, the inquiry being adjourned in order that Colonel Majendie might inspect the carriage in which the accident occurred. On April 23 the inquiry was resumed before Mr Langham, the deputy-coroner, at the City Coroner's Court, Mr C. A. Mason, solicitor, was present on behalf of the Metropolitan Railway; and Mr W. H. Dale, solicitor, appeared for the relatives of the deceased, Mr Harry Pitts, an engineer. Colonel Majendie and Captain Thompson were there from the Home Office; Superintendent Mackenzie represented the City Police, and I the Scotland Yard authorities.

Thomas Doman, inspector at the Aldersgate Street Station, deposed that he was on the platform, and heard and saw the explosion, which was very sharp and severe. He was standing immediately in front of the first-class carriage when it occurred. The explosion was accompanied by a light of a bluish-yellow tint. He felt the concussion, and many people on the platform near him were knocked down. The dust and smoke caused by the explosion prevented his seeing whence it emanated. He was enveloped in the *débris* from the carriage. There were cries among the people that the boiler of the engine had burst. He ran to the signal-box and gave orders to stop all traffic.

Colonel Majendie: "Did you notice any smell?"

"Not very particularly."

"What did you smell?"

"Certainly not gas."

"Was the gas in the compartment extinguished?"

"No."

Continuing, the witness said that the middle part of the carriage was splintered, and the roof was off, and there was other damage. One of the gas receivers was lying on the permanent way, and looked just as if somebody had taken a sledge-hammer and knocked it out. He could not say whether the cylinder had fouled the train.

Constable Laker, of the City Police, stated that he was in Long Lane, and heard a loud report proceeding from the railway. He went to the station and found the platform strewn with *débris*. He saw the deceased, who was lying on his back on the platform, and observing that he was seriously injured, he (witness) obtained assistance and took him to the hospital. He noticed that the carriage was blown to pieces. The deceased was lying among the *débris* opposite to the carriage in which the explosion took place.

Mr Calverley, house-surgeon at St Bar-

tholomew's, said that he saw the deceased on admission. He was conscious, and appeared to be suffering mainly from shock. He had an extensive lacerated compound wound, and fracture of the right leg, an incised wound on the left side of the head, and a number of other wounds on his body. The deceased did not refer to the accident beyond remarking, "What has happened? Are any others injured besides me?" Shortly before his death he asked, "Shall I lose my legs?" The witness had nine other persons under his care, all of whom were hurt.

On being asked what he found in the wounds, the witness told the Court that he found some splinters of wood, together with some horsehair.

"Did you find any steel in any of the wounds?"

"None."

Replying to questions put by Colonel Majendie, Mr Calverley said that he found no other metals in any of the injuries, and that they were likely to be caused by the explosion. In answer to a question from one of the jurymen he said that the deceased's leg was not amputated.

Mr Rayley, a carriage superintendent in the employment of the company, stated that

when he came upon the scene at about half-past eight, the train had been removed to Moorgate Street. He examined the carriage and found that the second, third, and fourth compartments had been blown to pieces, the floor of the third compartment blown away, the gas receivers blown inwards on the up side, the roof of the carriage blown away, and other minor damage done to other compartments, such as partitions blown out and lamp glasses broken, and the end quarter light of the next carriage broken. Damage was also done to a Chatham and Dover train. A dozen windows were broken, and several of the panels had small holes in them. In a compartment of the Chatham and Dover train he found a portion of the door and door pillar of the compartment where the explosion occurred. The portions of the door measured about five feet in length.

Mr Paul Georgi, one of those who were injured, gave his experiences. At the time, he was standing by the bookstall, reading a paper. He knew nothing of the explosion, which completely dazed him. When he recovered he found himself lying near the Chatham and Dover train. As a result of the explosion a piece of wood had been driven into his forehead, and a portion of his left ear was blown off.

Mr Gates, civil engineer, who had also examined the damaged carriages at Moorgate Street, said he afterwards looked at both up and down lines at Aldersgate Street. They were not damaged, but the ballast was somewhat disturbed, and the platform planks were here and there splintered, but there was no serious damage to the permanent way.

Joseph Howard, driver of the train in which the accident occurred, said that he had been a driver for thirty-two years. On arriving at Aldersgate Street at seven that evening, just as he pulled up there was a loud report like a cannon going off, and he saw pieces of wood and metal flying all over the station. A down train was approaching, and, not knowing what might be on the line, he whistled as a signal to the driver of it to stop, which the latter did, halfway into the station. Witness afterwards took the train on to Moorgate Street. There was some difficulty in starting at first, the brake blocks being on the carriage wheels owing to the force of the explosion.

The coroner was of opinion that the witness had acted with great presence of mind in stopping the other incoming train, as if it had run into the station the consequences might have been serious.

James Hardy, the head guard of the train, said that he had noticed nothing unusual till the train arrived at Aldersgate Street, but at Farringdon Street a porter called out as he passed that there was smoke coming from under one of the carriages. This was just as they were steaming out of the station. As soon as they stopped at Aldersgate Street there was a loud report, and the station was full of smoke and dust. People were rushing about the platform asking what was the matter; some had fallen down. He saw that the gas cylinder had a dent in it. There was no smell of gas, but a nasty dry hot smell.

Sir Vivian Majendie now gave evidence. He informed the court that after most careful examination he and his colleagues had come to the conclusion that the explosion was not due to gas, but to a high explosive. There was no doubt in his mind that it was a high explosive which had exploded on the floor of the carriage, and the explosive was not contained in a metal case. This was one of three outrages which had occurred on the Metropolitan Railway. The character of the damage was perfectly conclusive, and it was impossible to believe that the injury to the cylinder was due to an escape of gas. From the effects he

and his colleagues had seen, they came to the conclusion that they might put the question of gas explosion out of their minds altogether. There was an improbability of its having been due to gunpowder; he personally very much doubted whether gunpowder, even confined in a stout metal case, would have produced the sort of local effects which they saw. He had therefore been able to satisfy himself that it was not gunpowder. There was no doubt in his mind that it was due to a high explosive which had exploded on the floor of the carriage, and was not contained in a metal case, but fitted with a fuse and put into the train.

The coroner briefly summed up, remarking that after Colonel Majendie's evidence the jury would have little difficulty in arriving at their verdict.

After a deliberation of twenty minutes, fourteen out of the fifteen jurymen returned the verdict, "That the deceased Harry Pitts met his death by a bomb or some other explosive maliciously placed in the carriage by some other person or persons."

The coroner said that that verdict amounted to one of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

The foreman said that the jury desired to express their deep sympathy with the widow

of the deceased, and mentioned that they had raised among themselves a small subscription, which they wished to be forwarded to her.

The coroner thanked the jury for their consideration and kindness, and the inquiry terminated.

The identity of the perpetrators of this outrage remains a mystery to this day. Among the police the question that has always remained unanswered was whether the whole affair was the work of Anarchists or of some disaffected railway official who had been dismissed. As a rule, when Anarchists have brought off a *coup* of this nature, it forms a topic from which they cannot keep their tongues long; they chatter and boast about it, and so in time we find out that they as a body are responsible for it, though we do not gather what particular individual or individuals ought, on account of it, to receive a share of our attention. Such has been our experience of their criminal doings; but of this particular affair we never heard anything in Anarchist circles.

As I write this chapter, I gather from the papers that Louise Michel is dying. Her career was a peculiarly stormy one. Living in Paris before the Franco-Prussian War, she became a Socialist, and in the days of the Com-

mune of 1871 was ever prominent, cheering on the revolutionists in the fights at the barricades. When the Commune was suppressed, she was sent to New Caledonia. Returning eventually to Paris, she became an out-and-out Anarchist, and was so troublesome that the authorities expelled her. She went to London, and continued to be a sort of human firebrand. She started a school for the children of Anarchists, and constantly preached the doctrines of Anarchy. I have come across very few of her kind who were so excitable and so earnest in their advocacy of that stupid cause. Often have I been impressed by the sight of that fragile, thinly-clad creature haranguing a crowd from the plinth in Trafalgar Square or in some small hall in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell or Soho, on the anniversaries of that tempestuous time in Paris. Her speeches, always delivered in French, were invariably interpreted by Prince Kropotkine. M. Rochefort wrote of her that she had no fear of death. When put on her trial with the other Communists, she defiantly told the Court:—

"You would sentence me to death. You dare not. You are afraid lest I should show before your rifles more courage than you showed before the Prussian shot."

She has been called the Joan of Arc of Anarchism. M. Rochefort has given the following opinion of her:—

"In politics she was simply a revolutionist. Society, with its cruelty, its egoism, its lies, was for her an incarnate atrocity; her one thought was to destroy it, and she never troubled herself about choice of time or of means. At the first siege of Paris, and later during the Commune, she carried her rifle, and made use of it, at the advance posts and on the barricades. . . . The sincerity, self-sacrifice, and bravery of my friend form an indelible contrast to the mean ambitions and shams of which France is the victim."

This is the last of my reminiscences of the revolutionaries. So far as my personal experiences have enabled me, I have endeavoured to give a true and particular account of their ways. Certainly I have not romanced in any way. It is, I hope, clear from what I have written, that they constitute a very real and serious danger to society. There is no half-heartedness about the measures of that section of them with which I have come into contact; and mercy is not a quality with which they are very familiar. Let me make the fact clear that I am not now speaking indiscriminately of all Anarchists. There are many educated people

in the higher walks of life who are strongly imbued with the principles of Anarchy, but live peaceably enough. Of such was a certain gentleman, a graduate of a leading University in the United Kingdom, who gave evidence for the defence in the Walsall case. Those essentially dangerous people with whom I have had so much to do, and of whom I have written, are of the criminal classes; and the limited amount of education they possess is just enough to enable them to be dangerous. In their precious periodicals they write the poisonous stuff whereby they themselves and their confederates are worked up to the committal of crimes against society. The man David Nicoll is an instance of that type; men of his kidney do the necessary headwork; the actual carrying out of the nefarious plans is often left to men so illiterate as to be led with ease by those who are equipped with just a little more knowledge. Thus it is that fellows like Polti become militant Anarchists. If not quite the scum of the earth, they surely are not very far removed from it. And it has always been a mystery to me how so many people can be so utterly wrong-headed. That, indeed, is part of the tragic side of the whole question; for though so many loafers join revolutionary organisations in order to share in the general funds, yet the mere

worldly gain of a man who blows two or three of his fellow-creatures into eternity is a negligible quantity. These crimes are not carried out for profit; they are the outcome of a jaundiced view of things which is akin to madness.

CHAPTER XII

THE ALIEN QUESTION

NATURALIZATION — DISPLACEMENT OF THE ENGLISH — KEY MONEY — THE ALIENS UNPOPULAR — OVER-CROWDING—HOW IT IS DEALT WITH—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ALIENS—THEIR CRIMINALITY—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS — COSTERMONGERS — "GREENERS" — SOME SUGGESTIONS.

I HAVE already made several allusions to the considerable amount of trouble caused us by the aliens who flock in such numbers from the Continent to London. During the last two years of my service I had the opportunity of gaining a pretty close acquaintance with these people, their manners and customs, and the various effects arising out of their presence in London. A great many of the immigrants endeavour to become naturalized British subjects; but before they can be granted the necessary papers, Scotland Yard has to make inquiries concerning the individuals themselves and their sureties.

These alien applicants are for the most part

Russian Poles, resident in the East End; thus in the course of my inquiries I acquired considerable experience of the East End alien population. Most of the applicants are small shopkeepers, or else engaged as tailors or cabinetmakers. Each individual must have four referees, who must be householders and British-born subjects. The applicant usually names people for or under whom he is working, or with whom he has some business connection. More than once I had to report adversely concerning the advisability of entertaining an application, because sometimes people who intended to travel about on business would deem it advisable to become naturalized, in order to obtain passports from our Government by way of protection; as if they had such passports they could, supposing that they got into any difficulty, apply for assistance to the British Consul at the nearest port. If we ascertained that such was the case, there was nothing for us to do but to make an adverse report, as the law of naturalization is that people naturalized must, for the time being at any rate, settle in this country. Of course there are certain expenses connected with this process; and some of these people would make extraordinary efforts to raise the money to meet these expenses. Many of them were men engaged

in sweating dens, with families including sometimes fourteen members. They would pay in some trifling subscription, perhaps to the amount of about eighteenpence, to some one of certain well-known agents, resident in and about Whitechapel. These agents make a pretty fat living out of it. The usual *modus operandi* is that the agent forms a club; when there are members enough for the sum of about seven pounds to be raised in weekly or monthly subscriptions a draw takes place. The winner of the draw then makes his application for naturalization. The agent defrays all expenses, gives the applicant all assistance in his power, and pockets the balance of the money raised. Then the process is gone through all over again, and so on. When the referees have been nominated and the papers prepared, the application goes up to the Home Office; from there the papers are sent on to Scotland Yard for investigation. The rule is that the officers who inquire into the correctness of the statements in the memorial papers must not be below the rank of sergeant. On finding everything satisfactory or otherwise, we would report accordingly. If the applicant was personally known to us we would add our opinion concerning his eligibility. If the report is favourable, the certificate of naturalization is

granted. In this way I have myself been instrumental in the naturalization of over a hundred aliens.

It has been suggested that the native population of the East End are being to a large extent ousted from their old quarters by the influx of foreigners. This is a fact that I can endorse from my own experiences in visiting that part of London. For instance, Wentworth Street, a turning out of Middlesex Street (Petticoat Lane), once an exclusively English thoroughfare, is now entirely inhabited by foreigners save for one household. These people, a couple named Wood, general dealers, have spoken regretfully to me of all their former English associates having been driven out of the neighbourhood by the foreigners. Mrs Wood roundly asserts that she is the last of the old English race in the street, and will never be driven out until she is carried to her grave. A similar displacement of the population has taken place in Albert Square, Stepney, where the residents, save for one Christian family, are entirely foreign Jews. In Bethnal Green the aliens have practically driven out the native tradesmen. This process has gone on principally in Stepney; Shoreditch, Hackney, and Bethnal Green have also been affected. Certain streets are wholly colonised

by foreigners. There are 107 streets in Stepney which six years ago had a native population, consisting chiefly of dock labourers; they are now entirely foreign in character. Some sixty years ago the neighbourhood round Oxford Street, Stepney, was inhabited by the respectable middle and working classes, but in the early fifties foreigners began to introduce houses of bad character, and this process went on till 1887, when, in connection with the Criminal Law Amendment Act, steps were taken with the result that in a few months the neighbourhood was clear of them. Christians and English Jews then occupied the houses from which these people were driven, but of late years they have been steadily forced out by the aliens, who by means of sub-letting can afford to pay higher rates. These people, before coming here, find out that as long as they are in England they will never be left entirely destitute, because the English Jewish charities will help them. Now from the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, Stepney, all the English people have gone except four. Cases have been known of landlords being bribed by the foreigners to turn out their tenants. The hardships caused thereby are obvious. It has been alleged that the Jews are instructed by their Rabbis only to buy of

their own people. In the borough of Stepney there is only one ward, the south, which has not been flooded by aliens; they have tried to invade it, but have been driven out again by the natives. Twenty years ago the shops in the main thoroughfares of Stepney were mostly kept by English people, and flourished; there was a foreign element, but good feeling prevailed between it and the English. Now things are entirely different; our tradesmen have been displaced, and the better-class people have migrated. The only compatriots of ours left are those who are absolutely compelled to live near their work—railway porters, lightermen, watermen, stevedores, carpenters, and the like. I have alluded to the fact that landlords are often paid by the foreigners to turn out their tenants, These payments are commonly known as key money. As a rule they are made to the landlord, sometimes to an agent, and occasionally even to the tenant. Thus a widow living in St George's East, Stepney, at one time paid eight shillings a week rent; it was raised to seventeen shillings and sixpence; and then her landlord threatened a further increase unless she turned out, while a foreigner offered her thirty shillings if she would go. The foreigner is prepared to pay this key money and a higher rent because he

hopes to recoup himself by sub-letting every room in the house of which he is the lessee. The result of this is that a considerable amount of bitterness has arisen between the English and the foreigners. A house in John Street was once rented at seven shillings and sixpence a week; now the rent is thirty-five shillings. The foreigner lets every room to a different family. As I have said, the foreigner will not have anything to do with other than his own people. Within the last two years four tradesmen in Whitechapel have been ruined simply because their customers, being English, have had to leave the neighbourhood. The foreign shopkeeper, costermonger, or window salesman sells at lower prices than our people because he is satisfied with smaller profits and because the standard of life is low. Thus the ill-feeling is increased, especially as he takes an unfair advantage by keeping his place open in the small hours of the morning. The foreign costers in Samuel Street set the police at defiance, blocking up the pavement in a way that no English coster has ever been allowed to do. These interlopers expressed much satisfaction at our disasters in South Africa, and they often behave with positive arrogance and contempt towards the English.

Of course the alien population of London is not confined to the East End. I have shown in earlier chapters that there is a considerable element in the West. There the foreign quarter is, roughly speaking, bounded on the east by St Martin's Place, St Martin's Lane, and St Andrew's; on the north by Oxford Street, on the west by Park Lane, and on the south by Pall Mall. This, of course, takes in Soho, where Italians preponderate; there are also French, Germans, Russians, Austrians, and Polish Jews. There is a considerable overflow to the north of Oxford Street, into the district between that thoroughfare and the Euston and Marylebone Roads. A distinct strain of Swedes and Germans is noticeable. The displacement of native labour by alien is steadily growing, and the key money method of driving out English residents is practised there as in the East. In fact, Soho may be called thoroughly a foreign colony. In Saffron Hill the English and Irish have been ousted by the Italians. The rents have gone up very considerably. Having brought the asphalt industry with them, the Italians have to some extent displaced English labour in the making and laying of asphalt and wood pavements in the street. The boroughs of St Pancras and Westminster also contain a decided alien element.

The Alien Question

I have mentioned the bitterness felt to a large extent towards the immigrants. It is necessary now to keep the aliens at wharves under police protection, because some few years back they were frequently attacked and robbed. There is a considerable feeling against the Jews, but it is only partly anti-Semitic. The principal English grievances are that whole streets are passing out of English hands into Jewish; that rents have been raised and wages lowered through the immigration; that the exclusiveness of the foreigners, who prefer to deal solely with one another, has an effect seriously detrimental to the small shopkeepers; that these interlopers have come here to make a convenience of the English, with whom they will not associate; and that the foreigners are, in general, overbearing and arrogant in demeanour. The Jewish landlords give considerable offence by a habit of giving natives, who are weekly tenants, notice to quit. Their disregard of our Sunday is not appreciated, nor their frequent forgetfulness of the advisability of washing themselves. At Becton, a great many Roman Catholic Poles are employed by a foreman who will not take Englishmen. The aloofness of these people is undeniable; the orthodox Jews decline to assimilate with the Christians, partly on account of racial pride.

They form a colony, and though many become naturalized, many others refuse to learn our language, or conform to our habits and customs. Notices have been occasionally placed in lodging-house windows stating that "no English need apply." How far the native feeling is anti-alien, and how far anti-Semitic, is a nice point.

In connection with this constant immigration, the overcrowding question is a very serious one. I have had many opportunities of seeing for myself how widely-spread the evil is. The Russian Jews have a particularly strong capacity for overcrowding. The alien lessees bring it about in order to recoup themselves for their expenditure in rent and key money. It has been truly said that in the streets on a summer's evening every house is seen to vomit forth hordes of people. Nearly half the population of Stepney are living under overcrowded conditions. The limited amount of the housing accommodation is, to some extent, responsible for a reluctance on the part of the magistrates to enforce with any rigour the law against overcrowding; and they will not convict in cases where only one family is affected. Their leniency is, perhaps, due to sympathy with the people overcrowded. A house turned to such a purpose can be closed

altogether, but the magistrates hesitate very much before doing such a thing; and in Stepney there have been very few prosecutions. I could make out a long list, if it were necessary, of instances of this manner of living. I have come across a case in which ten people lived in one small room, while a passage in the house was let as a living-room, and the whole house was in a disgustingly filthy condition; while in another house a small front room was used as a shop and also as a bedroom for three men and three women. For families living in one room to take in lodgers is a common occurrence. Even basements and coal-cellars are let. But dealing with these people is like dealing with a large rabbit warren; and if the law against overcrowding was enforced in all its strictness, many people would be driven into the street; but it has been suggested that the moral influence of pains and penalties would soon bring about a rearrangement of the population, and that if it were generally known that the law would be strictly enforced there would be much less immigration. I am inclined to think that the owner of every house might be registered, and that a considerable increase in the number of sanitary inspectors would be a very useful measure against the evil. One difficulty in administering the Public Health

Act consists in the fact that a notice must be served on the person who causes or continues a nuisance, or, failing him, on the occupier or owner of the premises. Some magistrates are of opinion that the occupier should be proceeded against. The procedure for abating a case of overcrowding, or indeed any nuisance, takes five or six weeks. First of all, an inspector serves an intimation notice on the owner or occupier to abate the nuisance; if it is not abated he makes a report to the Public Health Committee through the medical officer; then a statutory notice is served demanding abatement within a fortnight; and finally a summons is taken out, made returnable within seven days; the magistrate may extend these to fourteen or twenty-one. Magistrates are empowered to close a house if two proceedings have been taken against it within three months, but this power is useless, as to secure two convictions within that time is impossible. If the time was extended, the fact of one prosecution immediately following another would be popularly regarded as persecution. Sanitary inspectors may not visit a house at night (*i.e.* between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.) without an order, and the magistrates never grant one. But the most thorough enforcement of the law, though perhaps mitigating the evil for a time, will not

remove it. As the number of houses is fixed, the evil simply cannot be removed while the influx of foreigners continues. Many proceedings have been taken, but overcrowding becomes worse. People turned out of one house flock into another. At first the aliens are far inferior to the English people in their habits and their standard of life. They certainly improve fast, but others are always pouring in, so that there is a permanent stratum of people herding together under the nastiest conditions. One proposal that has been made is that the stream of immigrants should be by some means diverted, as in the present circumstances there can be no reasonable hope of doing away with the overcrowding. A far more serious blow might be directed against the practice if summary proceedings without any notice beforehand could be taken, if greater responsibility could be thrown upon the owner, and if he could be imprisoned after the second offence. The detection of the nuisance is an extremely difficult matter. Various pains and penalties can be inflicted upon the keeper of a lodging-house; a distress warrant may be levied against him, and he may be sold up. But very often the man who rents the house and sub-lets the profits is a man of straw, and goes before the distress warrant can be

effected, while the overcrowding lodgers remain. The people on whom the ultimate responsibility rests are the owners of houses. In Whitechapel, at any rate, the nuisance would practically be non-existent if the sanitary authority could register all the tenement houses and employ a sufficient staff of inspectors to inspect them. In Bethnal Green it would be necessary to bar absolutely any further immigration in order to deal with the overcrowding. In Stepney I know of a case of five families living in a back room and cellar in a house in Jubilee Street, and of twenty-five people herding together in one room, in the same district; while in Mill Street, Spitalfields, a cellar has accommodated an entire family. Tenants are impelled to overcrowd their rooms with lodgers by reason of the rise in rents following upon the influx of aliens; and the large number of workshops in Stepney is a cause of immigration and overcrowding. The clearing away of dwelling-houses for the erection of warehouses increases the evil. In Finsbury, at certain periods of the year, the trouble is excessive. Ice-cream merchants send for batches of Italians (chiefly from Naples), and board and lodge them, paying all the rent while they make repayment in work. But the nuisance there is small as compared with

that of Stepney. I have noticed a good deal of it in Cleveland Street, Soho; there it is chiefly due to the number of houses of ill-fame. This overcrowding is the crux of the alien question.

Naturally in the course of my researches I gained some impressions of the personal characteristics of these people. So far I have not written anything particularly favourable concerning them; but in common fairness it must be said that as a class they exhibit many good qualities. They are shrewd and clever; as may be expected, this is particularly true of the Jewish section. They are temperate, and work industriously, their aptitude for labour being considerable. In many respects, especially in the leather and clothing trades, the natives have benefited by the foreign introduction of new methods. The better-class Jews discountenance the tactics of the sweater. The foreigners are domestic, leading careful lives and taking considerable interest in the upbringing and education of their children. The record of attendance at various schools proves this fact. Thrift is one of their qualities. They are loyal; the second generation adopt English customs of life, and when once settled they remain and spend their money here. Many of them on arriving have a knowledge

of a trade; but if not, their capacity for learning is good. This of course furthers the displacement of native labour. The bulk of them are young men running away from conscription. In many cases they make more money than do the natives.

On the other hand, about the immigrants there is a good deal that is unattractive. They are inclined to low, underhand ways of doing things. Their regard for truth is not too strict; they will cheat over a bargain if they can; they lend money at unreasonable rates of interest. A tendency to incendiarism is credited to them. Fire insurance companies are very chary about issuing policies to them, especially to the Russian Jews of the East End. Fraudulent bankruptcies represent a method of money-making of which they are rather fond. They buy on credit after having for some time paid cash, then they become bankrupts and start again. The Jews among them annoy their English co-religionists by abusing the Jewish charities. Though as a rule they eventually become loyal enough, on first settling here they are apt to be aggressive, socialistic, and hostile to the people of the country which is sheltering them. Their habits are often not of the cleanest; there are many who think nothing of sleeping ten or

twelve in a room. I will pass over the details of the condition in which some of them arrive here. In 1902 a largely increased sum had to be disbursed by the ratepayers of St George's by reason of the additional filth which the contractor had to clear; the foreigners have a trick of flinging their garbage promiscuously into the streets. It is noteworthy that in the matter of cleanliness they improve as they become longer resident in this country. Seventy-five per cent. of the proved adulteration of food-stuffs is traceable to them.

The aliens have a great deal to do with the gambling dens of the East End. Before 1881 such places were practically unknown; since then they have multiplied excessively. A great many have been raided and hundreds of pounds have been exacted in fines, but with little effect. The houses are kept entirely by foreigners and used almost exclusively by them. At the club raids the "bag" more than once has been astonishingly cosmopolitan. On one occasion nineteen Germans, eight Russians, an Austrian, and a Greek were arrested. In a club in Mile End, Old Town, ten Russians, nine Poles, two Austrians, and a Hungarian were arrested. Before the aliens began flocking in, the East End thieves were mostly watch-snatchers and women known as trippers-up,

who preyed on drunken seamen. The aliens are more scientific; they go in very much for forging. Illicit stills, largely supported by the gambling houses, are numerous; they turn out abominably bad liquor. Most of the "fences," or receivers of stolen goods, are foreigners. Many criminals gather into organised bands and make Whitechapel their head-quarters, working outside London and on the Continent. It must, however, be said that drunkenness and common disorderliness are more prevalent among the English. Larceny and misdemeanours are the commonest police-court charges against the aliens. There are colonies of organised foreign gangs all over London; they regard Soho as a kind of refuge. But it may be questioned whether many of them arrive here as criminals; they develop the taint afterwards through poverty and bad conditions of living; it is not a point that one can be sure about, because of the difficulty of establishing the fact that an alien convicted here was a criminal in the place whence he comes. Of late their offences have become more serious; there is a good deal of burglary and stealing from dwelling-houses. Cases of wounding and assault occur among the Italians, whose cases are generally connected with brawls. House-breaking and thefts generally

are more practised by Germans, especially German waiters, who procure false characters and use special tools. In the matter of illicit distilling, all the cases from 1898 to 1902 were those of foreigners, chiefly Russians and Poles. When a prosecution takes place, a remand is generally obtained in order to secure heavy penalties; the penalty upon arrest in the case of a first offence is thirty pounds; generally defendants go to prison in default of payment. Men are generally employed in the manufacture of the spirit, women in the distribution of it. The spirit is not sold where it is made. The purchaser is liable to a penalty. To prevent the importation of foreigners for making illicit stills, the Chairman of the Jewish Board of Guardians recently issued a general warning in English and Yiddish, through the Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter. It was widely circulated, many foreigners being ignorant of the offence. Of course the keeping of these stills is not a crime, but an offence against the revenue laws. The forging of stamps and foreign notes is carried on largely; Russians come here to do that sort of work because the penalty in Russia is more severe, and the general supervision much closer. The amount of prostitution is considerable. From crime of the more serious sort the alien is practically free.

Before I set down any suggestions for dealing with this very difficult question, I may give a few facts, more or less summing up what I have already said in this chapter. The alien immigrants arrive in London principally from four ports—Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, and Libau. Upon the arrival of the emigrant vessels, a Custom House officer boards each one, goes into the steerage, and questions the passengers with a view to finding out their number, their means, their destination, and the arrangements, if any, that have been made for their reception on landing. The information thus gained is forwarded to the Board of Trade. Of course, there are no means of checking the accuracy of the information thus given. A modified medical examination takes place. There is always a medical officer on duty at Gravesend. When an immigrant ship arrives, the medical officer goes alongside and inquires if there is any sickness on board. If the reply is in the negative, a certificate to that effect is given, and the ship allowed to proceed. If the captain replies that there is illness, then the doctor goes on board and examines the patients; if there is no infectious disease the ship is not delayed further. Otherwise, the ship is moored and the patient landed at Denton, near Gravesend. The other pas-

sengers are examined and allowed to land, if the doctor is satisfied that there is no danger that the disease will spread. But vessels arriving from ports at which plague, yellow fever, or cholera are known to exist, are boarded and every passenger examined. As yet, however, the doctor does not deal with individuals who may be in a dirty condition in respect of their persons or clothing. On arriving in London, some of the aliens are met by relatives or friends, who take charge of them; others, principally transmigrants, have been consigned by the shipping agents in London, who provide lodging accommodation for the immigrants. Once in London, the foreigner goes where he pleases. As a rule, he establishes himself in places where compatriots and co-religionists of his are living. In this matter of immigration the Jewish Board of Guardians does a great deal of useful work. It issues a number of circulars abroad, to persuade undesirables not to embark for this country. When they arrive it readily assists them to return or to set off elsewhere. It discourages their coming by refusing to help them during the first six months of their time here, and seeks to persuade them to live in uncrowded districts. Thus something is done to relieve the pressure on the East End. The health of the

new-comers is, on an average, good. They are not always as clean as they might be. The German shipowners take some trouble to ensure that their passengers shall not offend in this respect, but this cannot be said in the case of the ships coming from Libau under the Danish flag. Though a certain number come here possessed of practically nothing, destitution is not by any means the rule. The fact that many arrive who are not skilled workmen, and do not possess adequate means, has a distinct effect upon the conditions of labour. Such people have to work upon terms which go to lower prices. The market for unskilled labour is glutted, and there is considerable competition. The main industries to which these people devote themselves—tailoring, cabinet-making, and shoemaking—have been largely developed. This is beneficial in various ways. It has increased the demand for goods made in this country (formerly imported from abroad) and for the materials; employment is thereby given indirectly to native workers. But on the question of the general effect on labour in this country it is very difficult to speak definitely. Of course the demand for labour in the three industries above-mentioned is not unlimited, so that a great many take up other employments. I have shown that there has

been a large increase in the number of foreign costermongers and other street traders, and that much friction has thereby arisen between them and the English people who try to make a living in the same way. We have seen also that native shopkeepers have suffered severely, because many of the immigrants prefer to deal only with their own people, and because the displacement of population has brought about the dispersion of the former customers of the English retailers.

With regard to the overcrowding question, the neighbourhood of the City to the East End has had a good deal to do with this trouble. There is a great demand for sites for factories, warehouses, and offices. These sites cannot be obtained without a clearance of many dwelling-houses. In one case, over five hundred people were turned out in order that a brewery might be extended. As soon as the new buildings are up they are filled by people working in them, who of course wish to live as near their work as possible. The substitution of block tenements for small houses does not always mend matters. Thus in one case four hundred and fifty houses, accommodating nearly four thousand people, were pulled down; the number rehoused was well under three thousand. I have already given

instances of the payment of key money and of the nature and extent of the overcrowding. When you have one room occupied at night by more than one family (lodgers of both sexes being taken in), with merely a cubicle division of sheets, and the same room crammed by day with people using it as a workshop, it is clear that the conditions do not make for health, cleanliness, or morality. At this moment the overcrowding cannot cease unless special restrictive measures are taken to check it, because the influx of foreigners continues. According to the bye-laws made in the borough of Stepney under the Public Health Act, the keeper or landlord of a lodging-house must on demand give information to the Borough Council concerning the number of rooms in the house, the number of rooms let in lodgings or occupied by members of more than one family, the use to which each room is put, the number, age, and sex of the occupants of each sleeping-room, and the amount of rent payable by each lodger. Then the house is registered, and the officer of health is entitled at any time to inspect the rooms; while the landlord, keeper or lodger is under specific obligations in the matter of keeping the house clean. Penalties are fixed for offences under these bye-laws. Proceedings can also be taken against any-

one responsible for the nuisance of overcrowding.

I alluded to the work done by the Jewish Board of Guardians in relieving the pressure of immigrants. That body has effected the repatriation of a great many foreign Jews. The Jewish Dispersion Committee has done a great deal towards dissemination, their great object being to mitigate the congestion of the East End. But it is not found possible to move an alien until he has been here a year or two and picked up a working knowledge of English. The Jewish Dispersion Committee are rather staying their hands just now, waiting to see whether the overcrowding is more rigorously dealt with, that they may do more for those who are thereby turned out. The steps already taken have not really had much effect in the matter of remedying the nuisance as it exists at present in Stepney and the surrounding districts.

My reminiscences of work connected with this large subject now yield a few loose strings. The English costermongers suffer a good deal from the influx of strangers, who are also a nuisance to the native shopkeepers. Contrary to the English practice, the foreign costers will pitch outside a shop and sell the same articles as that shop; they quite obscure the

shop fronts. They undersell the English costers. Lately there has been a great increase of them in Hoxton; they are crowding out the English, especially as the English cannot live as foreigners do. The Jews mostly deal in imperishable goods, and when an English coster goes off his pitch to buy at the market, the Jew coster snaps up his place, and the police have no power to turn him out. The fact is that the foreigners have absolutely no regard for the costers' etiquette. Free fights often occur over a question of the right to a pitch; then the police decide in favour of the first comer. It is difficult nowadays for an English costermonger to make a decent living, because the competition is so heavy and the alien is satisfied with such a miserable mode of life. The result is that in the winter many of the English are glad to sweep snow. English costers cannot accept the same conditions of living; they are subject to the overcrowding laws. The foreigners evade these laws, and in several streets in Battersea sleep six or eight in one room. A concrete instance of the underselling that goes on is the retailing by the aliens of ginger-beer at the rate of a halfpenny per bottle. In Middlesex Street (Petticoat Lane) they sell fowls cut up in portions. As might have been expected, the

practice of sweating is very prevalent. A great many of these people work seven days a week. They give much offence by working all day and during specified meal hours. The better-class Jews discountenance the practice, and some of those who work on Sunday rest on Saturday. But as a rule the Jewish Sabbath is not observed. Newly-arrived aliens often work from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, otherwise they could not get a living. This cheap labour is chiefly performed by "greeners," men who start with no knowledge of the work. They are the victims of the sweater. As skilled workmen they never reach the English standard, but as soon as they have acquired some knowledge of their trade they frequently become employers themselves. They become skilled men when they earn twenty-eight shillings a week, but they seldom get so far The subdivision of labour in the tailoring trade encourages greeners to come over here and be sweated. Sometimes Jewish employers supply money to enable greeners to come. Very often on his arrival a greener is taken by some employer of labour and boarded, and given a shilling or two for the first week or so. Soon he asks for wages, naming perhaps fifteen shillings a week. The master puts him off with some vague answer. Then he

makes his claim, and the master repudiates it, or, if the case is brought into Court, asserts that he has paid the plaintiff. Neither side can produce evidence of much value, as it is plainly corrupt. The Court decides almost invariably for the plaintiff. Some greeners, more fortunate, start on twelve shillings a week, and can earn eighteen after four months' work. In the West Central district wages rule higher. Jewish tailors, after about eighteen months, can make from seven shillings and sixpence to eleven shillings a day. There is no serious overcrowding in that part.

A certain amount of gambling takes place in house property; Jewish house dealers have a way of buying and selling again at a profit, and tenants are very much at their mercy. Rents have gone up to a fancy figure; there was a case of a house in Woberlt Street, Bethnal Green, of which the rent was more than doubled. Frequently, when some case of overcrowding is dealt with, the only result is that people are evicted and crowd together somewhere else. The destruction of dwelling-houses to make room for places of business is not good for trade because people want to live in certain localities, according to their avocations. Thus costers prefer the Spitalfields

neighbourhood, and dock labourers wish to be near the docks.

In the matter of crime, the bad characters are not as a rule to be found among the working class aliens, but among the unattached. The former are well conducted, and, as a whole, more sober than the English; it is the unattached who are the undesirables. As far as individuals are concerned, the criminal and the non-criminal obviously cannot be differentiated on their arrival, because no Continental law forces a man to carry papers about showing that he is a criminal, and no country professes to deport its own criminals. Immigrant vessels are usually met by police officers. The Thames Police send an intimation that such a vessel is approaching; officers then go to the landing stage. The idea is to preserve the peace and to protect the strangers from interference and from being imposed upon. The police have no jurisdiction in the dock nor facility for boarding vessels. On first arriving the aliens are inclined to be dirty, and are poorly clad. They are always met by their own people. The children of these settlers are not unsatisfactory. Intellectually they compare extremely well with the English; they pick up our language very quickly and soon become Anglicised. Though of poor

physique as compared with the English children, they appreciate games. They are very tractable, and their parents take considerable interest in them.

I conclude this chapter with a few suggestions, not perhaps all my own, as to the ways in which the immigrants might be dealt with. Whatever impression I may have given by the scrappy reminiscences I have set down, it is not my opinion that these people, excessive though their number has been of late years, should be totally excluded. But I suggest that rules and regulations of a wider and more stringent character are required if the interests of our own people are to be consulted properly. A particular Department of State might be established to concern itself solely with immigration. This Department might be given considerable discretion for the making of regulations applicable to immigrants, and should keep itself well informed concerning the character and condition of fresh arrivals. In the case of any immigrant who within about a couple of years of his or her arrival is ascertained or reasonably supposed to be a criminal or prostitute or person living on the proceeds of prostitution, or to have no visible means of support, it should be possible to order the person in question out of the

country, conveyed to the port of embarkation by the shipowner whose vessel brought him or her over here. All immigrants should undergo a thorough medical examination at the port at which they arrive. If any immigrant is found suffering from some infectious disorder, or of unsound mind, the medical officer ought to have the power of preventing the landing of such a person, and the shipowner should be compelled to take the immigrant back again. For the immigrants on arrival to give all information demanded from them should be obligatory; if they refuse, or make misstatements, that should be an offence under the Act, and they should be liable to a penalty or to repatriation.

To check the overcrowding nuisance there are several things that might be done. The present law should be enforced with absolute strictness, and in some respects its provisions might be made more stringent; it is particularly advisable that all dwellings within specified areas should be brought under the bye-laws made under the powers of the Public Health Act. Careful inquiries should be made by the Public Health Department concerning the existence of overcrowding in any particular neighbourhood. Then, if it appears that any such neighbourhood is as fully populated as it

ought to be, and that the presence of any more aliens is therefore a thing to be discouraged, it should be possible to declare that neighbourhood a prohibited one. When an area has become prohibited, everything should be done to make immigrants aware of the fact. Lists of prohibited areas, printed in their own language, should be handed to all new arrivals; to prevent future inconvenience and difficulty, the proposed destination of the immigrant should be obtained if the immigrant has any particular ideas on the point. Every alien, not a transmigrant, arriving at or coming from certain ports, should be registered. On registration the alien should name some place of residence or intended residence, or else do so as soon as such a place has been found. If within two years after such a declaration an alien is found living in the area affected, he shall, even though his arrival may have been subsequent to the declaration, be immediately evicted, and be regarded as guilty of an offence.

When an alien is convicted of any felony or misdemeanour upon indictment, the Judge ought to be able to order, as part of the sentence, that the alien shall leave this country. If this order is disobeyed the alien ought to be liable, on a summary conviction,

to punishment as a rogue and vagabond. This penalty might be extended to certain other offences; these offences should be specified by statute. There should be a special Court for the trial of such offences.

The authorities should be given greater powers for regulating the general condition of immigrant vessels.

Of course it may be doubted whether these suggestions, here put forward, would, if carried out, have much effect in checking the influx of undesirables here. But surely many undesirable aliens would be deterred by new regulations of this sort from leaving their homes; also the shipping companies, being obliged to bring back people rejected or expelled, would exercise more care in selecting their passengers. At any rate, the salient fact underlying everything is that the present laws should be stricter and new ones should be made to deal with situations at present unprovided for. Taking the present situation as a whole, though on many matters of detail it is of course impossible for anyone to be absolutely certain, it is as obvious as anything can be that to permit the present condition of things to continue just as it is would mean the doing of considerable harm to the State.

CHAPTER XIII

CONCLUSION

CASE OF DR KRAUSE—ARREST AT ST ERMIN'S HOTEL—MR DOUGLAS FORSTER—DEATH OF A MAGISTRATE—SOME OFFICERS AT THE YARD — SUPERINTENDENT SWANSON — SUPERINTENDENT HARE — SUPERINTENDENT MELVILLE — THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER — MR MACNAUGHTEN—SUPERINTENDENT QUINN—THE END.

I HAVE now come almost to the end of my detective experiences. The only interesting case which I can remember that I have not yet touched upon is that of Dr Krause, the case which aroused so much public interest during the autumn of 1901. And there is no necessity for me to go into much detail about my reminiscences of that business. For one thing, it is of very recent date. Then if I were to go thoroughly into it I should be obliged to devote to it an inordinate amount of space, by reason of the length of the proceedings; and since this book purports to be an account of my experiences, I should be laying myself open to a charge of considerable irrelevancy, as the bulk of the circumstances of

the magisterial inquiries and of the trial were no particular concern of mine. So it will be enough for me to speak of the circumstances of the arrest of Dr Krause and of his first appearance at Bow Street.

Frederick Edward Trangott Krause, barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and burgher of the South African Republic, handed over the keys of Johannesburg to Lord Roberts when he entered that town. Dr Krause had been First Public Prosecutor of Johannesburg, and was now its Governor. Shortly after the occupation of the town by British troops he came to England. He was then practically on his parole, as he promised to take no active part in the South African campaign. But he had not been in this country many months when it was discovered that he had been communicating with men actually fighting, and that he was the author of a certain pamphlet printed in Johannesburg and circulated among commanders in the field. The document contained exhortations to the Boers to hold out, and a statement that ultimate success was assured to them, as the other powers would soon interpose and Great Britain would thus be compelled to stay her hand. The pamphlet was printed by one John Vanrigh, of Johannesburg, who, on

being pressed to disclose the identity of the writer, falsely gave the name of Cornelius Broeksma, at one time third legal official under Krause during the latter's *régime* at Johannesburg. Broeksma's house was raided and himself arrested. Some pamphlets were found in his possession, also some letters from Dr Krause, at that time in England. These letters invited Broeksma to put out of the way by some means or other Mr Douglas Forster, an English barrister, the late president of the Johannesburg League. This was a league of Englishmen who wanted the franchise. On the strength of these letters and of the belief that Krause had been communicating directly with commandoes in the field and with persons of influence on the Boer side, giving information of considerable importance to them, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and a cable to that effect from Lord Kitchener was received at the War Office. The War Office authorities communicated with Scotland Yard, and I was instructed to go at once to Bow Street. This was on the 31st of August 1901. On arriving at Bow Street I found that the Court had closed and the presiding magistrate, Mr de Rutzen, had just gone, while the clerk, Mr Gaskell, was just on the point of leaving. I was in time to inter-

cept Mr Gaskell, and to him I stated my business. He drafted a provisional warrant, and we drove to the Treasury Office in Whitehall and saw the Assistant Public Prosecutor. From there we went to Mr de Rutzen's private house, and he granted the provisional warrant required. At that time we had no knowledge of Dr Krause's actual whereabouts, but by dint of discreet inquiries I soon gathered that he was at an address in Lupus Street, Pimlico. I went to that address, but learned that he had gone away a week previously, giving out that he was going to Scotland for a holiday. He had been living for some time at this house in Lupus Street, but had received scarcely any letters there, all correspondence from abroad being addressed to him at the Standard Bank of South Africa, Clement's Lane, E.C. For the moment I thought that his talking about going to Scotland was a mere ruse on his part, and that in reality he had left the country to join Kruger, Leyds, and the rest of them at the Hague. However, on making further inquiries I ascertained that he had been writing from the Railway Hotel, Inverness, to the manager of St Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, asking that two rooms might be reserved for himself and his sister. After verifying this I was on the

point of starting for Scotland when, in reply to a telegram, the Inverness police informed us that Krause had left that place *en route* for England the day before. I therefore arranged that the various termini of the railways connecting Scotland with London should be watched, and waited myself at St Ermin's Hotel, with Sergeants Earnshaw and M'Brien and Constable Andrews. In due course Dr Krause and his sister, Mrs Dixon, arrived, as they had advised the hotel manager that they would. As soon as they had alighted and their luggage had been put down, I announced myself and my business to the Doctor. He said :—

"I am a legal man. I know the law. Show me your warrant. Give it to me."

I replied, "I will not give it to you, but I will read it to you." Then I read it, and he said: "The charge is absurd. If I make any voluntary statement I know it will be used against me in evidence."

I asked him to claim his luggage, but he said that only some of the various trunks were his, the rest belonged to Mrs Dixon. I was not quite satisfied as to the particular ownership of each piece of luggage, as it occurred to me that the Doctor and his sister might conveniently ring the changes on the luggage, and that

letters and compromising documents, if such there were, might be carried off by Mrs Dixon, and retained or destroyed. So I decided to examine there and then the luggage that she claimed as hers. So I went with a colleague to her apartment, and informed her that I should be obliged to examine the contents of her trunks, owing to the nature of the charge upon which her brother was arrested, and that all I wished to see was any documents which she might have. Mrs Dixon was by no means pleased at the idea that the police should have the audacity to wish to inspect a lady's luggage. I urged that the contents would not be disarranged. After I had used considerable persuasion she handed me over her keys, though not before she had threatened me that I would not be in the Police Force much longer, that she knew Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour personally, and other Cabinet Ministers, and that she was in communication with Lord Roberts, and my time in the Service would soon be at an end. We examined the luggage, but found no documents. There were a good number of people in the hotel, but so quietly was this business carried out that very few, if any, could have had an inkling of what was going on. That same evening, September 2, I took Dr Krause to Bow Street, and next

morning he was formally charged. Mrs Dixon took very prompt steps on her brother's behalf. On the evening of his arrest she communicated with Messrs Lewis & Lewis, and early next morning had an interview with Sir George Lewis at his house in Ely Place. She was present in Court, as were several South African friends of the Doctor's. Mr de Rutzen took the case in the Extradition Court. Mr R. D. Muir and Mr Angus Lewis represented the Treasury; Inspector Quinn was present from Scotland Yard, watching the case on behalf of the Commissioner. Mr Muir said that the defendant was charged as a fugitive offender from Cape Colony, and that to-day only evidence of arrest would be given. I gave this evidence, stating that letters, papers, and memoranda had been found on the defendant and in his luggage, but as yet we had had no time to go through them.

Sir George Lewis: "Are the depositions before the Court on which this warrant was granted? Is there any evidence from the Transvaal?"

Mr de Rutzen: "There is an information.

Sir George Lewis: "May I see the written information?"

Mr Muir: "There is a formal information setting forth the fact that telegraphic informa-

tion has been received at Scotland Yard that a warrant had been granted at Cape Colony for the arrest of the defendant."

Sir George Lewis: "Is there any deposition in support of the charge?"

Mr Muir: "At Cape Colony. The police authorities here know that a warrant has been granted for the defendant's arrest. They have received the news by telegraph. That is the usual information in such a case."

Sir George Lewis: "That proves nothing at all. I want to know if there is any deposition in support of the charge against this gentleman."

Mr Muir: "Nothing beyond that. I must ask for a remand for a week."

Sir George Lewis: "The defendant is a member of the English Bar, and a well-known man in England and the Transvaal. The charge has come upon him as a complete surprise, and he absolutely denies that there is any foundation for it. I must ask for bail."

Mr de Rutzen: "I cannot allow bail till I know more about the case."

Sir George Lewis: "But you will not know more this day week."

Mr de Rutzen: "That may be."

Mr Muir: "The charge is one of high

treason, and your worship has no power to grant bail."

Sir George Lewis: "Has the warrant been granted in Cape Colony or in the Transvaal?"

Mr Muir: "I was wrong just now. It was granted in the Transvaal."

After consulting with his client, Sir George Lewis said that the defendant wanted the clothing seized by the police. The police of course might keep any papers they found.

Mr Muir: "The police have no objection. Of course they will examine the clothing."

Myself: "Of course."

Sir George Lewis: "Don't try the clothes on, that's all."

There was some laughter in Court over this remark. The defendant was remanded for a week. That same morning two officers from the Yard went to the depository of Messrs Maple & Co., in Camden Town. Dr Krause had deposited a quantity of luggage there, some weeks back. The detectives placed an embargo upon this luggage, but deferred examining it until after the proceedings at Bow Street.

For several months Dr Krause was remanded week by week, being charged first with high treason; afterwards the charge of inciting to murder was added. While he was

in Holloway Gaol I seized a large quantity of correspondence of his at the Standard Bank and in his chambers at the Middle Temple. This correspondence demonstrated his connection with various places in South Africa, on the Continent, and in England. Broeksma, to whom he had sent letters inciting to the murder of John Douglas Forster, was tried, found guilty of high treason, and shot in Johannesburg. The charge of high treason against Dr Krause was subsequently not proceeded with, but that of inciting to murder was gone into. It was a very singular thing that during these numerous inquiries and remands Mr Forster arrived in this country to bring an action against Mr Markham, M.P., for libel, without being at all aware that his name was figuring in a criminal charge *sub judice* against Krause, although in Johannesburg the two men were keen rivals, and Mr Forster was president of the Johannesburg League and practising in the courts at the same time as Dr Krause. More than once the Doctor signed a warrant for the other's arrest, but somehow or other Forster always got wind of the warrant's being drawn out, and, to use his own expression, "conveniently scooted." Not unnaturally these frequent "scootings" interfered to a large extent with his legal practice; nevertheless he was

by no means idle, as he was the special correspondent in London of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. For that journal he was writing some matter that was of great public interest in this country at the time; it related to the Boer administration in South Africa. It is very likely that it was through these articles of Mr Forster that Dr Krause was, in a great measure, provoked to write those letters to Broeksma.

I received information that Mr Forster had arrived in London. The Treasury were very anxious to find him, and through an influential member of the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* I traced him to an address in Piccadilly. When I announced myself, Mr Forster was rather surprised. He had kept very quiet, as at the time he did not wish anyone to know that he had arrived in England. He wished to do some business in connection with his libel action before his presence in this country was known. We had a lengthy conference, and with some difficulty I induced him to accompany me to the Treasury Office. There he made a statement to the Public Prosecutor. Although he was a man learned in the law, a very capable counsel, a clever cross-examiner, and able to use his pen as well as most people, he struck me as being one of the worst witnesses I ever came across. Singularly

enough, at the time of his arrest, Dr Krause was preparing the case of Mr Markham, M.P., against Messrs Werner, Beit & Company; and doubtless he was an adviser of Mr Markham's in the libel action brought by Mr Forster against the latter gentleman. As he was awarded £2000 damages, Mr Forster was well pleased with the result of his suit.

During the several months covered by the many inquiries at Bow Street into her brother's case, I saw a good deal of Mrs Dixon. It will be remembered that when I first met her, at St Ermin's Hotel, she behaved towards me with some asperity. During these months, however, her attitude underwent a change, and at the conclusion of the case she formally thanked me and afterwards wrote to me to express her appreciation of my behaviour towards her and of the courtesy shown to her on her many visits there by the officers of the Court.

While Dr Krause was incarcerated in Holloway I visited him frequently by the orders of the Secretary of State, to show him various correspondence, addressed to him, which had come from different parts of South Africa and from the Hague. When Dr Krause was bailed out (two securities being found of £1000 each), several gentlemen from South

Africa offered themselves as securities, but I was obliged to do a good deal of picking and choosing before I made a final selection. None of the gentlemen who first offered themselves were householders, and one of them had been shadowed as a Boer agent in this country. My various rejections were a source of much anxiety to Mrs Dixon, but eventually I made a choice. One surety was the editor of *The Review of Reviews*, the other was a Unitarian minister and editor of *The New Age*. The charge of high treason against Dr Krause was not proceeded with; being found guilty of inciting to murder he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He may, on the whole, be thankful that he was not taken to South Africa and put on his trial there, as at the time feeling ran very high out there, and he would have stood a very good chance of being dealt with as summarily as was Broeksma. I believe that he realised that fact to the full.

In the course of the preliminary inquiries at Bow Street into the charges, a sad event took place in the death of Sir Franklin Lushington, the magistrate before whom Dr Krause made several appearances. The Doctor first appeared before Mr de Rutzen, afterwards before Sir Franklin Lushington. At the time of the

latter's death, Mr de Rutzen was away in Wales on a holiday, but hastened back to take the place of his colleague, and, at the first opportunity, took occasion to express in Court his sorrow at the event.

At the beginning of this book I indulged in a few slight generalisations concerning the Force in which I have spent twenty-seven busy years of my life. I spoke of the kindness of heart which characterises so many members of that Force, and of the good nature and keen sense of justice possessed by many who were or are in positions of authority. Before I lay my pen down I should like to bear stronger testimony to the existence of these qualities, as evinced in the case of certain officers with whom I have worked at one time or another, either as their subordinate or as their colleague. One of the best class of officers was Superintendent Swanson, who has recently retired on a pension. Several times he has had occasion to speak with me shortly after some individual has been reduced in rank or otherwise severely punished, and I have always felt almost certain from his bearing and conversation that he was, if possible, feeling more pain than the man punished. His successor, Superintendent Hare, the present chief of the staff of the Criminal Investigation Department at the

Yard, popularly known as Arthur Hare, is also another officer who impressed me as being a man possessed of much sympathy and sense of justice.

With Superintendent Melville, now just retired, I was officially associated for over twenty years. He was another officer ever ready to give kindly assistance or advice to his subordinates. It was a strongly-marked characteristic of his, always to be ready to take the initiative and lead officially in any matter of business. To go out upon any expedition with him was always pleasant, as he invariably gave himself up to the matter in hand with the utmost heartiness and enthusiasm. I remember that on one occasion, information came to headquarters that a quantity of dynamite was buried under the flooring and asphalt of a certain house in Clerkenwell, in the Italian quarter, a house which we knew to have been tenanted by an Anarchist. No time was lost. Melville and I at once proceeded to the house, arming ourselves on the way with pick and shovel. The time of the day was the afternoon, so that when we got to the house there was no one at home except the landlady. We made our peace with her, took our coats off, prised up some boards, and spent several hours using

the pick and shovel. At last, when we were standing in earth over our ankles, we became convinced that there was no arsenal of dynamite bearing up the foundations of that house. At first we set to work on that job very cautiously, as may be imagined; we feared lest a trap should have been laid for us. The landlady watched our operations the whole time, showing much concern. At the outset we gave her to understand that we were prospecting for hidden treasure of all sorts. We made a point of giving no indication of the real object with which we were boring into the foundations. She seemed as much disappointed as we were when we ceased our efforts, no result having followed upon our labours. Of course she had been promised a liberal share of anything valuable that we might come across. This promise seemed to be affording her much appeasement of mind (for at first she did not make Melville and me particularly welcome), and as we toiled away with our pick and shovel, she more than once expressed the wish that good luck might attend our labours.

On another occasion, in the company of an officer junior to me, I was engaged in a similar operation in a house in the East End. We had to turn up the flooring of a room, the occupier of which was alleged to have been

harbouring a certain Anarchist of the name of Kempf. The latter was wanted in connection with the murder of a man and woman in the Charing Cross Road. The information upon which we were acting was to the effect that Kempf had a comfortable bed and hiding-place in the basement of the house in question, which hiding-place he used to reach by means of a trap-door under a table standing on a piece of carpet in the middle of the front parlour of this house. But this time it did not take us long to make sure that the intelligence upon which we were acting was fabricated, so that our operations were not this time particularly laborious.

In this context I have one other observation to make on the subject of Anarchists. Many of these people are avowed revolutionaries, in that they, at public meetings or in public places, openly declare that they are Anarchists, and engaged in the work of Anarchical propaganda, inciting persons to the commission of crime. I would strongly recommend that any person making such a declaration be *ipso facto* liable to a term of imprisonment, ranging in duration from one month to two years. Such a measure would, I think, tend effectually to extinguish many political firebrands.

Those two incidents above-mentioned fur-

nish instances of the extra work thrown upon detective officers through information which is entirely untrustworthy. It is a matter about which I have already had a grumble in this book.

Mr E. R. Henry, the present Chief Commissioner, of whom I have already made mention, succeeded Sir Edward Bradford in that position. Prior to that he was Assistant Commissioner and head of the Criminal Investigation Department, being successor there of Mr (now Sir Robert) Anderson. In that position he gained a thorough grasp of the work of the detective force in a marvellously short time, so that he will run very counter to my expectations if in his present post he does not compare particularly well with some of his predecessors. But when he first came to the Yard from the Indian Civil Service he was fortunate in having at his service the assistance and advice of Mr Macnaughten, who, having been Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department for a good many years, of course knew thoroughly the departmental work and general routine business. Mr Macnaughten has succeeded Mr Henry as head of this department and Assistant Commissioner.

I take this opportunity of saying that

Superintendent Quinn, who has taken Mr Melville's place in charge of the Special Sub-department, is a most painstaking and capable officer. He has been attached to the Special since its formation.

This brings me to the autumn of 1903, when my twenty-seven busy years in the Force were brought to a close. At the outset I explained that I have had to write this book with resources that are limited. Thus it should be readily understood that I do not profess to recall every interesting circumstance in my experiences. But I have, I think, remembered and recorded enough to show that a detective's work lacks neither change nor excitement. I have always had a busy time and often an anxious one; but I liked the work well, and in the matter of interest there are to-day few walks of life likely to surpass that of the detective.

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